B.B. Casement & Co. Nails, Iron, Steel AND GENERAL HARDWARE Madoc, Ont.

North Hastings Review.

B.B. Casement & Co. Glass, Putty, Paints, &c. Headquarters for all kinds. MADOC, ONT.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 340. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, November 1, 1883. POSTAGE PREPAID

NEARLY BURIED ALIVE.

A YOUNG LADY COMES TO LIFE AFTER FOUR DAYS OF SUPPOSED DEATH.

BLACK RIVER FALLS, Oct. 22.—The sensation of to-day is the return to life of a young lady who, to all appearances had been dead three days. Miss Lena Richman, daughter of a wealthy German, had been sick for some weeks, and died, as was supposed. The body was prepared for burial. There were fears in the minds of some that the appearance of the young lady's face did not indicate death, but on the fourth day the funeral was held. While the ceremony was in progress Dr. Baxter, of Milwaukee, seeing the face of the supposed corpse, asked that the service might be interrupted long enough for him to attempt resuscitation. This was done, and he succeeded so well that the woman arose from the coffin with a terrible shriek. The scene which followed was highly exciting. Men turned pale with horror, and women fainted. It was a long time before anything like quiet was restored. Yesterday many called to see and congratulate the lady, whom they never expected to see again in this world. She says that while in a trance-like condition she realized with unspeakable agony that she was being prepared for the ground, but could do nothing.

Bishop Cleary's pastoral recently issued refers to the Salvation Army in severe terms. He laments the absence of a popular Catholic press, in Kingston.

John, McCann, aged 43 a well-to-do farmer on Ten Mile Creek near St. Catharines, committed suicide because his newly married wife deserted him

The United States Postmaster-General has, it is reported, announced that he will proceed against all future patrons of lotteries, under the law which makes it an offence to mail a letter requesting a lottery ticket.

A strange incident occurred a few days ago in the village of Deseronto, says the *Tribune*. The sun shining through a kitchen window threw its rays on a bottle by which they were converged to a spot on the table; the table cloth was burned through and the wood scorched. The state of affairs was fortunately discovered in time to prevent a mysterious fire.

—Six pounds of Tea Dust for $1.00 at JOHN DALE & SON'S.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale lot 22, on the Cross Estate in the Village of Madoc, south side of St. Lawrence street, containing half an acre of land, on which is a good frame house, 24x30, well finished, good frame barn, 12x18, and a good well of water. Terms to suit the purchaser. Possession given at any time. Apply to

JOSEPH MOXLEY,
Holloway P. O.

July 25th, 1883. 327-6m

MONEY TO LOAN.

THE undersigned has on hand a large amount of private money to loan on first class real estate, at low interest. Can be repaid by instalments or in one payment, to suit the borrower. Loans granted from $100 up to $4,000. Apply to

W. H. HASTINGS,
O'Flynn Block, Madoc.

Sept. 25, 1883. 335-tf

W. C. REID,

DEALER IN

Fruit & Ornamental Trees, Vines, Flowers, &c., &c.

CENTERVILLE, ONTARIO,

WISHES to inform his customers and the public generally that he will call on them personally in this vicinity, and is prepared to furnish stock at reduced rates on account of having his stock secured before the advance in prices, and is offering a few new and well tested varieties which he can recommend where hardiness is required.

Madoc, Sept. 25th, 1883. 295

PONY *Flouring Mills,*

MADOC.

THE undersigned having repaired the above mills, is prepared to do Gristing of all kinds on shortest possible notice, also to fill all orders for

Flour and Feed

of every description at the lowest possible prices.

Flour and Feed delivered to all parts of the village free of charge.

S. ROLLINS.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517,
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Saturday in each month.
D. LUMMISS, JR., Sec'y, GlanmireP. O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O.
B. H. SWEET, W. M.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
S. C. RANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P.O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

MADOC LODGE

No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on

Monday Evening, Nov'r 5th,

At 8 o'clock.

LESTER O'HARA, Rec. Secretary

FRESH OYSTERS

NOW ARRIVING.

Prices will decline as the season advances.

We are also receiving Fresh New Green and Dried Foreign Fruits, such as

FIGS, DATES, ALMERIA GRAPES, LEMONS, TARRAGONA ALMONDS, ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.

We have a nice assortment of

CANNED GOODS

suitable to our trade.

Also a fresh consignment of

Crawford's Pure Package Teas,

which are giving such good satisfaction to our customers.

Luncheons as usual.

S. A. DAVIS.

adoc, Oct. 17, 1883.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,

O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK!

MADOC.

Banking House!

—OF—

E. D. O'FLYNN,

"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

☞ Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

1883

NORTH HASTINGS! WAREHOUSE.

I AM prepared to purchase all kinds of grain delivered at the North Hastings Warehouse, and for which the highest prices will be paid.

Mr. Alex. Miller is again engaged as warehouseman.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, Aug. 14, 1883. 281.

NOTICE.

In the matter of the Estate of the late Wm. Rodgers, of the Township of Rawdon, Farmer:

THE creditors of the above named William Rodgers, who died on or about the 25th day of May, A. D. 1883, are notified to send by post prepaid to the undersigned at Madoc P. O., on or before the 8th day of November, A. D. 1883, their names and addresses and full particulars of their claims, the nature of their accounts and particulars of their security, if any; or in default thereof they will be excluded from participating in the said Estate according to the statute in that behalf.

Dated at Madoc this 6th day of October, 1883.

W. J. COONEY,
Executor the last will of William Rodgers.

CHARLES GREAM,

SOLICITOR in Chancery, Notary, Attorney, Conveyancer, &c., Madoc. Office in the Victoria Block.

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT.

GRADUATE of the University of Toronto, Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon, &c. Office—Queensboro, Ont.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,

BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.

A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

NORTHRUP & DENMARK,

BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.

GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

DENTIST.

JOHN McCULLOCH, L. D. S., Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, of Ontario, office in Dale's Block, Durham St., adoc. Office hours from 8 to 5 o'clock.

FARMERS!

I LOAN at 6, 6½ and 7 per cent. Change your mortgages. Straight loan, no commission.

J. J. B. FLINT, Belleville. 241

W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, &c., Madoc, Ont. OFFICE—O'Flynn Block.

A. F. WOOD,

Land, Loan, & Commission Agency

OFFICE—Second Door South from asonic Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

Madoc, Jan. 27th, 1879. 96

M. W. SINE, V. S.,

(Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College. Registered member of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association.)

Treats all diseases of the Domestic Animals. All calls by mail or telegram promptly attended to.

OFFICE—REVIEW BLOCK, - Madoc, Ont.

G. W. WALKER, L. D. S.

DENTAL - SURGEON.

OFFICE—Front Street, Belleville, directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel, next door to the Bank of Commerce.

IF you want artificial teeth to suit you, or filling that will save the natural teeth, go to Dr. Walker's Dental Rooms, Belleville. Send a note or postal card a week if possible before going, then you will be waited on as soon as the office is reached. Thanks for liberal patronage in the past, and don't forget where to go in the future.

Belleville, Nov. 27, 1882. 293

Mining Lands.

SALE of Mining Lands effected. Mineral Properties and Ores reported on.

JOHN STEWART,
Mining Engineer, Madoc, Ont.

March, 31, 1883. 311.

Clothing! Clothing!

THE GREAT WESTERN CLOTHING STORE

in Mrs. Wright's Block, Madoc, has opened with a large, new and complete stock of

Men's, Boys' & Children's Suits,

in English, Scotch, Canadian and Sherbrook Tweeds, also French and English Worsteds,

MEN'S, BOYS' & CHILDREN'S OVERCOATS,

In Single and Double Breasted Sacks, Ulsters, and Ulsteretts. Men's Undershirts and Drawers, Flannel Shirts, Overalls, Cardigan Jackets, Socks, Braces Gloves, Mittens, Scarfs, Handkerchiefs, Collars, &c., &c., in fact evreything in the GENTS' FURNISHING line.

N. B.—We would respectfully say to the citizens of Madoc and surrounding public that we intend offering you a rare chance to secure your wearing apparel for the Fall and Winter Seasons. Our goods are all Fresh and New, bought direct from the best manufacturers in America, and will be sold at astonishingly low prices, therefore we trust that one and all both large and small will avail themselves of this grand opportunity and secure some of the immense bargains to be offered at the

GREAT WESTERN.

FARMER'S CORNER.

Cramming for the Shows.

Where size and weight are the standards by which animals are judged, we do not wonder that E glishmen, and Canadians, following the English example, take great pains to prepare their animals for the Fair. A friend who visited a noted sheep-raiser in Canada, a few years ago, gave us an amusing account of the manner in which the Cotswolds were pampered for days before the exhibition. The animals were fed with the usual foods frequently and abundantly, but there were beds of lettuce and other attractive plants which had been provided for the purpose, and the animals were tempted with these, one more lettuce leaf being regarded as a great gain, if the animal could be tempted to eat it. A system of persistent stuffing was followed for a number of days, and when the animals started for the Fair, an abundant supply of vegetable delicacies was sent with them. So long as mere size and weight are considered in awarding prizes, exhibitors can not be blamed for meeting the requirements. The most important reforms needed in the management of our Fairs are: first, greater care in making up the schedules of premiums; and second, greater care in the selection of the judges who will award the prizes. The points which characterize purity of breed in a sheep, pig, or other farm animal, are of far more importance than the weight at a given age. But how many of the hastily made up "Boards of Judges," as these are usually appointed, know anything about "points" in the class of animals they are to judge? Small societies can not usually adopt the plan of the New York State Agricultural Society, but they should approach it as nearly as may be. An award by this Society means something. The judges in every department are carefully selected long in advance of the time of the fair; they are written to, and their acceptance secured, and the expense of their attendance is paid by the Society. This liberal action enables the Society to command the services of the very best men in each department; and being selected long in advance, they have time to confer with one anoteer, and decide definitely upon a plan of action.—*American Agriculturist.*

What Sheep to Grow—The Downs.

The Down breeds are preferred for mutton. The Southdown, which ranks first, is of medium size, with short legs; a fine head; smooth, round, deep body; and broad back and quarters. It is hardy, active, a quick feeder, matures early, and is easily fattened at any age. The ewes are prolific, and a flock of one hundred will average annually from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty lambs, as they often produce twins and sometimes triplets.

The size, activity, and hardiness of these sheep specially fit them for short, rough pastures, on which they will thrive fairly where larger sheep would scarcely keep alive. They do better on the great Western plains than other mutton sheep, as they are more industrious in digging under the snow for grass in winter, and thrive the best of all breeds, West or East, on arid or rocky pastures. While thus exposed they are less liable to disease than any other breed, save the rough Merino, and can be kept in large flocks. The Southdown buck, crossed with common ewes, make a great improvement in the offspring over their dams, and the mutton finds much quicker sale at higher prices than the common sorts. A first cross by long-wooled rams on lean grade Merino ewes may be preferable, in order to give more fat; but it is best to cross ewes thus produced with Southdown rams, to ensue a larger proportion of juicy, savory flesh. Yet, on the larger common ewes, and especially those sinctured with long-wooled blood, the Southdown male cross is decidedly superior.

The Southdown fleece is abundant, of medium fineness, and preferable to any other for certain kinds of goods. The wool, therefore, sells very quickly and at fair prices; but while the wool contributes largely to the profit, mutton is the great thing with these sheep. Early lambs can be more easily obtained from Southdown ewes than from any other, and these bring high prices from March to June. Though more difficult and expensive to produce such lambs at the North during these months, at the South it may be cheaply and easily done, and be a source of wealth to those who judiciously breed and rear them for Northern markets.

Glanders in Horses.

Every horse owner is more or less acquainted with that loathsome disease, the Glanders, and every one should be aware that it is both contagious and fatal, not only to horses, but also to mankind. The fact that the disease has to this day baffled all treatment, is sufficient reason why the detection of glanders in a stable is always looked upon as serious. If the disease always assumed the same characters, if every glandered horse presented the three special symptoms essentially belonging to it, namely, the greenish, sticky, and at times bloody discharge from the nose, the hard, painless, and adherent swollen glands at the jaws, and, above all, the peculiar and characteristic ulcerations of the mucous membrane upon the cartilage of the cavities of the nose, there would be no difficulties in recognising the disease, and condemning the animal thus afflicted as most dangerous. But this is not always the case. This disease assumes many forms. Sometimes only a slight glandular enlargement, again discharges from the nostrils, while in a third animal neither of these will exist, and only small ulcers will be detected in the upper angle of the nostrils. Still the animal is just as dangerous as if it showed all the symptoms fully developed; in fact, even more dangerous, for, while in this condition, it may apparently be in perfect health, its skin presenting nothing unusual to the ordinary observer. The horse may remain in good condition, feel as well as ever, be able to do its work, and remain thus for months, and communicate the glanders to many animals who may come in contact with it. It is necessary to detect the disease at the start, and for this no one should be better qualified than the regular Veterinarian; he who has by his studies become familiar with the different aspects of the disease. If once detected, there must be no hesitation; certainty of the existence of the disease should mean death to the animal affected. Unless it is killed, most serious, even fatal consequences, may follow.

The duty of the owner of an animal in a suspicious condition is, to have it examined at once, if there is no doubt about the disease, the horse must be at once destroyed. If there is doubt, it should be isolated and rather than wait for the development of all the symptoms, which may take a long time, inoculation of the matter from the discharge can be made on an old horse, a dog, or a rabbit, but still better on an old mule or a donkey. This inoculation will produce glanders, no matter how small the quantity of the virus if taken from a glandered horse.

FAIR BATHERS AT BAY.

How an Untrained Dog Interfered with their Sport.

"Yes, sir," said Prof. Thomas W. Tobin to a Louisville *Commercial* reporter. "Crab Orchard Springs, Ky., is a very pleasant spot and there is a nice company of summer idlers there. I have been there some days, and I feel much invigorated. You cannot find a bar-room, but you can have drinks sent to your rooms. By the way, there was almost a fatal case of mistaken identity up there last week during the hot spell. Several of the most popular ladies of the Springs concluded to go bathing one afternoon. They took the greatest precautions as to their destination and safety from intrusion. They took Jim Robinson along to guard them—Jim, by the way, being a dog named after the late popular manager. They took along also some light netting and nun's veiling to improvise into bathing suits, there being no suits discovered at the Springs.

"Well, it went along very nicely for a while. Jim sat upon the bank and watched the clothes, and not a cloud was athwart the bathing horizon. The ladies, having pinned on the light draperies, made a dive into the pellucid waters. When they came to the surface and walked in the shallow water there was a change in Jim's demeanour. Jim had been instructed to keep men away, and when the ladies emerged the wet draperies were clinging so closely that Jim's mind became disturbed, and, having strict orders he took them for men and setting up a bark like a wolf's, went sailing fiercely into the water after the ladies. They tried to quiet him, but he snapped at them so viciously that they ran shrieking out of the water and up the bank. By this time some gentlemen fishing at a distance had become alarmed, and came rushing up to see what was the matter. This produced fresh screams; and Jim's barking fire was divided. The ladies hid behind trees and with difficulty and much disgust succeeded in persuading the gentlemen that they were merely romping with Jim. However, there was no more bathing that day and mosquito-bar bathing suits are at a discount at the Springs.

Stopping a Paper Does not Stop the Paper.

Ever since newspapers have been published, certain individuals have attempted to squelch them by ordering their own particular copy discontinued. This has probably happened in the experience of every publisher at various times. Every editor who is manly and straightforward is apt to publish something in the course of every year which does not accord with the opinions of some of his readers, or, perhaps, a majority of them. Under our system of free thought and speech, this is expected and cheerfully tolerated by all reasonable people. But, occasionally, some one considers himself personally aggrieved by something published in his paper and hastens to "stop" it, thinking he has thereby given a retaliating blow to the publisher. There he labors under a mistaken idea. If the editor is consistent and guided by principle, he will listen to the complaints of his subscriber and give him the benefit of a reply to the offensive article; and furthermore, he is pretty sure to secure the friendship of two others by his consistency while he is losing that of the offended party. At any rate, the support of any paper—from the largest city daily down to the smallest country weekly—is not derived from its subscription list; a half-dozen subscribers more or less, are of little account to any publisher, as his support comes from the patronage of his advertising columns and job department. Of course, all editors desire as large a reading audience as possible, but their hearts are not broken by the loss of one or even half a dozen. Therefore, if you have a grievance, go to the editor like a man and explain it to him. Ten times out of ten, you will feel better about it, and have your trouble much more satisfactorily settled than if you hasten to secure his ill-will.—*Woodstock (Ill.) Independent.*

Volcano of Krakatoa.

Before the last fatal eruption of the volcano of Krakatoa it would seem that the mountain for some time past had been in a state of violent activity. The following graphic account of its appearance was supplied by an officer of the *Almora* to the Brisbane *Courier*:—

"The volcano was on the island of Krakatoa, at the entrance of the Strait of Sunda, and one magnificent blaze of light was proceeding from its height. Higher and higher the blaze seemed to mount as we drew closer to its base, while the sound had now become one continuous roar, like hundreds of blasts from some mighty furnace, and a volume of black smoke extended for miles from it, like a funereal pile. As we passed through, some of the fine dust and strong sulphurous fumes of the subterranean upheavals got into our eyes and filled our throats, causing us to keep under the awnings till we passed—glad to leave the island on our lee. We could then admire its splendid upheaval and listen to its mighty roar without fear. There seemed to be a strange vibration in the water and ship while we were passing. The flames looked grand, as, leaping high into the heavens with a mighty roar, they sent their sulphurous fumes apparently miles upward, and then, dying out till they seemed expended, would leap upward with renewed force and fury. This continued till the ship took us further and further away, the sound got weaker, and the light soon appeared like a lighthouse on the shore. We passed about three or four miles from it, and, had the wind been blowing from the southward, I dare say we should have felt considerable annoyance from it. As it was it only gave us a grand volcanic spectacle that will never be forgotten."

An Engineer's Reminiscences.

"Well, I've had a little experience in running an engine," said a long specimen of the genus Yankee, putting one elbow on the bar counter and holding his whisky straight up to the light, "and if it would amuse you I'll give you a yarn or two."

"Steve ahead," said his companion, "but I've been there myself. I used to run an engine from New York to Philadelphia."

"Oh, you did," said the Yankee. "Well, that just amounts to nothin'. I've been a special engineer for the last ten years, and there ain't a mile o' track atween here and 'Frisco I haven't travelled over. You see us specials are obliged to be ready for anything at a moment's notice, and when we travel we just get right over the ground, and don't you forget it."

"I've made some pretty good time myself," said the second engineer. "I took a train through from New York to Philadelphia in 80 minutes."

"Oh, that's child's play," said the first engineer. "Why, man, I've made that run myself, and with one piston rod gone at that. It was a lively trip, and don't you forget it. I'd just got back from a special run up through the coal regions, when word came that one of the big guns of the company wished to start at once for Philadelphia. I knew what that meant, so I jumped aboard long-legged Jim, hitched a construction car behind the tender and a drawing-room coach behind that, and reported for duty. I knew my engine, and I ran up forty pounds of steam more nor she was marked to carry. When the word came I let everything slide and the old boy just jumped into the air. Then he settled down to his work. Everything was clear in front of us, and I let him out for all he was worth at the start. In less'n five minutes you couldn't a counted the telegraph poles, they flew by us so fast. I had two firemen, an I just made 'em earn their passage from the word go. Old Jim must have eat up two tons o' coal inside ten miles."

"What!" ejaculated the second engineer.

"Sure!" said the first engineer. "And we hadn't been out of the station fifteen before every blasted boiler pipe was red hot, and we had to keep flooding the cab with water to keep from burning the darn thing up. Oh, we was just gettin' there my boy, and I didn't let up a pound. Every time we took a curve the outside wheels would be at least a foot up in the air, and once or twice the tender jumped clean on to the ties, but old Jim would yank her back again, and—"

"Ain't you kind of stretching a point?" asked the second engineer.

"Not a bit of it," said the first engineer. "Why afore we was half way to Philadelphia both o' those firemen was down on their knees praying, and I had to do feeding myself until I swore 'em back to their senses again. Well, everything went well enough the first two-thirds o' the run, and I was just a-whistling to myself over the record I was pulling up, when there came a report like a rifle, and I knew one of the blasted piston rods had busted. There was nothin' to do but stop, and I lost ten minutes fixin' up. The big gun left the coach and came down to see what was up. 'What's to be done?' said he, 'I've got one piston-rod left,' said I, 'and I'll take you through on time.' He knew me, and he just lit a fresh cigar and walked back to the coach as contented as a lamb. Well, I just set those praying firemen to work for all they was worth, and I had her up to 60 pounds over the limit in less 'an no time. Then I let her slide. Lord Harry, I thought old Jim would jerk the stuffin' out of everything behind him. We just played hop scotch, and I don't believe we touched the rails four or five times a mile. I knew it was a hundred dollar check or nothin', an' I was after that check. Well, those firemen got to prayin' worse an' ever, an' I had to swear I'd throw 'em overboard afore they'd come to time. I tell you we was just movin'. Why, the towns got runnin' all together, an' we'd no more 'an get a squint at one station afore we was five miles past the next one—"

"Here! here!" said the second engineer, "that's laying it on too strong."

"True as you're here," said the first engineer. "I'd introduce you to the prayin' firemen, but they cut the business after that run, an' I kinder lost sight of 'em. Well we got within ten miles of Philadelphia, an' I begun to stop her."

"Stop her?"

"Yes; I knew I couldn't stop her inside o' ten miles, and I didn't fetch it at that, for when we ran into the station we smashed in the bumpers and ripped up about twenty feet o' the platform before old long-legged Jim would agree the run was over; but I got the check," and the Yankee engineer thoughtfully drained his glass, as his friend ordered the barkeeper to "set 'em up again."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Invention of an Electric Gun.

One of the most interesting novelties at the Vienna International Exhibition is an electric gun. The powder is fired by means of a piece of platinum in the cartridge, and the electric current necessary for heating the platinum is obtained from a little accumulator, which must be worn in a belt especially devised for the purpose. Besides the accumulator and the belt, a glove and a shoulder strap are necessary. The glove is worn on the left hand, and is connected with one pole of the accumulator, the strap with the other. All this would, it must be confessed, be a rather formidable addition to a soldier's accoutrements, and one is hardly surprised to hear that the inventors do not expect their patent to be immediately adopted in all the European armies.

Meanwhile they point out that the electric gun affords several advantages besides the charm of novelty, which ought to commend it to the sportsman. In the first place, it is said to be very economical; and what new application of electricity is ever said to be anything else—at first? There is no great saving on the gun or the cartridges, but then only a quarter of the ordinary charge of powder is necessary. Moreover, the gun is economical of time and trouble. The cartridges serve many times over, and there is none of the bother of taking off the old caps. But the crowning merit which is claimed for the electric gun is that it is warranted never to "kick." If this warranty be really true, the application of electricity to sport ought not to be long delayed.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Jack Frost doesn't say anything, but he indulges in freeze pearls.

FOR THE

Kidneys, Liver, and Urinary Organs.

THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

There is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause—wherever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by deranged kidneys or liver. To restore these, therefore, is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where WARNER'S SAFE CURE has achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the kidneys and liver, and by placing them in a healthy condition drives disease and pain from the system. For all Kidney, Liver, and Urinary troubles; for the distressing disorders of women; for Malaria, and physical troubles generally, this great remedy has no equal. Beware of impostors, imitations and concoctions said to be just as good.

For Diabetes ask for WARNER'S SAFE DIABETES CURE.

For sale by all dealers.

H. H. WARNER & CO.,
Toronto, Ont., Rochester, N.Y., London, Eng.

YOUNG MEN learn steam engineering, and earn $100 per month. Send your name and 10 cents in stamps to F. KEPPY, Engineer, Bridgeport, Ct.

A FORTUNE.

Any one who will return this slip to the address below, with 50 cents in stamps or coin, will receive 4 articles worth 10 times 50 cts. which will enable them to make from $5 to $20 per week. Money refunded to any one dissatisfied. Address

JAMES LEE & CO.,
MONTREAL, CANADA

PAINT PAINT!

To Painters and those Painting

Ramsay's Concentrated Zinc

has three times the body of lead and wears for years. One pound will cover more work than three pounds of best English Lead. Guaranteed and manufactured by

A. RAMSAY & SON, Montreal,

Should be Sold by All Paint Dealers.

WELLS' WINDOW SHADE CLASP

(PATENTED 1875.)

Used for holding WINDOW BLIND SHADES without rollers, pins, or cords. Saves blinds, money and patience. Looks orderly and neat. Is durable and Cheap. Retailed by all dealers everywhere. Trade supplied wholesale by the manufacturers. The TORONTO INDUSTRIAL WORKS CO., 96 Church street, Toronto.

WANTED—STEADY EMPLOYMENT and good pay given to every lady owning a sewing machine. Material sent and returned by mail. Send one dollar with your application as a guarantee that the material we furnish will be returned when finished. FINDLAY & CO, Manufacturers. Detroit, Mich.

DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY

CHOLERA

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OUR TENANTS.

My wife and I had given much thought to the question of house and rent, and had decided that we should not be justified in exceeding £120 a year, but we hoped to find a pretty little place in the country at that rent. "Give me a well cooked chop and a glass of sherry, and I can rough it anywhere," said the intending traveler. We only wanted a thoroughly pleasant house within easy access of a country town where there was good society, a really good garden, a stable and coach-house, and a few fields. We had looked at many houses, when one day, after a morning's disappointment, we saw a charming cot standing some little distance from the road, and a notice informed us that it was to be let. We went to see it. It was simply perfect, and was surrounded by a garden which I loved at first sight. It was sheltered from every cold wind, open to every benign influence, and full of the most beautiful old-fashioned flowers, all growing as if they had been at home there for years. A single glance showed me that some which I had long been vainly trying to cultivate were flourishing here with happy indifference to human care. My wife was delighted with the house—so was I,—but it was the garden which completely carried me away. It was not very large, but there were wide open walks, and pretty, secluded paths, and rose and fruit trees, a lawn, and magnificent flower borders. Having once seen that garden, I never could be satisfied with any other.

"Its pretty, sir," said the housekeeper, observing how lovingly my eyes dilated. "A many pretty flowers grows here. They grow of their own accord like, for the gardener has little trouble with them."

"The gardener?" I exclaimed; "I never let people of that kind run riot among my flowers."

"O lor, sir; well to be sure! But there has always been a gardener here. That's his cottage there, behind the trees." And she pointed out a pretty red cottage across the lawn. Little was visible but the tops of some dormer windows, for a high trellis covered with roses screened it from view.

"What's the rent of Fairlawn?" I asked in sudden fear, for the little bit I saw of the gardener's cottage was so well built that it alarmed me.

"One hundred and sixty pounds, sir."

My wife's countenance fell. With prompt decision she took off her spectacles and put them carefully in their case, and stowed them away in her bag as no longer needed.

"One hundred and sixty pounds," I repeated sadly.

"Yes, my dear, that settles it," said my beloved wife; but she had no idea what regret I was feeling.

"I suppose it's no use thinking of it," said I, with a sigh, "but I never saw flowers do so well in any garden before."

"Come, John," said my wife. "It's only tiring ourselves for no purpose—we had better go. You know as well as I do that we ought not to saddle ourselves with such a high rent."

"Stop! I have an idea," said I, joyously. "We might reduce the rent by letting that cottage."

"So you might, sir," interposed the housekeeper. "It has six good rooms and a kitchen; it was let a little while back to the waiter. It's only the last year or two the gardener has had it."

We went to the cottage, and when I saw what an excellent house it was I decided to take Fairlawn. I settled the matter at once, and in ten days began to move in. I gave the cottage a name likely to inflame ardent and poetical minds, called it Eglatine cottage, and advertised it freely. It had a veranda covered with roses, and a pretty little garden of its own in front, sloping down to the high road. We had established ourselves at Fairlawn, brought our only dear daughter home from school, and returned most of the calls made on us by the resident gentry, before we had an application for the cottage. At last a gentleman came—a man of 35, with bushy, brown hair, keen, inquiring, gray eyes, and a singularly intelligent face. His name was Shute. He had studied for the bar, but was forced to live in the country on account of his wife's health, and now devoted himself to art. They had no children, and did not object to a £40 rent, though I myself had feared that it was rather too much. All was soon settled, provided the references he gave me were satisfactory.

They were most satisfactory. Each of the two responsible and well to-do gentlemen to whom I wrote had the greatest pleasure in testifying to the high character of the gentleman who wished to be my tenant, and each concluded by saying that such testimony on his part was almost unnecessary, seeing that the said gentleman was one of the Shutes of Sheffield. I read this, and straightway a fine flavor of respectability attached itself to my tenant—he was one of the Shutes of Sheffield. This being the case, I dedicated to his enjoyment the larger part of a large number of fine ferns which had been sent to me from Cumberland, and went and planted them myself in telling spots. That done, I tied up his roses so that his wife might have the full benefit of their beauty. And now all care was over, and we were really happy at Fairlawn. My wife had her pony carriage and explored the neighborhood, and I had my garden and my box of books from the library. Mr. Shute's furniture began to arrive, and Mr. Shute himself came to see all made ready for his delicate wife. He staid with us, but he was so busy that we did not see much of him. He was however, a very pleasant fellow, and we liked him.

"I won't trouble you with my furniture-arranging difficulties, my dear Mr. and Mrs. Peverill," said he, "but there is one little favor I would like to ask of you. Would you mind having that trellis lowered a little? It would be such a treat to my poor wife to have just a glimpse of your exquisite garden from her sofa. She is so unfortunate as to be almost a confirmed invalid."

"I shall be very glad—" I began.

"Thank you! Thank you! I felt sure you would be kind. Shall I give orders to have the trellis removed or will you?"

"Removed?" I had imagined that he said "lowered!" Now I like to throw off my coat and waistcoat when I go in my garden—but one can't behave ill to a delicate woman.

"She is coming home to-morrow," said he, "there is no time to lose."

I had not the courage to plead for its only being lowered, and now the windows of Eglantine cottage raked my happy hunting-grounds where I had hitherto been so full of liberty, and so alone. My heart ached for the poor roses which had been thrown down with the trellis. Mr. Shute began to pluck them, and said he would put them in water to help make the house gay for his wife. Then he threw them down, exclaiming: "After all, she won't be here till to-morrow. I'm sure you will give me a handful of fresh ones in the morning."

"You have roses of your own," said I impatiently, for he had flung down all those he had just gathered—and it infuriates me to see flowers ill-treated.

"I know I have," said he calmly; "but I don't want to touch mine." I looked at him in astonishment; and unable to answer him, turned away, and so the matter ended.

In due course his wife arrived. She was a fair, languid sort of woman, with pale hair—which was not, however, her own—and dull blue eyes. She was, Mr. Shute informed me, one of the Wilmotts of Taunton, and was a "creature of impression," and spent most of her time on the sofa.

"How I wish that we had a little balcony to our house," said Mr. Shute to my wife, one day, "if it were ever so small. My wife never gets out; she can't sit in our garden, for it is too near the road; and being so much in the house is very dull."

Having said this, he looked anxiously into her eyes to see how much Christian charity she possessed.

My wife, poor dear woman, was taken by surprise, and replied: "I wish Mrs. Shute would use our garden sometimes—when my husband is not working in it, I mean, for, when he is busy he likes to be careless about appearances."

"Oh! thank you. How truly kind!" exclaimed Mr. Shute. "Then we shall have a key made. You know there is a door from our back yard into your garden, and we will have a key made at once, unless you have one you can lend us."

And now my poor wife knew what she had done, for, of course, it was out of the question for an invalid like Mrs. Shute to walk all the way around by the lane to the proper entrance, and yet, if she had a key and could come and go when she liked, all my pleasure in my garden would be gone. "You won't go when my husband is at work?" she said in desperation to Mrs. Shute, and then trusted to her delicacy. What a poor weak thing to trust to!

They got the key—they used it. Mrs. Shute who was not strong enough to go around to the proper entrance, meandered for miles along our gravel paths and lawn. I could always trace her presence. For she plucked every flower she fancied, and flung it as quickly away, and I saw my slaughtered innocents lying bruised and withered in the sun, and could have slain her in turn. Mrs. Shute might be a creature of impression, but the flowers were the creatures of impression, too, and bore the marks of her ridiculous high-heeled shoes as she crushed them down in her indifference and passed on.

Some little time she respected my feelings and never entered the garden when I was at work. Soon, however, she came when she chose; and frequently I, hard at work in my grey flannel shirt, would see a sylph-like form arrayed in spotless white glide towards me, and seemed determined to enter into a prolonged conversation. If I moved away Mrs. Shute was certain to follow me. It was best to try not to mind her being there, and let her sit admiring her pretty feet and open-worked stockings, and uttering weak little remarks.

She was always affable. "I see, Mr. Peveril, you are quite *au bout des doigts* with all your flowers!" said she one day, most kindly.

"H'm," I replied. "Yes, I like flowers."

"So do I; I worship them! I even admire a lot of ugly ferns we have in our own garden." Thus, did the creature of impression speak of the lovely rare ferns which I had sacrificed to the tenants who were to help me pay my rent.

"Don't you like ferns?" I said, half inclined to make an effort to get them back again.

"Well, yes, in the woods; but I like Polar-regionlums in gardens; nothing looks better. If I had money I'd just put hundreds of them in front of our house. What a thing money is, Mr. Peveril? and there are actually some people so crowded with it that they don't know what to do with it but make an ostentation of it."

"I am very sure I should know what to do with mine, if I had a little more," was my thought—for I was forced to endure this lady's company for a miserable £40 a year.

She perhaps found me unusually dull, for she said she would "stroll about a bit," and, hastily knotting up a "guinea switch of hair" which was rolling down her back, she swept away. Presently she returned with the Grosvenor book which I was looking forward to the treat of reading when my work was done. She had obtained it by thrusting in her arm at the open window and removing it from the table where it was lying awaiting my return. She and her husband, too, were extremely fond of possessing themselves of whatever they happened to want. She borrowed a book in this nefarious way. He came in a panic—his wife was ill; would we let him have a half dozen bottles of old port? Or he was suddenly seized with admiration of one of our water-colors. We had three good ones, but he was not satisfied with anything less than our Turner, and asked if we would allow him to take it to the cottage for an hour or two, and place it on a easel near his wife's sofa—it would help to while away the weary hours, and she was the——

Rather than hear him say that she was the creature of impression I hastened away to get the picture from him. His wife did not care for pictures; why did he borrow them for her? She did not care for books, either. She was entirely uneducated; and though possibly a Wilmott of Taunton, she certainly was not a lady. She wished to be pleasant, though, and was very fond of sympathising with me whenever she happened to observe certain small green insects which she called "nasty afrites" on my roses. Had she been reading "The Persian and Turkish tales?" I wished an ill-disposed afrite would carry her off—but nothing ever did carry her away from my side but the sight of the garden or going toward the kitchen garden. Then she said in a moment: "Dear Mr. Peveril. Edward and I are so fond of fresh vegetation, may I go and ask that man to cut off some little trifle for the cottage?" and I, rejoicing at this momentary good fortune, always said, "Oh, pray do." And she went and commanded him to convey to her abode cauliflowers and peas, lettuces, apricots, or whatever else was agreeable to the palate of a creature of impression. For my part, I should not have cared what went to the cottage so long as nothing came from it—to sit by my side I mean. But my wife said too much went! They had new-laid eggs, milk, cream, and more butter than we could well spare, and they did not pay as they got it, but let the accounts run on.

"Be patient," said I; "don't complain and don't offend them. We should have been very hard up without the Shutes, for I have spent more than I ought on the house and garden, and it is an immense comfort to have such rich tenants. They must be rich, for those pictures on their walls are worth thousands. Don't let us think of the Shutes. Let us enjoy our happiness."

Our dear daughter had got a lover—not a declared one, but one who was evidently in earnest. He was a thoroughly conscientious, upright man, and had a small estate which had been in his family for a couple of centuries. Our joy about this made us tolerant of the Shutes. The young folks met constantly, and the more we saw of Mr. Ducie the more we liked him. Perhaps it was a lucky thing that Mrs. Shutes liked sitting on my lawn better than driving with my wife, for if she had used our pony carriage my daughter would have had to stay at home, and Mr. Ducie would have had fewer opportunities of seeing her.

One day, after irritating me by calling my pensternons antirrhinums, when I should have liked to hear her bestow such an appellation on my snap-dragons, she, who knew nothing of our secret hopes, suddenly exclaimed: "Mr. Peveril, don't you think that Mr. Ducie who comes to your house is a very charming young man? We have asked him to the cottage, and he is coming! There are a great many nice young men in this neighborhood! I am going to invite my sister to come and stay with me—she is such a nice girl, and so beautiful!!"

I could see the connection of ideas. She was going to invite her sister to the cottage in the hope of her fascinating some one—most probably our Mr. Ducie? This was fatal, for it Mrs. Shute made up her mind to deprive us of anything which seemed good in our eyes, nothing remained to us but to resign ourselves to letting her have it.

My poor Dorothea! I sighed heavily! That marriage on which we had set our hearts was not to be. Mrs. Shute's sister, a Wilmot of Taunton, and probably also a creature of impression, would come and win away Mr. Ducie's affections from my daughter, and my wife and I would be such fools that even we would allow ourselves to be drawn into doing our part toward producing that result. I was silent for some time; I was afraid she would notice it; I did not want her to know how we felt about Mr. Ducie, so I said: "I suppose your husband is hard at work this fine morning?"

"Yes, he is busy copying—painting, I mean," she said in confusion.

"Copying nature, I suppose," said I; but it occurred to me considering he was a landscape painter, Mr. Shute staid a great deal indoors.

Miss Wilmott came. She was as bright and rosy as Mrs. Shute was pale, and hardly had she arrived than the Shutes began to borrow our pony-carriage freely, and asked us to lend them our lawn for a tennis party they wished to give, to introduce her.

"They want to invite Mr. Ducie!" I exclaimed, when my wife told me this. "It is too much! It is like soothing a kid in its mother's milk!"

"And we shall have to supply the strawberries, and the cream, and lend the teacups and teaspoons, and a couple of servants. And she wants to borrow our long dining-table to place under a tree on the lawn, and has not got a table-cloth long enough to cover it, but is sure we have, and won't mind lending it, and——"

"Say no more," said I, decidedly. "We must draw the line somewhere, and draw it at giving up Mr. Ducie to them."

He was there even while we were speaking; he told us of his visit afterward, and said he thought Miss Wilmott a very charming girl, though it was easy to see that, like the fat boy in "Pickwick," "he knew a nicer;" but how long would he continue to put Dorothea in the first place if those Shutes began to angle for him in earnest? Our experience was that they always managed to get what they wanted. He began to go to the cottage a great deal more than I liked. My wife said it was because from the Shutes' windows he could sometimes see Dorothea walking in our garden. I did not know. Why did he come so us?

He did come to us, and sometimes asked Dorothea to stroll with him to the garden, but no sooner did they go out than Mrs. Shute and Miss Wilmot joined them. I called the latter "the Abominable, that uninvited came," but how could the mind revert to poetry in the midst of such vexation as this?

While everything was in this wretchedly uncomfortable state I received a letter from my uncle—the uncle I did not want to offend. It was rather cold, and it ended thus: "I think, John, you must now see that I have every reason to warn you against taking that foolishly expensive house of yours, but you need not have sold your 'Turner,' and you ought to have had at least another hundred for it. Besides, I would infinitely rather have lent you some money myself than have that exquisite drawing go out of the family!"

It had not gone out of the family—I had not sold it, and never meant to do so! It had been an act of great self-sacrifice to let it go to the cottage for a few days, but now I had got it back and would keep it. My uncle's letter made me feel inclined to go and look at the drawing. I took it down to enjoy it thoroughly. It had been taken out of its frame. Why had that been done? I at once went to the cottage to ask the question. The ladies were out. They had hired a carriage and gone to spend the day with Mr. Ducie's mother. They were evidently in terrible earnest about that affair, and it was a most significant feature that they had hired a carriage, instead of insisting on having ours.

"Mr. Shute is in the studio, sir; will you walk up stairs?" said the servant.

I walked up stairs, but he was not there. On the tables and easels I saw a number of water-color drawing in various stages of progress, all of which he was copying from others. Mr. Shute copied Turner drawings and sold them as originals! I saw it in a moment. And he had copied mine! Or he had, perhaps, sold the original and sent me back the copy? Then the drawings on his walls were copies, too, and I had not such a well to do tenant after all, for those Turner's on the wall had been my sheet-anchor of safety. Perhaps the rent of this cottage, for which I had sacrificed so much, would never be paid, and my cream and new-laid eggs, my fruit, my vegetables, my peace of mind, even my hopes for the future, were all to be as nothing. Letters with foreign stamps lay on the table, doubtless orders from the antipodes for valuable drawings, which my clever tenant had no difficulty in supplying, and even now his wife and her sister-twining their meshes round——

I looked up suddenly, and saw from the Shutes' window my Dorothea and Mr. Ducie walking in the garden below, hand in hand. Joy took possession of my heart. He had fled from the two Wilmott sirens in search of my Dorothea.

We never saw the Shutes again. The same evening they left Eglatine cottage. Next morning two emissaries of the law took possession of it. Mr. Shute was deeply in debt, but he had taken away nearly everything that was valuable. All that had remained to satisfy his creditors was a certain amount of Indian matting, two pairs of flimsy curtains, a few rush-bottomed chairs, empty picture frames, and some furniture too heavy to be moved. The china plates which had looked so imposing were cracked in every direction and neatly mended. Not one of them was worth a shilling. Everything else was much the same. This little paradise of æstheticism had faded away in a hour or two.

My wife and I were so happy, that we did not grieve over our lost rent. My uncle lent me £100, and three months afterward came to Dorothea's wedding, on which occasion he satisfied himself, and me, too, that my Turner was still on my walls, and that the estimable Mr. Shute, of Sheffield, had contented himself with making a copy.

The Dominion Steamship Line.

On the arrival at Quebec of the steamship Oregon, the following congratulatory testimonial signed by the steerage passengers on board, was presented to Captain Williams, in command of that vessel:—We, the unsigned steerage passengers, beg to return our sincere thanks to Capt. Williams, officers and crew, for their prompt and careful way in navigating this good ship, leaving Liverpool, July 26, 1883, for Quebec, and for their genial kindness toward us throughout the voyage, and which, we feel could not possibly be exceeded. Especially would we record our gratitude to the chief steward, Mr. Duffin, and Dr. Henderson, for their unceasing attention. We would also say that the food we received has been good and plentiful, and, should we again desire to cross the Atlantic Ocean, would not wish for a better boat than the steamship Oregon.

It is equally complimentary to the Dominion Company that on the homeward voyage the following testimonial, the first signature in connection with which is that of L. A. Senecal, Esq., was presented to Captain Williams, on the same vessel:—In view of the separation which will follow the termination of our voyage, the passengers on board the Oregon desire to express to you and the other officers of the ship our hearty appreciation of the admirable skill, judicious discipline, and uniform courtesy with which your duties have been discharged during the voyage now drawing to a close. Although the weather has been far from being propitious, and we have been exposed to the danger resulting from both fog and ice, yet by a constant attention on your part, aided by a knowledge and skill in the science of navigation, which we have never seen surpassed, our good ship has kept her course without variation or delay, and bids fair to make her port at the very hour anticipated upon her departure. Such qualities of good seamanship deserve more than passing notice, and it gives us great pleasure to express our appreciation of them in a form which we trust may be serviceable to you in your future relations with your company and the travelling public. The genial urbanity which we have so much enjoyed in our intercourse with yourself has shown itself without exception in the other officers and staff by whom the ship is so ably managed in all its departments, to all of whom we beg to tender our hearty thanks. Of the ship itself we can confidently say that she has given the best evidence of the two qualities most prized by the traveller—strength and safety. The rooms are unusually large and commodious and well ventilated; the supply of food has been bountiful, attractively varied, and admirably served, and, in every respect, we can heartily recommend the Oregon and yourself to the confidence and patronage of our friends and others whom business or pleasure may take across the Atlantic.—*Journal of Commerce.*

A Wise Tailor.

"Yes," said the young man. "I made my tailor knock off five dollars on the price of the suit before I ordered it, I thought it better not to owe so much money, and I guess he finally came to look at it in a similar light. He doubtless made up his mind that it would be better to lose $45 than $50, which was where his head was level."

Victor Hugo has been taking an outing at the Hotel Byron, on Lake Leman, near Villeneuve.

When off the stage Salvini impresses one as entirely lacking in that subtlety which so distinguishes him on the boards. Neither his conversation nor his face suggests in the slightest degree the delicate and fine intellectual resources of his interpretation of Conrad or Othello. Great as an actor, as a man he seems ordinary, save for his size.

The body of a man has been floating in the Niagara river opposite Queenstown. It was entirely nude excepting a bluish grey wool sock on one foot. It was that of a young man apparently about 22 years of age, 5 feet 8 or 9 inches in height, light brown hair cut short, and light sandy moustache. There was a deep gash about two inches long over the right brow, running downwards and outwards, also a deep cut one inch in length beneath the chin.

NEWS IN A NUTSHELL

FIVE MINUTES SELECT READING.

Summary of Foreign, Domestic and War Items—Concise, Pithy, and Potented.

Preparations are being made in Montreal for the holding of a winter carnival similar to that of last year.

Gen. Campion, French Minister of War, has declared himself in favor of forcing throughout France a three-years' military service.

A despatch from Gori Kannka, Japan, states that the threatre at that place was burned during a performance. There were 75 persons killed and 100 injured.

The Paris *Temps* says that owing to the resignation of the Spanish Ministry France now considers the difficulty arising from King Alfonso's reception in Paris ended.

A Hong Kong despatch says:—It is reported that the Black Flags have quarrelled with their allies, the Chinese Regulars, in the provinces of Yun Nan and Kwang Si.

The cotton operatives in Lancashire have been holding meetings and voting against the proposed reduction of ten per cent in wages, and also subscribing funds in case a strike should be necessary.

Two quarry men report finding in a cave in a quarry at Capertown, Va., an old iron chest containing coins and tools, apparently of some ancient race. The discovery has caused some excitement.

An outburst of a land spring occurred recently on the Monmouth side of the tunnel under the river Severn, causing the workmen to flee to the Gloucester side. The pumps failed to check the rising waters.

Missionary Shaw stated before the Congregational Union that he wants redress for himself and the Madagascar churches rather than compensation, whatever France might do, she could not compensate them for their losses.

James P. Love, Danville, Va., angered because his father-in-law pulled the tail of Love's dog, shot his father-in-law, brother-in-law, and his brother, Chas. Love, and a general fight ensued. All three will probably die.

A Dublin despatch states that informer Lamie has been gaoled, it having been ascertained he was about leaving the country to evade giving testimony against his brother-in-law, Poole, in the approaching trial of the latter for the murder of Keany.

An unusual incident happened at Belleville recently. When the case of Lawrence v. Spencer was called, which was an action for breach of promise, it was stated to have been settled, and it transpired that a minister was actually engaged in marrying the parties.

Lord Loftus, the Governor of New South Wales, in opening the annual session of Parliament, stated that delegates from all Australian colonies had agreed upon holding a conference in Sydney in the latter part of November, to consider confederation.

Much irritation is felt in the Foreign Office at the fact that the German colony on Angra Pejaena, a small bay on the west coast of Africa, is in the habit of selling ammunition to the natives, while two British colonies situated on either side are not permitted to do so.

The prosecution in the case of O'Donnell have obtained depositions from all their witnesses and placed their whole case before Mr. Gay, solicitor for O'Donnell. The latter in an interview with Mr. Gay expressed the hope he would be acquitted, not so much for his own sake as for the sake of those who so kindly subscribed for his defence.

The Maid of the Mist bumbug has been repeated at Niagara Falls. She passed through the rapids successfully, remaining in the whirlpool about ten minutes. The feat was witnessed by ten thousand spectators, principally Americans. An excursion train, with about five hundred excursionists, arrived after the boat had gone down.

A Madrid despatch says:—The result of the representations made to France by the Spanish Minister regarding the demonstrations against King Alfonso are still unknown. Many newspapers consider the affair will conclude peacefully. Too Conservative journals regard the communication published in the *Journal Officiel* insufficient, and demand the insertion of the full text of President Grevy's apology and Alfonso's reply.

Hanoi advices state that the submission of the mandarins to the French commissioner continues. The Black Flags are decimated by sickness and fighting, and continue to retreat. A newspaper says:—"The French Cabinet, knowing now the feeling of the Chinese Government in relation to Tonquin, does not expect success from further parleying. The Chinese hope for better conditions by allowing the question to drag, and reckon on a change in the French Ministry, or a defeat of the French troops." Events will, however, dissipate these Chinese illusions.

There has been a general meeting of railroad managers at Chicago to consider the matter of simplifying the time notation for the railroads of the country. The scheme was the division of the country into five parts; the Intercolonial, sixty degrees west of Greenwich; the Eastern, seventy-five degrees west from Greenwich; Central, ninety-five degrees west of Greenwich; the Mountain, 105 degrees west from Greenwich; the Pacific, 120 degrees west from Greenwich. Divisions fifteen degrees apart, which is equivalent to one hour of time. There was also a plan to number the hours from 1 to 24 without dividing the clock dial into two parts of twelve hours each per day.

The investigations into the death of Mrs. Bridget O'Connor, at Halifax, was closed by receipt of additional testimony from Dr. W. J. Almon, one of the medical gentlemen who attended the deceased woman, and Mrs. Julia Smith, who resided in the same house. Dr. Almon detailed a conversation with Mrs. O'Connor, in which the latter directly charged Dr. Archibald Lawson with being the cause of her death, then expected, having produced abortion. Mrs. Smith's evidence contained nothing of importance in addition to what she gave the first day of the inquest. The jury, after about an hour's consideration, rendered a verdict that criminal abortion, produced by Dr. Archibald Lawson, had been the means of Mrs. O'Connor's death.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, NOVEMBER 1, 1883.

To Subscribers of the Review.

We need money very badly, and would feel obliged if EVERY subscriber in arrears would make an effort to pay us the small amount they are separately owing, within the next week or two. Will all please respond.

J. R. ORR,
Proprietor REVIEW.

North Hastings Teachers' Association.

The annual meeting of this Association was held at Madoc on Thursday and Friday, the 18th and 19th ult. About sixty teachers were present.

THURSDAY.

The morning of Thursday was occupied with routine business. Reports were received from the Treasurer and Delegate to the Provincial Association. The election of officers resulted as follows:—

President—T. T. Grimmett.
Vice-President—Miss Henry.
Secretary—W. H. Jenkins.
Treasurer—Miss McDermid.
Librarian—W. Clark.
Executive Committee—Misses Britton and Bellis and Messrs. Morton, McCabe, Shannon, and Stevenson.

A short discussion on Promotion examinations followed. The opinion of the Association was that these examinations have been productive of much good. The principal point discussed was the difficulty of teaching Canadian history, in addition to the other subjects, especially in the rural schools. In large rural schools it is almost impossible to give this important subject the attention it requires. It was decided that the subject be not made compulsory at the next examination.

The Treasurer was instructed to order a copy of the minutes of the Provincial Association for every member of this Association.

The afternoon session was devoted to practical work and partook of the nature of an Institute meeting. Classes were supplied from the Model School, and the actual work of teaching fully illustrated.

The first subject was Primary Reading, and was dealt with by Miss Wootton. A primary lesson was actually given, the object of which was to illustrate the intellectual or word method. After seeing a lesson of this kind taught, we are tempted to wonder how we ever made any progress under the old system of the alphabet and the strap.

Miss Jones then took up the important subject, the Statement and Question to primary classes. The lesson was intended to show the necessity of teaching reading by means of full statements and questions. The object of this method is to teach expressive reading; to increase the power of the eye, by forcing it to take in a number of words at a glance, and indirectly to teach composition.

The next subject was exceedingly interesting, and was also dealt with by Miss Jones. A large class was placed on the floor and put through a set of Calisthenic exercises. The pupils were drilled in movements adapted to the exercise of every muscle, intervals of rest being occupied by singing. Miss Jones succeeded in showing to the satisfaction of the Convention the absolute necessity of exercises of this kind. The publication of a book of instructions upon this subject seems to be badly needed.

The next subject was Geography by Miss McDermid, who taught an excellent lesson on the rivers of Europe. The subject was illustrated by a sketch of Europe on the blackboard, and the actual course of the rivers thus clearly shown.

Mr. W. Moore then showed his method of teaching analysis to a junior class. His time was principally taken up with the modifications of the subject, and the lesson was practically illustrated to a close, upon the black board.

The last subject upon the afternoon programme was that of word building, and was treated by Mr. Grimmett. It consisted of a thorough explanation of the phonic methods of teaching readings intended as a continuation of the word method. Mr. Grimmett exhausted the subject, and was listened to with close attention.

In the evening a general discussion upon the methods illustrated during the afternoon was led by Mr. Mackintosh and was generally participated in.

FRIDAY.

After routine business, Mr. W. Clark, Head Master of the Model School, addressed the Convention upon the subject of Composition to junior classes. Mr. Clark insisted on the necessity of beginning to teach Composition, orally, to every young pupil, in fact the subject should be taught, indirectly, from the first. As soon as the pupils can frame a sentence, they should be required to write it down, other written composition is begun without delay.

In the absence of Prof. Wright, of Belleville, who was to have addressed the Convention upon the subject of High School entrance examinations, Mr. Mackintosh took up Penmanship. He found some fault with the penmanship exhibited in many of the schools, attributing much of the failure to a slavish dependence on copy books. Under the method which Mr. Mackintosh illustrated, headline copy books would not be needed in most of the classes of a rural school.

The morning session was closed by a short, pithy address on Geography, by Mr. Boyle, who dealt with the teaching of the subject in a general way, and deprecated beginning with Mathematical Geography, which is the course pursued in our school geographies.

The afternoon session took the form of a public meeting, and there were present, besides a full attendance of teachers, a large number of trustees from various parts of the Inspectorate. A. F. Wood, Esq., M. P. P., presided, and in his opening address expressed his great interest in the question they were there to discuss, viz: the introduction of a new set of readers. He had given the subject some consideration and hoped that the meeting would make a definite choice of one set only.

The report of the Committee adopting the Royal Canadian Readers was unanimously sanctioned by the Convention.

The Prince of Wales is said to owe about $3,000,000.

The Princess Victoria, daughter of the Crown Prince, has been betrothed to the hereditary Prince of Anhalt.

A peasant named James Yygelof has just died at Odessa, Russia, aged 147 years. His son is still alive at the age of 112. He has a grandson of 85, and a great grandson of 40 years.

A very beautiful and touching story was telegraphed the other day from a far western town, which told how a white dove flew in at a church window and alighted upon the shoulder of a young bride who was just being given away at the altar. The poetic thrill which was caused by this incident has been turned into grief by the discovery that the fair young bride spent over six months training the dove for this matrimonial act with the one blessed purpose of getting her name in all the papers.

Holloway's Pills are the medicine most in repute for curing the multifarous maladies which beset mankind when dry, sultry weather suddenly gives place to chilly, drenching days. In fact, these Pills offer relief even if they fail of proving an absolute remedy in all the disturbances of digestion, circulation, and nervous tone which occasionally oppress a vast portion of the population. Under the genial, purifying, and strengthening powers exerted by this excellent medicine the tongue becomes clean, the appetite improves, digestion is quickened, and assimilation is rendered perfect. These Pills possess the highly estimable property of cleansing the entire mass of blood, which, in its renovated condition, carries purity, strength and vigour to every tissue of the body.

—We have a very fine uncolored Japan Tea, put up in Japan in 1 lb. papers, at 50c. per pound. Extra value. JOHN DALE & SON.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ESTRAY.

STRAYED from the premises of the undersigned, lot 7, 7th con. Madoc, about the 1st of October, SIX SHEEP—five white and one black, each marked with a "V" in one ear and the other ear cut square. Any person giving such information as will lead to their recovery will be suitably rewarded.

LUTHER HARRIS.
Madoc, Oct. 30, 1883. 340-4w

St. Lawrence Canals.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

THE letting of the works at the upper entrance of the CORNWALL CANAL, and those at the upper entrance of the RAPIDE PLAT CANAL, advertised to take place on the 13th day of November next, are unavoidably postponed to the following dates:—

Tenders will be received until TUESDAY, the 4th day of DECEMBER next.

Plans, specifications, &c., will be ready for examination at the places previously mentioned, on and after Tuesday the 20th day of November.

For the works at the head of Galops Canal, tenders will be received until Tuesday the 18th day of December. Plans specifications, &c., can be seen at the places before mentioned on and after Tuesday the 4th day of Dec.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary

Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 25th Oct. 1883. 340td

—IN THE— HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE

(CHANCERY DIVISION.)

RE. CAMERON.

O'Flynn vs. Cameron.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice made in the matter of the Estate of Hugh Cameron, late of the Township of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, who died on or about the 24th day of February, 1883, are, on or before the

19th day of November, 1883,

to send by post prepaid to Samuel Barton Burdett, of Belleville, Solicitor for Plaintiff, their christian and surnames, addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their claims, a statement of their accounts, and the nature of the securities (if any) held by them; or in default thereof, they will be peremptorily excluded from the benefit of said decree. Every creditor holding any security is to produce the same before me at my chambers, Shire Hall, in the City of Belleville, on the 22nd day of November, 1883, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, being the time appointed for adjudication on the claims.

Dated this 24th day of October.

S. B. BURDETT,
Plffs. Solicitor. S. S. BAZIER,
340-4w Master.

FARM TO RENT.

SOUTH West ¼ of Lot No. 5, 9th concession of Hungerford, containing 50 acres—all cleared. The farm is well watered, well fenced, and has good buildings. This is altogether a desirable place for any person requiring a small farm. Terms liberal. For further particulars apply on the premises.

MRS. HANIBEL.
Madoc, Oct. 14th, 1883. 338-3w

Just Received

RUBBERS,
OVER-SHOES,
SHOEPACKS,
MOCCASSINS,
—ALSO—
FELT BOOTS,
and RUBBER BOOTS,
—AT—

THOS. ROBERTS'

BOOT and SHOE STORE.

Madoc, Oct. 15, 1883. 332.

Gray & McGregor,

GENERAL
GROCERS,
—AND—
LIQUOR
MERCHANTS,

Madoc. - Ont.

THERMOMETERS

Croquet, and

HAMMOCKS

—AT—

C. G. WILSON'S

DRUG STORE,

MADOC, - ONT.

BOWEN & ELLIS

REMOVED! REMOVED!
—TO—
DALE'S BLOCK,
in the premises lately occupied by Peter Sinclair,

where will be found a larger and better assortment of

Groceries.
Crockery,
Glassware,
&c., &c.,

than we have heretofore shown in Madoc.

FARM PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.

Call and see for yourselves.

BOWEN & ELLIS.
Madoc, Sept. 4, 1883. 333.

"THE RIGHT HOUSE."

We have just opened out a large and well assorted stock of

L|A|D|I|E|S'=|=M|A|N|T|L|E|S,

which will be

OFFERED AT A BARGAIN,

D. C. CLARKE.

Madoc, Nov. 1st, 1883.

Early Closing!

We the undersigned Merchants of the Village of Madoc, do bind ourselves to close our respective places of business, at 7 P. M.,

From Nov. 1st, 1883, to May 1st, 1884.

SATURDAYS EXCEPTED.

THOMAS CROSS,	D. C. CLARKE,
THOMAS ROBERTS,	JOHN DALE & SON,
JOHN ROBERTSON,	O'FLYNN & O'HARA,
W. H. ATKINS,	M. McLEAN,
SYDMER ROSS & CO.,	G. A. ROLLINS,
R. R. CASEMENT & CO.,	

MADOC, October, 25th, 1883. 339

HARDWARE. - HARDWARE.

We have the following Brands of Axes and Saws in stock at lowest prices:

AXES.

CHOPPERS' TRUST,
SOLID STEEL,
SILVER STEEL,
BLACK PRINCE,
BURRELL'S DIFFERENT BRANDS,
BROAD AXES.

SAWS.

LANCE SAWS,
SHIRLEY & DIETRICH,
MAPLE LEAF,
SMITH'S CHAMPION.

Also a full stock of all other Lumbermen's supplies.

JOHN DALE & SON.

Madoc, Oct. 25, 1883.

Wood Yard.

The undersigned beg to inform the public that they have opened a

WOOD YARD IN MADOC VILLAGE

and will keep on hand a full supply of

HARD AND SOFT WOOD.

Hardwood, dry, $3.50 per Cord.
Softwood, " 2.50 "

All kinds of wood bought and sold. Wood delivered free to all parts of the town. Yard on St. Lawrence street.

Lester McTaggart and John G. Reed,
Proprietors.

Madoc, Oct. 15th, 1883.

THE BIG T POT SIGN.

J. A. CHAMBERS,

(SUCCESSOR TO CHAMBERS & McKINNEY.)

Has removed to the

O'FLYNN BLOCK,

NEXT DOOR TO R. R. CASEMENT & CO'S

HARDWARE STORE.

Where will be found a NEW and choice stock of

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,
CROCKERY, GLASSWARE,
ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.,

also a fine assortment of

=FANCY | CHINA | WARE.=

including the latest designs in matched Cups and Saucers. Call and see my stock before purchasing.

J. A. CHAMBERS.

Madoc, Oct. 11th, 1883. 337

Millinery. - FALL. - Millinery.

We are showing a complete and splendid assortment of

PATTERN HATS AND BONNETS,
FLOWERS, FEATHERS, ETC.,

of the latest New York, London, and Paris styles and designs. Our stock will be complete in all departments with the choicest goods ever shown in Madoc.

Madoc, October 8th 1183.

M. McLEAN.

329

Latest Local News.

—To-day, November 1st, is All Saints Day.

—Village Council next Monday evening.

—A little over seven weeks to Christmas.

—Nearly every train is late now, in arriving at this station.

—The fast trains on the Grand Trunk have been resumed, owing to public demand.

—The tax-gatherer can be seen every day on his rounds—a sign that taxes are not nearly all paid yet.

—Mr. Whytock made a large purchase of live porkers, from the Alexandria Cheese Co., on Monday.

—Last night was Hallow'een. The juvenile element, of course was on the rampage, but no damage of any consequence was done.

—We believe an attempt was made by youthful depredators last night, to abduct our entire police force, but are glad to say the scheme failed.

—Mr. George Taylor, ex-Sheriff of the County of Hastings, died at his residence in Belleville on Sunday night. He was sixty-eight years of age.

—An auction sale of a stage wagon, lumber wagon, some sleighs, and other articles, will take place on O'Flynn's corner on Saturday, at 2 o'clock P. M.

—See the new advt. of the Great Western Clothing store, just opened in Mrs. Wright's block. A large, cheap, and good assortment of clothing and gents' furnishings is offered to the public.

—Rev. F. McAmmond, B. A., will preach a special sermon to the young ladies, in the Methodist Church next Sabbath evening. As a friend to the fair sex, we beg the rev. gentleman to let them down as easy as possible.

—A party of sportsmen from Stirling, including Messrs. A. & T. Chard, Dr. Faulkner, G. Baragar, Sanger Golding, and others, passed through the village yesterday on their way to the northern townships. They were well supplied with boats, guns, dogs, "etc.," and anticipate a good time.

—On Friday, 26th, ult., Mr. T. Bouck's team ran away with the plough, injuring one of them (a fine young mare,) severely. A piece of bone was knocked out of one of the hind legs, besides other bruises. With proper treatment, she is likely to regain the use of the injured limb. M. W. Sine, V. S., of the Veterinary Pharmacy, has the case in charge and will spare no pains to make it a success.

—A full stock of Goat Robes at reduced prices at J. DALE & SON'S.

Thanksgiving Day.

Thursday, next, November 8th, will be thanksgiving day. It being universally observed as a holiday, the REVIEW will be issued on Wednesday.

Lacrosse.

The members of Sioux Lacrosse Club purpose playing the last match of the season, on the afternoon of thanksgiving day, if the weather is at all favorable, between picked teams. The ball will be faced at 3 o'clock.

Promotion Examinations.

The December Promotion Examinations for North Hastings will be held as follows:

PROMOTION TO FIFTH CLASS AND ADMISSION TO HIGH SCHOOLS:—At Stirling and Madoc, on December 20th, and 21st, at 9 a. m.

PROMOTION TO FOURTH CLASS:—At West Huntingdon School House; Madoc Village; Best's School House Madoc; Queensboro; Bridgewater; Stirling; Springbrook School House, Rawdon; and Marmora Village, on December 20th and 21st, at 9 a. m.

PROMOTION TO JUNIOR AND SENIOR THIRD CLASSES: In each School House on December 14th, at 9 a. m.

A list of all candidates for the above must be made out and certified to by their respective teachers, and sent to the Inspector, not later than November 8th.

Early Closing.

As our readers no doubt noticed last week in our advertising columns, the leading merchants in this village have again entered into agreement to close their respective places of business from November 1st inst., to May 1st, 1884, at the hour of 7 o'clock in the evening, Saturdays excepted. This is only the just due of the hard-worked clerks, and we hope the public will assist in having this arrangement carried out, by making all their purchases before that hour. Indeed this may be a matter of necessity, as the boys intend shutting every store sharp on time.

A HARD BUMP!

Two Trains Collide on the Midland.

Serious Injuries and Heavy Loss, but Nobody Killed.

The worst smash-up that has yet overtaken the Grand Junction division of the Midland railway occurred on Saturday morning last, when the passenger train from Madoc, in charge of Conductor Kerr, collided with a ballast train at Faulkiner's gravel pit, about midway between the junction and Bellleville. Fortunately both trains were going at a very moderate rate of speed when the accident happened or it must have been our duty to record a sad loss of life instead of merely bruises to the passengers. To make a straight and authentic story of the many different versions of the affair that has appeared, it seems that the Madoc train and that going to Peterborough in charge of Mr. Snider, met at the Junction as usual. Here it was the duty of the latter to book the fact that he had carried a red signal to the gravel pit, denoting that another train was following him out to that point, and which would have been warning to Conductor Kerr to stop at the pit until the other train arrived there. Snider failed to do this, however, and Mr. Kerr, finding no orders to denote that the line was not clear to Belleville, started his train. The inevitable result was that in rounding the sharp curves in the neighborhood of the pit the two trains came together with a grand crash, the curves preventing the engineers seeing each other until it was too late to prevent the accident. Both locomotives and trains were badly wrecked, several of the flat cars being smashed into kindling wood. The passenger train was well filled, the majority being ladies, and while all were severely shaken up and more or less injured by the sudden shock, the principal sufferers were Mrs. Jane Wright, of this village, who having just risen from her seat was thrown violently at full length against the back of a seat and then to the floor; H. Phillips, who was thrown through the end window of the car, breaking two of his ribs; J. W. Wellington having a knife blade run through his hand, and a young girl from the village having her face badly burned against the stove. John Taylor, a brakesman on the gravel train, was also badly hurt, and lies yet in a very critical condition.

Medical assistance was quickly on the spot and everything done for the sufferers that was possible. No blame attaches to Conductor Kerr, who has the reputation of being one of the most careful and efficient officials that has yet been on this road, nor to Conductor David Hay, who had charge of the gravel train. The blame, if any, must rest with Snider in not booking the order for Kerr's inspection, that the gravel train had the road from Belleville to the pit. The loss to the Company will probably amount to between $15,000 and $20,000.

In regard to Mrs. Wright's injuries, and the report telegraphed to the Toronto papers that she was dying, &c., we may say that on calling on her yesterday, we found her in anything but a dying condition. Although under medical care ever since, and badly hurt, she is recovering as speedily as she could wish, and will be able to be around again in a short time.

Madoc Markets.

Flour, per bbl	$5 25	to	$5 50
Wheat, per bushel	0 95	to	1 00
Rye, "	0 50	to	0 00
Oats, "	0 30	to	0 00
Barley, "	0 50	to	0 66
Peas, "	0 65	to	0 00
Potatoes, per bag	0 70	to	0 00
Eggs, per doz	0 15	to	0 00
Butter, per lb	0 20	to	0 00
Wool, per lb	0 00	to	0 20
Hides, per cwt	5 00	to	7 00
Hogs "	5 00	to	5 50

Belleville Markets.

Wheat, per bushel	$1 00	to	$1 10
Barley, "	0 65	to	0 00
Rye, "	0 55	to	0 00
Oats, "	0 35	to	0 40
Peas, "	0 70	to	0 75
Potatoes, "	0 00	to	0 00
Potatoes, per bag	0 65	to	0 75
Butter, per lb	0 20	to	0 25
Eggs, per doz	0 17	to	0 20
Flour, per bbl	4 50	to	5 00
Sheepskins	0 50	to	0 60
Hides, per cwt	5 00	to	7 00
Wool, per lb	0 18	to	0 20

—Note John Robertson's new advt. next week.

—A nice stock of Scotch Tweeds—our own direct importation. JOHN DALE & SON.

—Mrs. Wright's change of advertisement is left for next week. Watch for it.

—As J. DALE & SON get their Coal Oil by the car load they are prepared to give low rates by the barrel. 339

The troubles in the Salvation Army of Kingston have been entirely overcome "Capt" Abbie having yielded to the Sergants. Miss Thompson goes to Ottawa shortly, "Capt" Thompson from the United States replaces her.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, and regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething" is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest & best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25c a bottle.

Servant Girl Wanted.

FOR general housework in small family. Apply at THIS OFFICE.

ESTRAY STEER.

CAME into the premises of the undersigned lot No. 3, 9th con. of Huntingdon, on or about the latter end of June, a red 3 year old steer. The owner is requested, to prove property, pay charges, and take it away.

WILLIAM WICKENS.
Huntingdon, Oct. 15th, 1883. 338-3w

325 Acres. **FONTHILL NURSERIES.** 325 Acres.

The largest in the Dominion.

Salesmen Wanted

Steady employment, affixed salaries to all willing to work. MEN AND WOMEN can have pleasant **Work the Year Round**. Good Agents are earning from $40 to $75 per month and expenses. Terms and outfit free. Address

STONE & WELLINGTON,
Nurserymen, Toronto, Ont.

In the High Court of Justice.

(CHANCERY DIVISION.

SEXSMITH vs. WICKHAM.

PURSUANT to the decree made in this cause the creditors of Stephen Vandewaters, late of the Township of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, who died in or about the month of September, 1872, are on or before the 3rd day of November, 1883, to send by post prepaid to D. H. Preston, of the town of Napanee, the Solicitor for the plaintiff herein, their christian and surnames, addresses, and description, the full particulars of their claims, a statement of their account and nature of the surities (if any) held by them; or in default thereof they will be peremptorily excluded from the benefit of the said decree. Every creditor holding any security is to produce the same before me at my chambers in Shire Hall, in the city of Belleville, on the 6th day of November, '83, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, being the time appointed for adjudication on the claims.

Dated this 15th day of October, 1883.

(Signed) S. S. LAZIER,
338-3w Local Master, Belleville.

A GREAT BARGAIN.

I WILL sell or lease 400 acres of deeded property, in the Township of Tudor, on the line of the C. O. R'y. There is pasture for 100 head of cattle on said property; 20 or 30 tons of hay can be cut yearly. There are 18 bushels of fall grain sown and is in good condition. All the cleared land is well fenced and watered. There is a large quantity of valuable timber, cedar, &c., and also good frame buildings on it. I would sell all or part to suit purchaser. Terms, part cash and balance in yearly instalments. Immediate possession given. Title indisputable. For further information apply to E. D. O'Flynn, Esq., Madoc, Richard Farrell, Esq., Madoc, or to myself on the premises. All mineral rights go with the property.

MARY ANN NEWELLS.
Millbridge, May 18, '83. 318-6m

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

:OXO:

NEW TINSHOP!

Stoves and Tinware,
House Furnishings & Hardware,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS and PUTTY.
Please give me a call.
(3 DOORS NORTH OF MRS. WRIGHT'S.)

WRIGHT'S
Grocery, Provision, Wine & Liquor STORE,

Established by the late Andrew Wright, in 1856, and now carried on by Mrs. Wright, on the premises, in Wright's Block, Durham Street, Madoc, who keeps constantly on hand a full assortment of first-class

GROCERIES, CONFECTIONERY & BISCUITS.
—FRUITS IN SEASON.—
Wine, Brandy, Gin, Spirits, Ales and Porter!
of the best brands imported direct from the manufacturers, also
CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, &C.
Wholesale and Retail at Lowest Cash Prices.

Madoc, June 7th, 1883. JANE WRIGHT.

BEST VALUE IN
AXES,
AXE HANDLES,
BUCKSAWS,
CROSS-CUT SAWS,
and all other seasonable Hardware.

SPECIAL VALUE IN
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STELLA:

OR, AT CROSS PURPOSES.

CHAPTER XXX. (CONTINUED.)

LADY HONORIA DOES HER DUTY.

"I shall get over it very soon," she said to herself once more, "and I am glad no one need ever know the truth—everybody will believe that I jilted him—that is bad enough, but not so bad as the truth. I could not bear to be pitied as a forsaken damsel—*that* would kill me!"

It will be seen that it was Lady Honoria's vanity that suffered throughout far more intensely than her heart.

Presently Mrs. Norton came into the room.

"Is Sir Edward gone already?" she inquired her, kindly.

Lady Honoria did not lose a minute in telling the truth to her hostess.

"Yes, he is gone. He will not dine here to-night, Mrs. Norton. The fact is, I have just broken off our engagement altogether."

"Oh! my dear!" cried Mrs. Norton, aghast, "how dreadfully sorry I am for you!"

"You need not be sorry for me," said Lady Honoria, quietly, "because it is entirely my own doing. We found that we were not likely to make each other happy, so I thought it best to break everything off. I have done quite right, and require no pity at all. Will you please tell your husband and daughters, Mrs. Norton; and would you kindly send these letters to the post for me?"

And that was all the information the family at the Rectory ever received concerning Lady Honoria's broken engagement. Only long afterwards, when they heard of another event, which as yet was in the dim future, then the two girls, talking the matter over to each other, thought that they could put two and two together, and a little more of the truth of the business became clear to them.

Meanwhile, in the desolate little sitting-room in Mrs. Wilson's green-shuttered lodging-house there were that morning two people who were very happy indeed, in spite of many stabs of conscience for the mistakes of the past on one side, and for sundry misgivings concerning the troubles of the future on the other.

"I think I have behaved abominably throughout both to you and to her," said Edgar to the little head that lay safe and happy upon his shoulder. "I wish I could feel more penitent and more unhappy; but just now, I can only feel insane with joy and delight!"

"Oh! what will Lady Dyson say!" cried poor Lily, for the hundredth time.

"Well, I think she will forgive you, Lily. Do you know, that I believe she got very fond of you during your illness?"

"She was very good to me," murmured Lily.

"And now, my little darling, I must go—I shall leave Sandyport this afternoon; and when you are quite strong again, and the whole of this business has blown over, then you will come back to Barfield, and then—and then——"

"Please do not do that any more," was Lily's only rejoinder to a course of action which, to people accustomed to the manners and customs of lovers, may be better imagined than described.

He left her and went back to the inn, and there, upon his table, lay a telegram awaiting him.

He tore it open. It was from his mother, and ran thus:

"*Please come home at once. Your brother has left home with Miss King.*"

CHAPTER XXXI.

HER LAST CARD.

Old Mr. King left his bed unusually early on the morning of the 1st of May, wrapped his dressing-gown about his lean figure, and went eagerly to the window and looked out. It was a lovely spring morning; the trees were all covered with tender green leaves, the dew lay thickly upon the grass, the hawthorn and laburnums were fast bursting into bloom, and the birds carolled gayly their greeting to the new-born summer.

Never had Mr. King felt happier or in better spirits. It was Norman's wedding-day. Everything had been settled according to his wishes; there had been no hitch and no disturbance in the programme he had laid out for his grandchildren's lives. Within a few hours he would stand within the flower-decked chancel of the village church, and he would give Cecily away to her cousin, and the "Wedding March" would strike up, and the wedding-bells would ring, and the darling wish of his old age would be fulfilled; and then the bride and bridegroom would be whirled off in a carriage-and-four to the station, on their way to the Continent, for their wedding-tour, and he and his Stella would be left alone in the big house together. He would send Harriet Finch away, and Stella should keep house for him.

"It has all gone off well," said Mr. King, to himself; "but I am glad I put that codicil into my will—it will do no harm—by twelve o'clock to-day it will be invalid, and it has kept my mind easy all this time, for I had a misgiving that the girl was going to play me false, but I suppose I was mistaken; still it has kept me from fretting, and, as Graham is always telling me, if I want to go on living I must not fret myself. Ah, well, I am happy enough now! Everything has turned out just as I wished it!"

At that minute a slender figure, wrapped from head to foot in a long cloak, and wearing a thick veil, was creeping slowly and cautiously across the dew-drenched grass at the back of the house.

She went very slowly, turning round every now and then to listen and look back at the house. It was quite early—only about half-past six—and nearly all the blinds of the house were drawn closely down. Only from one distant window there was somebody with sharp eyes, and a keen, eager face, who saw that solitary figure stealing along under the shadow of the orchard wall. And the owner of those sharp eyes, who had only just got up out of bed, straightway began to huddle on the first clothes that came under her hands at her utmost speed.

But Cecily, who was creeping along under the shadow of the orchard wall, did not know this.

Cecily was playing her last card. She had come to the end of the serio-comedy she had been acting so long—and now she was ready to stake everything she had so long striven for upon this last desperate action. Last night the will that was to do so much for her, was signed; so far all was safe. Now nothing was left to her save to deal the death-blow to the old man whose house had sheltered her treacherous and wicked self for so many months! All night long she had sat up writing—writing the letter that she had laid on his library table before she stole forth from the house, so that he might see it the first thing when he came down-stairs—and writing too, to Stella, to tell her the truth of everything. As to Norman, she had not even gone through the form of writing to him—"Norman," she said to herself scornfully, "will console himself very easily; he and Stella will never be rich—but then they are the kind of people who do not care in the least for money; they will be perfectly content to be poor all the days of their lives—whereas I—I could not have done without it. I have worked hard for it too—oh! what hard work it has been!—but thank goodness, it is all over now!"

She had got safely round the corner of the orchard wall by this time, and she was out of sight of the house. She walked quicker and breathed more freely now. She carried a heavy dressing-bag in her hand; into it she had crammed all the jewellery that had been given to her as wedding presents, including the family diamonds from her grandfather, and the set of pearls and rubies that were Norman's wedding-gift to her. Cecily had no remorse of conscience at all in doing this. She had also a little money, about ten pounds, with her.

Presently she reached a low wooden gate that led out of the park into the road; here, behind a clump of trees that had hidden it from her sight until she came close to it, stood a Stanhope phaeton with the hood drawn up. As she reached the gate, Walter Dyson's face peered out from behind it.

"Here you are at last," he said, in a whisper. "I thought you were never coming—is everything right?"

"Yes, so far all has gone well—the will was signed last night."

"Is this all your luggage?"

"Oh! my boxes are ready packed; I dare say I shall get them to-morrow. I have got the diamonds here!" tapping the bag with a laugh.

"You are an uncommonly clever girl, and I must say I am very glad to get hold of you at last. Now jump up quickly, and let us be off before the alarm is given; and besides, we have not too much time to catch the train at the Junction—it is ten miles at the very least."

There was no servant, and he helped her up into the phaeton. She drew herself as far back as she could into the shadow of the hood, and Walter Dyson took his seat by her side.

"Off at last, my dear wife!" he said, bending down to her with an affectionate smile, for he was fond of her after a fashion.

And then Cecily uttered a cry.

"Good gracious! there is Mrs. Finch!" she exclaimed. "Drive faster, Walter, or we shall be stopped!—hateful woman! she must have followed me!"

The phaeton dashed off rapidly, and was soon whirled out of sight round a sharp corner of the road.

And there stood Mrs. Finch by the gate, in the long damp grass, in a short, dark woollen petticoat and a red flannel dressing-jacket, with her scanty hair all flying loosely in the wind about her thin neck, shouting and waving her hands vainly after the departing couple.

But for all her shouting she was not able to stop them. When the phaeton was quite out of sight, Mrs. Finch turned round and fled to the house. There was a glance of malicious delight upon her face.

"Wicked, abandoned girl!" she cried to herself, triumphantly; "I always knew she was false and deceitful. She has eloped with one of the Dysons! I could not see which, but I know the gray horse and harness well enough. And now, at last, I can be revenged upon the old man who has ground down my life for so many years, and treated me like an upper servant instead of a relation! Now, at last, I can repay him all the rough words and the insulting sneers he has cast at me for so long! Oh! what a blow this will be for him!—his darling schemes overthrown—his nephew tricked out of his bride—his beautiful plans for everybody all shattered at a stroke! How delighted I am to think I shall be the first to tell him—perhaps even he will be grateful to me for revealing to me this iniquitious proceeding to him, and he will add something to his will in acknowledgment—who knows!"

And this latter thought still further quickened Mrs. Finch's returning footsteps towards the house.

In another minute she was knocking loudly at Mr. King's bedroom door, quite oblivious, in her excitement, of her own very remarkable, and not very presentable costume.

"Mr. King, I must speak to you *at once!*" she cried.

"My good woman, I am just out of my bed—you must wait."

"I cannot wait a moment, my dear cousin—I positively *must* speak to you! I have something of the utmost importance to reveal to you!"

"What a nuisance an impatient woman is!" grumbled the old man from within. "Wait a moment, then, and I will open the door."

After a few seconds he did so, and appeared enveloped in a long flowery dressing-gown, in which his giant figure looked leaner and more attenuated than ever.

"Now what on earth is it?" he began, confronting the strangely-attired figure who came in as he opened the door, "what have you got to say that you couldn't wait till I was dressed? I suppose the confectioner hasn't sent the cake, or the cook has spoilt the jellies, or some such rubbish!"

"Mr. King, it is no rubbish at all," said Mrs. Finch, eagerly. "I have a very terrible piece of news to tell you!"

The old man frowned uneasily; but he had no serious apprehensions as yet.

"You women think everything terrible—there is no end to the fuss made about every trifle. Out with it, then!"

"I assure you this is no trifle," she said, earnestly, and with such evident agitation, that his attention was arrested to it. "You must prepare yourself for a great shock, Mr. King."

The old man trembled.

"Don't go beating about the bush," he said, hoarsely, "but in Heaven's name tell me what has happened at once! Is it Norman?"

"Norman is quite well. It is Cecily King who has gone away."

"*What!*" shouted the old man, wildly, catching hold of her hands.

"She has run away with one of the Dysons—I am not sure which—I could not see; but they have driven off together not ten minutes ago."

The old man was livid.

"They must be followed at once—instantly; they can be stopped! Where is Norman? Ring the bell. What are you standing staring here for? Let me go!" He was struggling to reach the door; he shivered from head to foot. Mrs. Finch tried to quiet him; he shook her off wildly. "They must be followed at once," he repeated. "It is not too late; they can be stopped."

And then suddenly Stella, white as a sheet, stood behind them on the threshold, holding an open letter in her hand.

"Oh! grandpapa—dear grandpapa—it is no use!" she cried; "they cannot be stopped—it is too late. Cecily has deceived us all; she has been married to Walter Dyson ever since she came here!"

He stopped short and gasped for breath; the blood rushed back in a flood to his face, his eyes stared blankly for one minute before him. Then he flung up his arms wildly into the air; one short gasping cry burst from his lips; and he fell face forward all his length upon the floor.

Cecily's evil work had prospered. She killed her grandfather, but it was Stella's loving lips that all unwittingly had given him his death-blow.

From that instant all was confusion and terror; the fugitive couple were forgotten; there was a wild hurrying to and fro through the flower-decked house. Instead of the merry laughter, and the good wishes, and the happy faces that were to have filled Wrexham Hall that bright May morning, there were scared looks and terrified whispers, and the grave face of the hastily-summoned doctor pressing through the frightened cluster of servants towards the chamber of death.

By and by Sir Edgar came over from Barfield, in great distress of mind concerning his brother's conduct, but the greater anxiety about the master of the house had absorbed all lesser troubles.

They had got the old man into his bed; he did not die at once; he lingered till the afternoon, but he was never conscious again. At three o'clock he died, and Norman led the weeping Stella away from his death-bed.

These two, who had comforted each other throughout these terrible hours of horror and misery, had no other consolation upon earth now save each other.

Oh! how horrible it was to Stella to pass along the passages and staircases all wreathed for the marriage festivities with satin ribbons, and trails of flowers and greenery: to see the long table laid out in the great dining-room below, and the waiters, with white and horrified faces, clearing away the preparations for the wedding-feast! And then there was the open door of Cecily's room, and her boxes standing already packed in the middle of the floor.

"She has killed him—she has killed him!" moaned Stella in her misery. "Oh! Norman, what did she do it for? How could she deal him such a cruel blow?"

Stella, in the absorption of her grief, did not even think of how great an alteration in her own life Cecily's conduct was likely to effect.

"She could not have known that he had heart disease," said Norman, gravely; "She could never have realized that such a shock would kill him."

But Dr. Graham, who stood by the sorrowing cousins, and who heard the words, remembered very well that Cecily knew all about her grandfather's heart-disease, and he could have told them so, had he not been too kind-hearted to make unnecessary mischief in the already afflicted family.

"What did she say to you in that letter?" asked Norman of his cousin, as he stood at the door of her room with her.

"I think you ought to read it," said Stella.

She went into her room and found it, and bringing it out to him, placed it in his hands.

"Thank you," said Norman, simply.

And then he took the letter out-of-doors and read it by himself in the garden among the budding trees and the carolling birds, and all the bright summer sights and sounds that were going on without, just the same as if death and sorrow did not come to visit Wrexham Hall.

CHAPTER XXXII.

BY THE FOUNTAIN.

This was Cecily's letter to her sister:

"MY DEAR STELLA.

"I suppose you will be very much shocked and horrified at me when you find out that I have run away from home with Walter Dyson. I think long ago you must have guessed that I had some secret which I was keeping from you, and now the time has come when I must tell you the truth. Last winter, when I stayed with the Halevys, I met Walter Dyson in Paris. We fell in love with each other, and he proposed to me. But Walter is a younger son, and I had nothing. Marriage under such circumstances would have been folly. To be poor, you know, would never have suited me; the most devoted husband would weary me out in six weeks had I to live in a cottage with him. Yet I was fond enough of Walter to be unwilling to give him up. Then it came into my head that I had only to promise to marry Norman in order to get our grandfather's money. I did not much think about the future, nor where it would lead me to; but I proposed to Walter that we should cancel our engagement, and that I should go to Wrexham, and feign to consent to marry our cousin—for I knew that you had refused him, and therefore it would not be taking anything from you. Well, Walter did not like the plan at all, not from any scruples of conscience, but because he is very jealous. The only way in which I could gain his consent was by agreeing secretly to marry him at once, in order that, he said, I might be bound irrevocably to him. We were married at the English Chapel in Paris. I left Madame Halevy's ostensibly to join you on the very day of my wedding.

"Two college friends of Walter's witnessed the ceremony, and one of them gave me away. Afterwards we crossed over to England, and spent three days in London together. Walter and I came down home together, and on the evening of my strange appearance at Wrexham, when you were so startled and puzzled at my unexpected arrival on foot outside your window, my husband had just dropped me, not a hundred yards from the house, from the fly in which he was going on to Barfield.

"Well, now, you can easily guess the rest. I have not had a very happy time of it, as you may imagine. What with working out my plans, and pretending to be fond of Norman, and having to meet Walter at all hours of the day and night, to keep him in good temper; and then having to elude Mrs. Finch, whose keen eyes began to suspect me; you may imagine that I have had my hands pretty full. Do you remember the night we dined at Barfield, when Walter took me in for dinner? You may guess what a good joke the whole thing was to me; and yet, I assure you, I have had many a sleepless night and many an anxious day, especially since that horrible Finch has taken to watching me; for if she had found me out and betrayed me to any of you, all my trouble would have been thrown away.

"Well, now it is all over, and grandpapa's will is signed; and by the time you get this letter, Walter and I will be away on the road to France, and Norman will have learnt that the whole of my engagement to him has been a farce. As he does not care a farthing about me, and is over head and ears in love with—well, I won't say whom!—I don't think it even necessary to apologize to him for taking myself off.

"And now, Stella, I have only to ask your forgiveness. Don't think worse of me than you can help, and when all this has blown over, I hope some day to come over to England and to have a good laugh with you over the whole story.

"Your affectionate sister,

"CECILY."

The letter fluttered from Norman's hand to the ground, and a strong feeling of disgust took possession on him. Selfish, unprincipled, and shameless—how different was Cecily from Stella! Not a vestige of remorse for her duplicity and her deceit—not a particle of shame for her love of wealth and the greed with which she had grasped at the money of which she was in truth defrauding Stella—only a light wish that they might enjoy a "good laugh" over the discreditable story, and an unseemly reading of the "joke" it had been to outwit and deceive all her relations and friends.

Nothing could exceed the contempt which Norman felt towards her, excepting his own deep thankfulness for having escaped from such a wife.

Cecily had in a postscript given an address to which she entreated her sister to write, within the next few days, to tell her what had happened at Wrexham after her departure. It was at an hotel at Rouen, and there she stated that she and her husband would remain for a fortnight, and look anxiously for news from home.

In point of fact, the success of Cecily's whole scheme depended upon the news she was to receive from Wrexham; if her grandfather lived, he would certainly alter his will. But if he died—Cecily was ashamed to own even to her own heart, how earnestly she desired that her wicked scheme might have succeeded.

There came a telegram from Stella to the hotel at Rouen on the very day after their arrival there. Oh! how Cecily trembled as she opened it—and how the words danced before her eyes before she could read them!

But there they were, as plain as daylight before her:

"*Grandpapa is dead—the news has killed him—the funeral will be on Friday—will you come home?*"

"Everything is safe!" said Cecily, white with agitation, to her husband, "but I won't go home for the whole world—I should feel like a murderess!" she added shuddering.

"Nonsense," said her husband "you have nothing to do with his death at all; an old man with heart-disease may drop down dead any day. You must not think of it any longer—the money is all right, they will telegraph to us again, of course, as soon as the will is read."

So Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dyson waited at the pleasant city on the Seine, and beguiled the days of waiting by many excursions in the neighborhood, and many rambles through the streets and churches of the interesting old town.

On the Friday, there was, however, no telegram, and Cecily began to feel uneasy.

"You will hear to-morrow morning; they will write," said her husband, consolingly. "Don't fidget yourself about it—it is quite sure to be all right—there is nothing to be anxious about—you are sure to have a letter in the morning."

Saturday morning came, and with it a black edged envelope with the Loughton postmark. Cecily tore it open breathlessly, and remained speechless, staring at it.

"Well, what is it?" said Walter, taking it from her hand.

And then Cecily uttered a wild cry of despair, flung up her arms madly into the air, and then fell down prone and unconscious into a heap at her husband's feet.

This was the letter:—

"MY DEAR MRS. DYSON,

"I have great pleasure in writing to tell you that your dear sister has inherited the whole of your grandfather's fortune, with the exception of the house, furniture, pictures, plate, &c., and twenty thousand pounds which are left Mr. Allingham. The greater portion of his fortune was originally left to you, but by a codicil to the will, it was so left conditionally only upon your marriage with your cousin; failing that, it reverts to your sister; under the circumstances, of course, you are quite unprovided for.

"Your sincere friend,

"BARRIET FINCH."

* * * *

Two months have passed away since Mr King's death, and Stella King and Mrs Finch now are the only inhabitants of Wrexham Hall.

Directly after the funeral, Norman had gone away. He had expressed a wish that Stella and Mrs. Finch would continue to make Wrexham their home for the present, but had said no further word about his future plans.

Stella remained there all alone. She sorrowed at first deeply for her grandfather, and for her sister's treachery; but by and by another grief began to settle at her heart.

Why did not Norman come to her—what was there now to keep them apart! Had he forgotten his old love to her, and the passionate words he had spoken to her that day when he had rescued her from the gypsy on Loughton Common! Was all that a dream that is past to him? or had he been so thoroughly disgusted by her sister's conduct, that unconsciously he had recoiled from her also, and had included her in the just blame due only to Cecily?

Stella could not answer these questions to herself; but she was very sad, for Norman remained up in London, and neither wrote or came to her.

By and by an event happened which shed a little brightness and pleasure over her monotonous life. There was a wedding at Barfield, and Lily Finch was the bride; and no one rejoiced more sincerely in her happiness than did Stella, although her deep mourning precluded her from being at the ceremony. Lady Dyson had at last given her willing consent to Sir Edgar's marriage. It had been a great blow to her when his engagement to Lady Honoria had been broken off; but as she never quite understood the rights of it, she believed to her dying day that the Earl's daughter had behaved very badly to her son; and she felt such a sincere compassion for his supposed disappointment, that she was the more ready to listen patiently to him when he spoke to her about Lily.

"I suppose it is fate," said Lady Dyson, resignedly. "It is evident that it is to be, so I had better make the best of it. And after all, Lily is a dear girl, and she behaved wonderfully well during her illness."

So one fine June morning Lily was married to Edgar in Barfield Church, and, amongst the handsomest of her wedding presents, there figured a diamond locket from Lady Honoria Rosett.

Mrs. Finch, of course, was very great on the occasion, and talked so incessantly afterwards of "my daughter Lady Dyson," that Stella got very tired of the subject. Mrs. Finch, of course, forgave her old scores against the Dysons in consequence of her daughter's marriage.

"I never thought he would have married her, you know," she explained to Stella; "and though I could see that Lily was foolish about him, I discouraged it in every way, thinking he meant nothing serious. However, I must say the girl played her game better than I gave her credit for."

"I think her own sweetness and goodness is the only 'game' Lily has ever been guilty of," said Stella, a little indignantly.

Then, when the wedding was over, and the newly married couple gone away, and the neighborhood had settled down again after the commotion, Stella became very lonely and very sad. She received frequent letters from Cecily, but they were very unsatisfactory ones. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dyson were drifting about from one gambling-place to another upon the Continent, Walter, apparently, had taken to Rouge-et-Noir as a profession—sometimes he won, but oftener he seemed to lose; and then Cecily wrote very despondingly. She was evidently far from happy—the love founded on selfishness and want of principle, which might have flourished and increased in sunshiny and prosperous conditions, was fast perishing utterly under the cold winds of poverty and adversity.

Stella at last determined to do something substantial for her sister and her husband. Out of her own abundance she would provide for them. It was however, impossible to do this without consulting Norman; and so, after a great deal of hesitation, one day she wrote to him to his club in London, propounding her scheme of making to Cecily an annual allowance out of her own ample fortune, that might enable her to live in comfort if not in luxury, and she begged him to come down and see her, that she might consult with him about it.

The letter was sent, and two days went and no answer came. Stella was very unhappy.

One afternoon she sat alone on the edge of the stone basin in the garden. The fountain was still, and the clear pool shone in the sunshine—every little gold-fish looked like a jewel as it darted across the transparent water.

Stella looked down lazily at them, and dipped her white fingers into the basin. She did not hear the approaching footsteps across the lawn behind her, only all at once a shadow was thrown across the fountain, and looking up quickly, she found Norman standing by her side.

"Oh! Stella, what a long time you have been in sending for me!" he said reproachfully, as he took her hands in his; but his face was beaming with delight and happiness.

"In sending for you, Norman!" she repeated, wonderingly. "Did you expect me to do that?"

"Of course I did. Do you think I would have obtruded my own selfish hopes into your days of mourning for the old man you loved so well? I waited for you to write to me. Besides, you are a rich woman now."

"Oh, hush!" she interrupted, quickly. "Do not pain me by saying that!" and then, with a deep blush, she added, slowly, "Norman, I would like to share all that money with you!"

"I only know of one way in which you can do that, my darling!" he said, with all the glow of his love in his eyes; and then he knelt down beside her and put his arms around her. "Stella, will you not give me that I ng waited for him now, and with it your dear self!"

She bent her face, rosy as any flower, towards him in silence, and their lips met in a happiness too deep for words.

"Oh! Stella," he said, presently, "how much of our lives you and I have wasted! We might have been happy long ago!"

"Yes," said Stella, smiling out of the fullness of her content. "But then, we were playing in the dark, for we have all been at 'Cross Purposes!'"

[THE END.]

Sir John Macdonald has subscribed twenty-five dollars towards the erection of new barracks at Kingston for the Salvation Army.

OUR SILK INDUSTRIES.

The following interesting account of silk culture and of silk manufacture in Canada is given by the *Montreal Herald*:

The silk moth lays its eggs on the leaves of the mulberry tree upon which the caterpillar feeds, and these caterpillars form the cocoons from which the silk is manufactured. The eggs are hatched in an apartment heated to the proper temperature by a stove. When the hatching process commences, as soon as the young caterpillars make their appearance a paper perforated with holes, and covered with mulberry leaves, is spread over the basket in which they are placed, and in passing through the holes to get at the mulberry leaves they free themselves from their shells. The worms speedily settle on the leaves and sprigs of mulberry, and are thus easily transferred to trays, and removed to a cooler room called

A NURSERY.

This is a dry room, the temperature of which is regulated, and which is well ventilated to purify the air from the noisome exhalations produced by the excrements of the caterpillars and the decayed leaves, which are not unfrequently, unless due precautions are taken, fertile sources of diseases amongst the worms. In this room wicker shelves are arranged at convenient distances, lined with paper, on which the worms are placed. The mulberry leaves presented to the caterpillars are chopped. Four meals a day as a regular rule, and luncheons between, when the worms are particularly voracious, is the liberal allowance for their subsistence.

The silk worms live in the larval state from six to eight weeks, during which period it moults or changes its skin four times, increasing its size and voracity with every moult, and when fully grown is about three inches in length. When about to spin, the silkworms are provided with little bushes of broom, heath, or other flexible substance, from which they suspend themselves after spinning a few threads. By continually twisting their bodies they gradually envelop themselves into a thick, silken

OVAL SHAPED COCOON.

Specimens of these bushes laden with cocoons appeared in the London Exhibition of 1851, like diminutive trees bearing golden fruit.

The silk itself is a secretion of a pair of tubes, which terminate in a prominent pore or spinneret on the under lip of the caterpillar. The two fine filaments are glued together by another secretion from a small gland, so that the apparently single thread which forms the cocoon is really double.

The cocoons, when completed, are thrown into warm water, which dissolves the glutinous matter, causing the threads to adhere, and separate them. The end of the thread is then found and placed upon a reel, and the silk wound from off the cocoon into what is called a bank. The length of the silken thread obtained from a silken cocoon is sometimes from 750 to 1,150 feet long, or of an average length of 300 yards. Twelve pounds of cocoons yield one pound of raw silk, from 200 to 250 cocoons going to the pound weight. About

ONE OUNCE OF SILKWORMS' EGGS

will produce one hundred pounds of cocoons; 16 pounds of mulberry leaves are used sufficient for the production of one pound of cocoons, and each mulberry tree yields about 100 pounds of leaves.

The Chinese were the first who understood how to rear silkworms, unravel the threads spun by them, and manufacture the silk thus obtained into articles of dress and ornament. Silk appears to have been worn by the Chinese and Japanese from time immemorial—even 2,000 years ago, when our ancestors were naked savages. The silkworm moth and the mulberry tree are in fact both natives of China, whence both were brought to Europe during the sixth century in the reign of the Emperor Justinian. At first the culture of silk was confined to Greece, particularly to the Peloponesus, where it spread so much that this part of Greece derived its modern name Morea (Latin *morus*, a mulberry) from that circumstance. From Greece

THE SILK MANUFACTURE SPREAD

into Sicily, Italy, Spain and finally France. As the breeding of this valuable insect is only possible in warm climates the silk culture is necessarily confined in Europe to Italy, the south of France, and Spain. From these countries it is exported to England, the United States and now to Canada, where it is manufactured into threads and textile fabrics.

In 1863 the firm of Belding Brothers & Co. commenced the manufacture of sewing silks and twist at Brockville, Conn., where they have two mills, each 300 feet long and four storeys high. They have also mills at Northampton, Mass., for the manufacture of silk fabrics and hosiery, with warehouses at New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis. They rank among the largest houses, if they are not actually the largest house, in the silk manufacture in the United States and their goods bear the highest reputation.

In 1867 a branch of this establishment was organised in this city. Mr. F. Paul becoming resident member of the firm and manager of the establishment, the business being carried on under the style of

BELDING, PAUL AND CO.,

for the purpose of manufacturing sewing silks, threads, ribbons, and handkerchiefs. At this time the production was limited as the intention was so to speak "to feel, the way," the manufacture being from 50 to 100 pounds per week. From this, however, it has rapidly developed into what may be termed a nice business, now producing 1,000 lbs. per week with a rapidly and constantly increasing demand for a more enlarged production. At the outset it was necessary to observe caution, owing to the fact that the fashions change rapidly and it was undesirable to have manufactured stock on hand. No apprehension is now felt on this account, inasmuch as the demand exceeds the supply. At first it was impossible to procure skilled labor here, and it was found necessary to import it from the mill's at Brockville, Conn., but, one by one these gradually returned to the States, and now the operatives, with the exception of the foreman, consist of those engaged and trained here. These consist of representatives of all nationalities, but principally of French-Canadians, who are found to be very quick, docile and excellent operatives.

THE BUILDINGS NOW IN USE

are two in number. One of these, built of brick and iron, fronts on St. George street, being number 30. It is 45x75 feet, four storeys high, with basement. The basement is used as a machine shop and storeroom, the ground floor as an office and sample room, the second floor as a spinning room, and the fourth as a weaving room. The machinery is operated by steam power, which is obtained from the adjoining establishment of Messrs. Rogers & King. The second building is located at St. Gabriel Locks, on the south bank of the Lachine Canal, adjacent to the McGee Bridge. It has a frontage on the canal of 100 feet, with a depth of 45 feet, is of brick and is four storeys high. It was formerly used as Tees' chair factory, and has been altered and fitted up for its present purpose.

THE MOTIVE POWER

here is derived from the canal, the machinery being operated by a water wheel. Great inconvenience is experienced from having the works thus divided up, and to obviate this the firm is now erecting a new building at the canal, running parallel with the one it now possesses there. This will be 160 feet long by 45 wide, four storeys high, with an entrance tower in the centre, in which will be placed closets, wash rooms, &c., &c., for the use of the operatives. Between the new and the old building there will be a clear space serving as a passage 47 feet long. Each floor will be unobstructed from end to end so as to secure a perfect light, the floors above being supported by two rows of pillars which will form an alley, on each side of which will be ranged the different machines. The first floor will be devoted to spinning, the second to winding, the third to doubling, and the fourth to weaving. While the building will by a plain structure in so far as appearance is concerned, it will be fitted up with the latest and most approved appliances. There will also be a dye house on the canal front, separate from the mills, covering a space of 2,200 square feet. There will be two boilers, 5x16 feet, for supplying the necessary steam required in the operations.

Having described the buildings, the next and by far the most interesting is

THE MANUFACTURE.

The raw silk is obtained from the New York House. On its arrival here the raw threads are sorted, an operation which requires a quick eye and proficiency. This is done by the eye. All the threads of the same cocoon are not alike but vary considerably at times. It is then soaked in water at a temperature of 110° F. to soften the natural gum and facilitate the process of winding. This done, it is wound on bobbins, an operation which though apparently simple requires great care, owing to the fact that the silk thread is very fine. It is then doubled, that is two or more threads according to the purpose for which it is intended, are joined together. It is then put on the spinning machine and spun, after which it is twisted, which consists in doubling and spinning three of these threads, the twist being reversed to make the thread stronger. The number of threads depends upon the

FINENESS OF THE RAW SILK,

and also upon the character of the goods to be woven. It is then taken to the stretching machine, the patent for which is controlled by the firm, to remove the rough or knotty appearance which appears. It does not, as its name might imply, stretch the silk, it evens it out, removing the lumpy appearance, and imparting to it a uniform tension. It is made up into skeins preparatory to being dyed. This is done by reeling, each skein consisting of 350 yards. It is then put upon delicate scales, and its weight marked, after which it is ready for the dyer. It has now reached the condition of thrown silk and the process is completed. The

DYEING PROCESS

is the next adopted. In this there are three hundred colors, requiring a large stock and assortment of dyes to be kept on hand. From the dye-house the silk is again taken to be spooled in the lengths and sizes required. The dyer first boils the silk in soap and water, to free it from any remaining gum, and to give it a more lustrous appearance. By the boiling process the silk, if pure, looses about 24 per cent. of its weight, so that a pound of silk will weigh about 12 ounces. This is the reason that American silk is put up in 12 ounces to the pound. Sewing silk thread runs from 150 yards to 1,800 yards to the ounce, while silk for ribbons, which is much finer, runs from 6,000 yards to 10,000 yards per ounce.

THE COLORED DYES.

The ribbon manufacture is one from which more is expected than that of handkerchiefs, plain goods in the latter article being only now made up.

The operatives employed average 300. The remuneration to these is $2 per week for green hands from the day of engagement, to $6 and $7 per week for more advanced ones.

The Montreal firms derive no little advantage from its connection with the American house referred to, from the fact that they can procure from them the newest and latest patterns and all desirable information, in addition to which they allow the American firm to test new appliances and when success attends them they avail themselves of the others experience.

This firm manufactures here the same brands of sewing silks that have become so universally popular in the States, and if ladies see that Belding, Paul & Co's. name is stamped in the end of the spool they may depend on getting an excellent article.

Nearly all the silk manufactured is for the Canadian market, the remainder being sent to Newfoundland, where there is an excellent market, considering the number of the population.

The firm have had samples of their silk manufactures on exhibition at Toronto and St. John, where we understand they took high honors.

The distinguished Arctic explorer Sir George Nares thinks there is still hope that Lieutenant Greely may have reached Port Faulke late in the season.

A Chicago maiden has embroidered the motto, "Walk in Love" on tarleton, done with 100 cotton, very fine. After she gets a fellow she will embroider in a comma after the "Walk in," and then it will be superfine.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT.

A Grand Trunk Employee Instantly Killed at Toronto—A Most Horrible Spectacle.

An accident of a shocking nature recently occurred in the old Great Western Depot, at the foot of Yonge street, Toronto, by which a Grand Trunk employee named John Johnston was instantly killed. A short time ago a bridge was constructed inside the depot, about half way between the two ends and extending from one platform to the other across the building. Underneath this structure the trains, when shunted into the depot, pass, leaving not quite five feet of standing room for brakesmen on the top of the trains. Johnston, who was employed as Esplanade conductor for shunting trains, was standing on a car near the centre of a train which was moving out of the station. His back was turned toward the engine, and not thinking he would have to stoop so as to avoid striking the bridge he stood erect until

WITHIN A FEW FEET OF THE DANGER.

The shouts of some workmen who were standing on the platform aroused him, but as he was just in the act of turning and making a stoop the girder of the bridge struck him on the side on the head. The force and suddenness of the blow knocked him off his feet and precipitated him between two of the cars. He managed to cling to the coupling works for a second or two, but soon he dropped underneath on the right track. Several wheels passed over his body in the region of the abdomen, severing it almost in two, and spattering the track in the vicinity with his blood. Death was instantaneous. When the train had passed

A REVOLTING SPECTACLE

was presented to the horrified bystanders who crowded around. The unfortunate man was almost completely cut in two, the two portions hanging together by shreds of flesh and clothing. The remains were taken up and removed to the morgue. The deceased was a man well up in years, and leaves a large family of children most of whom are grown up. He was during his whole lifetime a railroad man, beginning life on English roads. For twenty-seven years he has been in the employ of the Grand Trunk Railway, and was also a trusted and painstaking employee.

THE INQUEST.

An inquest was held yesterday evening at the morgue, at which Coroner Duncan presided. A number of persons were examined, the majority of whom were employees of the Grand Trunk. The most important evidence was given by Edwin Till, David N. Black, and J. Thompson, driver of the engine attached to the train. Till stated that he saw Johnson standing on top of the train as it was moving out of the station. Seeing that he did not appear to notice the bridge, he and some fellow-employees shouted to him. He was, however, warned too late; he was struck by the girder and knocked between the cars and killed almost immediately. Other eye-witnesses were examined whose statements were similar to Till's. The Jury, after retiring, brought in the following verdict:—"That the said John Johnson came to his death by accident by being struck by an overhead bridge at the Great Western Station, and that the jury find that the said bridge was too low to allow a man on a car to pass under, and that the bridge should be raised higher."

Testimony to Darwin.

Dr. W. B. Carpenter, the great physiologist, in the *Modern Review*, says:—There is no need to go back now over the melancholy story of the slanderous attacks which were made on the greatest interpreter of the "order of (organic) nature" who has ever stood between its author and man; but they ought to be remembered as a lesson to the theologians of the future. No one has now ventured to throw a stone at Darwin's grave, since were any to do so it would bring upon him general condemnation. The revolution in public feeling of this country, which has been silently and almost insensibly going on, but of which his departure from among us has brought out the manifestation, has been a surprise no less to his friends than it must have been to his former opponents. The highest eulogies have been pronounced upon him from pulpits in which he was once reviled; and his life to less than his word has been held up as a model for imitation where his character as a man was formerly included in the depreciation of his achievements as a philosopher. . . Those who knew Charles Darwin most intimately are unanimous in their appreciation of the unsurpassed nobility and beauty of his whole character. In him there was "no other side." Not only was he the philosopher who has wrought a greater revolution in human thought within a quarter of a century than any man of our time—or, perhaps, of any time—and has given what is proving the death-blow to theological systems,—which had been clinging yet more tenaciously to men's shoulders because of the efforts made to throw them off—but as a man he exemplified in his own life that true *religion* which is deeper, wider, loftier, than any theology. For this not only inspired him with the devotion to truth, which was the master passion of his great nature, but made him the most admirable husband, brother, and father, the kindest friend, neighbor, and master, the genuine lover not only of his fellow-man, but of every creature.

He Was Such a Fresh Young Man.

"Aw, yas, Miss Eveline, you knaw I came to the sea shoah because, you knaw, I felt that I needed such a twip, you knaw."

"Ah, indeed, Mr. De Dee?"

"Yas, Miss Eveline."

"No doubt you will be benefitted. Some people need salt air more than anything else."

Then everybody snickered, and Mr. D. wondered what was funny in a simple health report like that.

Gone Never to Return.

GARDINER, ME.—Mr. Daniel Gray, a prominent lumber merchant writes that his wife had severe rheumatic pains; so severe as to render her unable to sleep. From the first application of the famous German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, she experienced unspeakable relief, and in two hours the pain had entirely gone.

FORTY BILLION GERMS.

A Wonderful Theory that Concerns the Welfare, Happiness and Life of Everyone.

In his quiet and cosy library at the close of a busy day sat a gentleman and his wife, he absorbed in a new book and she in the newspaper. Quickly glancing toward her husband, she asked, at a certain point in the article,

"John, what is the germ theory?"

"The germ theory—well—yes; just look in the encyclopedia under 'Germ,' that will explain it so much better than I can."

Accordingly his wife opened the book at the word named and read: Germ Theory of Disease—A theory advanced by the ablest and best investigators and scientists of the times. It supposes the surface of the earth, the air and water to be inhabited to a greater or less extent with a peculiar growth of the lowest form of fungi—commonly termed bacteria, whose power of reproduction, under favorable conditions, is so great that a single germ will increase to fifteen million in twenty-four hours time, and unchecked in its increase would grow to a mass of eight hundred tons, in three days' time, if space and food be furnished. There is no condition under which it can be said to be absent, unless it be from fire or air filtered through cotton-batting in numerous layers. A single drop of water containing a germ, put into water, boiled, filtered and thus freed from bacteria, will grow murky in a day or two from the development of new germs. When it is considered that it requires about forty billion to weigh one grain, some remote idea can be had of the capacity of germ reproduction. Professor John Tyndall, in a late work, elaborately treats of the influence of germs in the propagation of disease and charges upon this cause, the inception and development of very many of the ailments most injurious to man. Professor Pasteur, an eminent French savant, has carried his original and beautiful experiments so far, and from them deduced such practical results as very greatly to diminish the number of cases of anthrax among sheep and chicken cholera among fowl,—proving his theory that these are essentially and actually germ diseases. These germs are carried into the system through the lungs, the stomach and possibly the skin, but through the lungs chiefly. Once in the system, they begin to develop, poisoning the blood, invading the nerve centres, disturbing the functional activity of the great organs of the body and inducing a general impairment of the vital processes. They are the cause of fevers, rheumatism, Bright's disease of the kidneys, pneumonia, blood poisoning, liver disease, diphtheria and many other ailments. Lately Professor Koch, a famous German physician, has proved that consumption of the lungs is due to this cause—the presence of a peculiar germ.

When the circulation is bounding, the nerves elastic and the system all aglow with life and energy, the germs seem to develop poorly, if at all. But with weakened nerves, poor digestion or malassimilation of food or a lowering of vitality from any cause, a change ensues, and in this impoverished and weakened fluid the germ finds a genial home and develops until symptoms of disease are distinctly manifested. This is seen in the everyday experience of all. The healthy man resists the influences around him and does not take cold, while those whose systems have become weak from any cause readily contract colds. This is on the same principle as the germ theory. The germs attack any weakened spot in the body, and fixing themselves upon it, begin their propagation. It is plain therefore that it is only by fortifying the weak portions of the body that the germs of disease can be resisted and driven from the system. But this has proved almost an impossibility heretofore, and it has been the study of physicians for years how best to accomplish it. Within the past few years, however, a preparation has been attracting great attention, not only throughout the entire land, but among the medical profession and scientists generally, which is based upon this theory, and it may safely be said, no remedy has ever been found which can so successfully place the system in a condition to resist the germs of disease as Warner's Safe Cure. This article is unquestionably the best and most efficient that has ever been discovered for this purpose, and—

"John, say, John! does the encyclopedia advertise Warner's Safe Cure?"

"I should not wonder, dear, it's a grand remedy, and that pamphlet we received the other day stated that Dr. Gunn, of the United States Medical College, endorsed it. At all events the wonderful cures it is accomplishing entitle it to be honorably noted among the great discoveries of the present century."

However the facts above stated may be, the truth remains, that the germ theory of disease is the correct one and that the great remedy mentioned is the only one which has ever been found that can put the system in a condition to kill these germs before they obtain a hold upon the body, and undermine the life.

Canon Farrar has been a total abstainer from wine and spirits for six years, and John Bright has been for ten.

True merit brings its own reward, in the case of Burdock Blood Bitters it is rapidly bringing its reward in its increasing sales; as a prominent druggist recently said, "it now sells on its merits." It is the grand specific for diseases of Blood, Liver and Kidneys. 25,000 bottles have been sold, during the last three months. (34)

There is as much variety in millinery ornaments as there is in shapes and materials.

There is no remedy known to medical science that is more positive in its effect, to cure Cholera Morbus, Colic, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Infantum, and all Bowel Complaints than Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. (35)

The baton used by Sir Michael Costa for years, and tipped with a coral effigy of Garibaldi, together with the manuscript scores of five operas and four ballets, has been given by him to the Naples College of Music.

It is a fact that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has more well-earned testimonials of praise for its virtues in curing Cholera, Colic, Cholera Infantum, Dysentery, etc., than all other remedies of that class combined. It will stand investigation. (36)

From MR. WILLIAM MAGRATH.

Erindale, Credit P. O., Jan. 8th, 1882.

MY DEAR SUTHERLAND: Some two months since I became so afflicted with Rheumatism of the neck and right shoulder as to render my right arm nearly powerless. I determined to try your "Rheumatine" and the result is that I am now *free from pain*, and enjoy the *full use of my arm*. My general health is also much improved by the use of the medicine. The first two bottles *relieved me*—the third bottle *freed me from all pain*.

WM. MAGRATH,

J. N. Sutherland, St. Catharines.

Judge Black left by his will $2,000 to his grandson on condition that he should drop the name of Jeremiah Sullivan and assume that of Henry Vantries.

C. S. Judson, Wallaceburg, says Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, for Summer Complaints is a splendid preparation, and I do not know of a single case in which it has not given satisfaction, but on the contrary have had many testimonials to its efficacy. (32)

Mr. Du Maurier so dislikes to be personal that if he finds he has a particular individual in mind while drawing, he immediately makes a thorough sketch of that person, so as to be able to avoid a likeness in his subject.

Age should always command respect. not. the case of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is certainly does, for 25 years that has been the standard remedy with the people, for Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Colic and all Bowel Complaints. (33)

Times without saying—the deaf and dumb alphabet.

The use of Pills, Salts, Castor Oil, &c. and other nauseous, griping Cathartics is unnecessary, as a pleasant substitute is found in Dr. Carson's Bitters, which act as a Cathartic without griping or causing nausea. All druggists sell it. 50 cents a bottle.

The Queen has had telephone wires run from Balmoral to Abergeldie, the Scotch place of the Prince of Wales, and to adjacent places, and between Windsor Castle, Frogmore Garden, and the Farm.

Show is not substance, realities govern wise men and the numberless certificates of wise men show that the great petroleum Hair Renewer and Dressing Carboline is a stern reality.

Tom Hughes, who, by-the-way, is now sixty years old, says that eventually everybody on the other will come over to America to make money, and everybody here will go over there to spend it.

The navy blue, seal brown, olive green and other rich dark colors of the Triangle Dyes are as perfect as the bright shades. They never disappoint the user. 10 cents.

The Chinese Minister to France, Marquis Tseng, having seemed disinclined to treat with the French Ministers, believing them insincere, M. Ferry arranged with the English Earl Grenville to act for them.

THE MOST SALEABLE HORSE.—Mr. Joseph Lamb, one of Chicago's best known extensive horse dealers, in paying a tribute to the superiority of the grade Percheron-Norman horses, said: "Most of my trade is with lumbermen and in the city. I handle more Normans than of any other breed, because they are more salable and eagerly sought after, the only drawback to the business now being that I cannot get them fast enough. They are possessed of more endurance than other breeds, give good satisfaction, and wear well: have better feet, last better on our pavements, and are more easily acclimated than any other breed. It is very rarely you get a Norman horse with bad feet. They are good, cheerful walkers, and more attractive and finer looking, with better action, than the other large breeds."—*Chicago Tribune*. M. W. Dunham, Wayne, Ill., has imported from France and bred in their purity about 1,400 Percheron-Normans, and 390 of them within the past few months, particular attention being given to pedigree and French record.

Miss Booth, of the Salvation Army, was forbidden to hold services in Geneva. She violated the order twice in twenty-four hours, was arrested in each instance, and conducted by the police to the frontier of the canton.

WHAT! LIMPING YET! Why should you go limping around when *Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor* will remove your corns in a few days. It will give almost instant relief and a guaranteed cure in the end. Be sure you get the genuine Putnam's Corn Extractor, made by Poison & Co., Kingston, for many substitutes are being offered, and it is always better to get the best. Safe, sure, painless.

The Comte de Chambord's will began as follows: "I die a good Christian and a Catholic. I feel no hatred for any one. I forgive all those who have injured me, and I beg all those whom I have wronged in any way to pardon me. I pray Almighty God to save my soul."

Mrs. J. McPhee, Appin, writes:—During the last eight years I have used almost every medicine recommended for Biliousness, but found nothing equal to Carson's Bitters. If you suffer try it. Price 50 cents.

The ordinary restaurant waiter measures all his customers from tip to tip."

They all tell the same story. Mr. W. Thompson, Jeweller, Delhi, suffered for years from Dyspepsia, got no relief until he used Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. He says 'it was just the medicine I needed. It has cured me."

A.P 147

St Jacobs Oil

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

Relieves and cures RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, BACKACHE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, Soreness, Cuts, Bruises, FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS, And all other bodily aches and pains.

FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages.

The Charles A. Vogeler Co. (Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

JUST | ARRIVED !

A find stock of

Lamps, Crockery and Glassware,

which will be sold at reasonable prices to make room for fall stock.

Call and get a FREE sample bottle of

QUEEN'S LIQUID BLUING,

and try what it will do. A full stock of

GROCERIES AND LIQUORS,

always on hand.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

D. W. WRIGHT.

Madoc, Aug. 23, 1883.

Watch Making and Jewelry.

ESTABLISHED 1858.

I TAKE the opportunity of informing my friends and the public in general that I am showing the best, largest, and choicest stock of

WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
FANCY GOODS

that were ever shown in Madoc.

The stock is well selected and will be found to be of the newest patterns and designs, and will be sold at prices that defy competition.

Please call and examine

Respectfully,

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, Dec. 6th, 1882.

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

Provisions of all kinds,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET. MADOC.

J. H. FORD, PHOTOGRAPHER,

FRONT STREET, BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Twelve (12) Cabinet Photos for the usual price of six (6) during the next month. A call solicited.

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

☞ CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

Farmers! Read This!

ROYAL

INSURANCE COMP'Y,

FIRE AND LIFE.

CAPITAL, - - TEN MILLION Dollars.

Shareholders Liability Unlimited.

Funds Invested, Twenty-Three Million Dollars
Annual Income, Five Million Dollars.

Invested in Canada for Protection of Canadian Policy Holders,

CHIEFLY WITH GOVERNMENT,

$600,000.

Farm Property insured against damage by lightning.

HARRY H. O'FLYNN,
Agent.

OFFICE— Banking House of E. D. O'Flynn, Madoc.

This Great Household Medicine Ranks among the leading necessaries of life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on

The Liver Stomach Kidneys

and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,

Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers,

it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even Asthma. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

GOUT, RHEUMATISM,

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at

533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON

And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa; hence, any one throughout the British possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

☞ *Purchasers should look at the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

NEW FURNITURE WAREROOM!

N. M. MAYBEE

BEGS to inform the public that he has opened a first-class Furniture showroom in Weiss' new block, where will be found a large and elegant stock of

Parlor, Diningroom, & Bedroom Sets,

ALSO A FINE STOCK OF

Chromos, Mottoes, and Mirrors of all Sizes and Styles

Something New and Attractive:--A Beautiful Line of Brackets, Wall Pockets, Piano and Organ Stools,

SUITABLE FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF MOULDINGS & PICTURE FRAMES.

Call and see us in our new showrooms.

N. M. MAYBEE.

Madoc, December 12th, 1882.

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY

I always keep on hand a fine and full stock of

AMERICAN | AND | SWISS | WATCHES

of all grades and prices.

My stock of fine

COLOURED AND PLATED JEWELRY !

for quality and variety of design, cannot be surpassed,

A full line of

SOLID GOLD RINGS,

from $2.00 up to $22.00, the largest assortment in town.

Black and Pearl goods in great variety. A full line of the best Silver Plated Spoons, Knives etc. Clocks of all grades and designs constantly on hand.

Madoc, July 5th, 1883.

E. L. WEISS.

WHITE'S

Agricultural Works!

MADOC.

Established - in 1862.

—x—

STOVES! - STOVES!

We are turning out a superior class of

Parlour, Box and Cooking Stoves.

We have

12 DIFFERENT STYLES COOKING STOVES,

8 DIFFERENT STYLES OF BOX STOVES,

6 DIFFERENT STYLES PARLOR STOVES,

which will be sold at manufactory prices, thereby saving the Retailer's profit. We keep in stock

PURE | MACHINE | OILS,

for engines, threshing machines, and all other machinery.

JAMES WHITE. **JOHN WHITE.**

Madoc, October, 15th, 1883. 103tf9

North Hastings Review.

JOHN R. DIX, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 341. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, November 8, 1883. POSTAGE PREPAID.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

Great Grog.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

The demon drink is still at work up the Hastings Road. At L'Amable on the fair day, a poor fellow's face got kicked into a jelly, or something like it. How did the drink come there? Why, it was in the air that so and so was selling it in Mr. —'s barn.

At our fair last week I was anxious that no signs of drink would appear, but I was mistaken—drink was sold by a pedlar. Now, I want to know if these things are law ul? and if it is not the business of the Inspector to look in upon occasions like these, instead of coming a day after the fair."

The doings of drink on the Hastings Road has been shameful the last three years. Our North Hastings Inspectorate wants mending badly, and unless some new patches are put into the garment with all speed my signature may go along with others to head quarters.

Yours,
H. T. MILLER.

The Ridge, Oct. 20, 1883.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—It will be pleasing to the friends of Mr. Orrin W. Dunn to learn that he is well and flourishing, in the United States. The writer received a letter from him a few days ago, dated at the city of New York, enclosing a cheque for one hundred and thirty-three dollars, being the last instalment, with interest, on his subscription of $500 to the erection of the new M. E. Church in this village, and expressing a hope that all pledges given for the same purpose had been redeemed; concluding with his best wishes for the church. I mention this to disabuse the minds of those who had predicted that parting with his interests here and removing to another country Mr. Dunn would hesitate to pay his church subscription, the amount of which is now paid in full, and each instalment promptly as it matured. This is an example that should be followed by all persons giving promises to pay, and especially church subscriptions.

With regard to the hope expressed by Mr. Dunn in his letter that "all pledges had been redeemed" I might say that there are very few delinquents indeed, whose names we may publish after a time, so that the public will know just how few they are.

It is wonderful how the people have rallied around these subscriptions and wiped them out at maturity. This church, which is an ornament to the village and a credit to the ociety, erected three years ago, at a cost of $10,000, has now a debt remaining on it of only $2,500, with about sufficient subscription, if all paid, to cover the balance.

If there is a church in this land, that, under similar circumstances, has displayed greater liberality in giving pledges, or more commendable promptness in redeeming them, we would like to hear from that church.

Yours truly,
E. D. O'FLYNN,
Madoc, Nov. 1, '83. Treasurer.

The New School Readers.

The following is the full text of the report of the Committee appointed by the North Hastings Teachers' Association to decide on the merits of the rvial series of School Readers, which was submitted to that body at its last session. Among those present when the vote was taken, in addition to the trustees from this village, were Messrs. John Caskey, Reeve, John Nickle and Wareham Tuller, of Madoc township; James Haggerty and H. Clare, of Huntingdon; Wm. Phillips, of Marmora, and other prominent men of the municipalities interested:—

REPORT ON READERS.

We, your Committee appointed to examine the different series of Readers, beg to submit the following report:—

We recommend the adoption of the Royal Canadian Readers for the following reasons:

PRIMER AND FIRST BOOK.

1st. They contain excellent helps to the teacher, and whilst suitable to the wants of any school are particularly adapted for use in rural and partially graded schools.

2nd. The engravings were evidently prepared for the lessons, not the lessons for the engravings.

3rd. They contain an object lesson on color.

4th. They contain carefully graded writing and drawing lessons.

5th. Their size is such as to admit of the words illustrated being placed at the side of the illustrations.

6th. They contain exercises in oral composition leading up to the more difficult exercises of the Second Reader.

7th. Both books are evidently the work of an intelligent and experienced primary teacher.

8th. The type is much larger than that used in either of the other series.

SECOND BOOK.

1st. The careful grading of the lessons.

2nd. The admirable moral tone of the book.

3rd. It contains a large amount of conversational matter, thus making it suitable for training pupils in expressive reading.

4th. The definitions are real substitutes for the words explained, not mere dictionary definitions.

5th. It contains lessons on Hygiene, Temperance, and simple lessons of plant life.

6th. It also contains script exercises, selections for memorizing, and carefully graded questions and exercises having a bearing on composition.

7th. One very commendable feature of the book is that it contains no exercises in technical grammar.

THIRD BOOK.

1st. The exercises and notes connect naturally with those in the second.

2nd. There are no exercises in technical grammar until nearly the end of the first half of the book.

3rd. The lessons are useful, interesting, and in many cases eminently national in their tone, a prominent feature being the lessons on Canadian insects, beneficial and injurious to the farmer, Canadian trees, and our national history.

FOURTH BOOK.

1st. This book is sufficient to complete the Public School course, and is admirably fitted for preparing for the High School Entrance Examination.

2nd. It contains extracts from the best Canadian authors, brief biographical sketches and copious critical and analytical notes.

3rd. It contains valuable lessons on the important subjects of Hygiene, Temperance and government.

Speaking generally, we have been attracted by the eminently Canadian tone of the series, by the pure diction of the lessons, and noticeably by the fact that the lessons on Temperance and Canadian History have been prepared specially for the series respectively by Prof. Foster, M. P., and the Rev. Dr. Withrow. Each volume of the series bears proof that it has been the work of practical Canadian teachers.

With reference to the other series we find Gage's Readers generally too limited in scope, many of the lessons pervaded by a non-Canadian tone and in a great many cases they are inaccurate and ungrammatical. The exercises are not in harmony with the course of study prescribed for Public Schools, and have in many cases been prepared with little care in practical skill. They contain no systematic instruction in composition.

The literary merit of the Royal Readers is high, but the books are too short and disconnected. They are deficient in aids to pupils and teachers, and are, for these and other reasons, not adapted for use in rural and partly graded schools. The Primer has been constructed on a plan that is antiquated and not sanctioned by modern educators.

(Signed,)
J. B. Morton, President of Association.
John McCabe, LL. B., Head Master Stirling Public School.
W. Clark, Head Master Madoc Model School.
W. J. Henry, 1st Assistant Stirling Public School.
C. Robertson, Ivanhoe Public School.
J. McDermid, 1st Assistant Madoc Model School.
W. H. Jenkins, S. S. 10, Huntingdon.
W. Moore, Moira Public School.
T. T. Grimmett, Marmora Public School.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Debilitated Constitutions.—When climate, age, or hardships, have undermined the health, skin diseases are prone to arise and augment the existing weakness. Holloway's medicaments daily prove most serviceable even under the most untoward circumstances. This well-known and highly-esteemed unguent possesses the finest balsamic virtues, which soothe and heal without inflaming or irritating the most tender skin or most sensitive sore. Holloway's Ointment and Pills are infallible for curing bad legs, varicose veins, swelled ankles, erysipelas, scaly skin, and every variety of skin disease. Over all these disorders Holloway's remedies exert a quick and favourable action and, where cure is possible, gradually but certainly arrive at that consummation. The are invaluable in the cure of scrofula and scurvy.

St. Lawrence Canals.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

THE letting of the works at the upper entrance of the CORNWALL CANAL, and those at the upper entrance of the RAPIDE PLAT CANAL, advertised to take place on the 13th day of November next, are unavoidably postponed to the following dates:—

Tenders will be received until TUESDAY, the 4th day of DECEMBER next.

Plans, specifications, &c., will be ready for examination at the places previously mentioned, on and after Tuesday the 20th day of November.

For the works at the head of Galops Canal, tenders will be received until Tuesday the 18th day of December. Plans specifications, &c., can be seen at the places before mentioned on and after Tuesday the 4th day of Dec.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary

Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 30th Oct., 1883. 2004

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Saturday in each month.
D. LUMMISS, JR., Sec'y, Glanmire P. O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O.
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QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
S. C. RANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P.O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

MADOC LODGE
No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on
Monday Evening, Nov'r 5th,
At 8 o'clock.
LESTER O'HARA, Rec. Secretary

325 Acres. FONTHILL NURSERIES. 325 Acres.
The largest in the Dominion.

Salesmen Wanted
Steady employment, affixed salaries to all willing to work. MEN AND WOMEN can have pleasant
Work the Year Round
Good Agents are earning from $40 to $75 per month and expenses. Terms and outfit free. Address
STONE & WELLINGTON,
Nurserymen, Toronto, Ont.

THERMOMETERS
Croquet, and
HAMMOCKS
—AT—
C. G. WILSON'S
DRUG STORE,
MADOC, - ONT.

BOWEN & ELLIS
REMOVED! REMOVED!
—TO—
DALE'S BLOCK,
in the premises lately occupied by Peter Sinclair,
where will be found a larger and better assortment of
Groceries.
Crockery,
Glassware,
&c., &c.,
than we have heretofore shown in Madoc.
FARM PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.
Call and see for yourselves.
BOWEN & ELLIS.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK!
MADOC.

Banking House!
—OF—
E. D. O'FLYNN,
"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.
Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.
Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted.
DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD
Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.
Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

1883
NORTH HASTINGS
WAREHOUSE.
I AM prepared to purchase all kinds of grain delivered at the North Hastings Warehouse, and for which the highest prices will be paid.
Mr. Alex. Miller is again engaged as warehouseman.
A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, Aug. 14, 1883. 281.

Just Received
RUBBERS,
OVER-SHOES,
SHOEPACKS,
MOCCASSINS,
—ALSO—
FELT BOOTS,
and RUBBER BOOTS,
—AT—
THOS. ROBERTS'
BOOT and SHOE STORE.
Madoc, Oct. 15, 1883. 332.

FRESH OYSTERS
NOW ARRIVING.
Prices will decline as the season advances.
We are also receiving Fresh New Green and Dried Foreign Fruits, such as
FIGS, DATES, ALMERIA GRAPES,
LEMONS, TARRAGONA
ALMONDS, ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.
We have a nice assortment of
CANNED GOODS
suitable to our trade.
Also a fresh consignment of
Crawford's Pure Package Teas,
which are giving such good satisfaction to our customers.
Luncheons as usual.
S. A. DAVIS.
Madoc, Oct. 17, 1883.

Gray & McGregor,
GENERAL
GROCERS,
—AND—
LIQUOR
MERCHANTS,
Madoc. - Ont.

CHARLES GREAM,
SOLICITOR in Chancery, Notary, Attorney, Conveyancer, &c., Madoc. Office in the Victoria Block.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT.
GRADUATE of the University of Toronto, Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon, &c. Office—Queensboro, Ont.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,
BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.
A. B. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

NORTHRUP & DENMARK,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to loan on easy terms, both private and Company funds.
GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

DENTIST.
JOHN McCULLOCH, L. D. S., Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, of Ontario, office in Reed's Block, Durham St., Madoc. Office hours, from 9 to 5 o'clock.

FARMERS!
I LOAN at 6, 6½, and 7 per cent. Change your mortgages. Straight loan, no commission.
J. J. B. FLINT, Belleville. 341

W. H. HASTINGS,
SOLICITOR, &c., Madoc, Ont. OFFICE—O'Flynn Block.

A. F. WOOD,
Land, Loan, & Commission Agency
OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall.
Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.
Madoc, Jan. 27th, 1879. 96

M. W. SINE, V. S.,
(Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College. Registered member of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association.)
Treats all diseases of the Domestic Animals. All calls by mail or telegram promptly attended to.
OFFICE—REVIEW BLOCK, - Madoc, Ont.

G. W. WALKER, L. D. S.
DENTAL - SURGEON.
OFFICE—Front Street, Belleville, directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel, next door to the Bank of Commerce.
IF you want artificial teeth to suit you, or filling that will save the natural teeth, go to Dr. Walker's Dental Rooms, Belleville. Send a note or postal card a week if possible before going, then you will be waited on as soon as the office is reached. Thanks for liberal patronage in the past, and don't forget where to go in the future.
Belleville, Nov. 27, 1882. 298

Mining Lands.
SALE of Mining Lands effected. Mineral Properties and Ores reported on.
JOHN STEWART,
Mining Engineer, Madoc, Ont.
March, 31, 1883. 311.

MONEY TO LOAN.
THE undersigned has on hand a large amount of private money to loan on first class real estate, at low interest. Can be repaid by instalments or in one payment, to suit the borrower. Loans granted from $100 up to $4,000. Apply to
W. H. HASTINGS,
O'Flynn Block, Madoc.
Sept. 25, 1883. 335-tf

W. C. REID,
—DEALER IN—
Fruit & Ornamental Trees, Vines, Flowers, &c., &c.
CENTERVILLE, - ONTARIO,
WISHES to inform his customers and the public generally that he will call on them personally in this vicinity, and is prepared to furnish stock at reduced rates on account of having his stock secured before the advance in prices, and is offering a few new and well tested varieties which he can recommend where hardiness is required.
Madoc, Sept. 25th, 1883. 295

PONY
Flouring Mills,
MADOC.
THE undersigned having repaired the above mills, is prepared to do Gristing of all kinds on shortest possible notice, also to fill all orders for
Flour and Feed
of every description at the lowest possible prices.
Flour and Feed delivered to all parts of the village free of charge.
S. ROLLINS.

THE FARMER'S CORNER.

Farmwork for November.

Surface drains made made in autumn carry off the excess of water during fall and winter months. They will also remove valuable fertilizing material, especially if well-decomposed manure has been applied as a top-dressing to land. Deep, open drains may be dug during late autumn. It is better to finish the work in a thorough manner, as far as the drains go. A small part of a wet field, well drained, is better than half-made ditches over a large area. The great mistake in constructing drains is, to partly dig them one season, with the expectation of finishing the work at some future time.

Corn is husked with the greatest ease and comfort while in the field, if this work is done before cold weather sets in. There are several devices for the fingers to aid in removing the husks. A very good husking-hook may be made from a piece of strap-iron, with leather hoops for the fingers. A simple wooden-peg is all that some good huskers with. It is important to wash the hands thoroughly after each half day of husking, and use some substance to keep the skin soft and prevent cracking. An ointment made of two ounces of oil of almonds, half an ounce of spermacetti, one drachm of white wax, and one ounce of glycerine, may be prepared by any druggist, and is excellent for hands which are roughened by cold weather and raw winds. If this or a similar ointment is applied to the hands, warmed in at evening, and old kid gloves worn during the night, the hands will be much softened by morning.

Root crops should be gathered before the ground freezes. Mangels are more tender than turnips, and the latter may remain undug until there is danger of their being frozen fast in the soil. The tops make fine fodder for live stock when given with hay and grain.

Fall plowing may be done so long as the weather will permit. Every acre turned in the fall helps forward the work of the busy months of spring. The effect upon clay soil is specially beneficial, making it more porous, and facilitating important chemical changes. Fall plowing is one of the best methods of eradicating cut-worms, wire-worms, and many other insect pests, which pass the winter in the soil.

Notes on Live Stock.

Horses should be kept out of all hard storms, which are frequent during this month. One of the best cures for a severe cold is a warm stable and perfect rest, with a good run in the yard or pasture on pleasant days. It is too late in the year to permit horses to remain out of doors through the night. Young colts and yearlings need plenty of nutritious food. Much depends upon the care which colts receive during the first winter. Oats are excellent for them; if corn is used, it should be fed with wheat bran. Use the brush freely on all horses and colts, and keep the skin clean and active.

Cows, which are to give milk through the winter, need to be fed with special care at this time. If possible, the flow of milk must not be permitted to decrease. Mangels and sugar beets are excellent, cut in slices and sprinkled with bran. The rule, that good feeding brings good manure, should be kept in mind in a judicious care of farm animals during winter. Good feed in abundance is not enough; it should be given with regularity. The habits of different animals have to be studied, and treated accordingly. Scarcely any two cows or horses have the same appetites. It is important to so mix and change the feed, that sameness may be avoided. A variety of food encourages healthful digestion, and upon this the profits of the owner largely depend.

Sheep will bear more exposure than any other domestic animal, but even they winter poorly without a good shelter. Sheds and yards should now be put in good order, that there may be no delays in getting the flocks into their winter quarters. Ewes should now be with young, except in when late lambs are desired. Half a pint of corn per day will aid in keeping each ewe in a good condition. All weak sheep should be placed by themselves and fattened for market. It does not pay to keep second-rate animals.

Pigs are most profitable if fattened and sold before mid-winter. A large part of the food is used up in simply maintaining the animal during the coldest winter weather. Well-bred swine will sometimes lose in weight during a severe storm. Give the pigs all the corn, or other feed, they will eat during the fattening period. Keep the pens clean, with an abundance of litter, and supply all needed pure water.

The Sanitary Peril of the Farm.

Farmers often dilate upon the pure air and healthy surroundings of the country where they have the good fortune to live. Nature has done much for the country, but few farmers have studied the effect of an improper arrangement of necessary conveniences about buildings.

The well is, perhaps, the most important matter relating to health on the farm. Pure water is as necessary as pure air, and few have studied all the sources of impurity in water. It is quite common to find the well, the barnyard, and the privy not far separated from each other. It is a prevalent idea that if the well be on higher ground there is no danger of contaminating the water. It does not seem to be understood that the position of the well is to be considered from its bottom, and not from its top. A drain draws towards its bottom, and the deeper a well is the greater the distance it will drain. It is quite true that the natural formation of the earth about a well has something to do with the determination of water toward it. When it is placed in a natural sag in the earth, where the strata all descend to it, forming a natural basin, this is the most unfortunate situation for a well, increasing the liability of drawing contaminating matter into it.

Then the nature of the soil has very much to do with it. A porous or gravelly soil will conduct water from a long distance, and the liquid of a barnyard twenty or even thirty or more rods distant may find its way into the well. In such a situation, therefore, the well should be the more carefully guarded from the sources of contamination. Very many wells have no real spring in the bottom, but are supplied by a filtering of water from all directions into them. Such wells seem to give satisfaction when water is plentiful, but when drought intervenes and the great source of supply, the rainfall, ceases, then the water that percolates into the well is so highly charged with effete matter that it is noticed at once, and condemned as unfit for use. When the rains come again and dilute the offensive matters, the water is then called good again. But it must be seen that the quality of the water is only comparatively good, and not absolutely good at any time.

A clayey soil is the greatest safegard against filtration from much of a distance, and what filters through it gets pretty well purified. Clay is a great absorbent of effete nitrogenous matters—the most dangerous matters that get into water. It has the power of holding ammonia, which is given off by decaying matter.

A layer of clay, from one to four feet thick, sometimes overlies sand or gravel, and then water that filters through it is generally well purified before it reaches the gravel. But this cannot always be depended upon. The Hon. George Geddes mentions a chemical professor at Syracuse, New York, who, determined to make sure of the best water, bored through twenty feet of clay, and struck a layer of gravel. He now thought himself assured of absolutely pure water. But what was his surprise on finding the water so offensive that the stench from its boiling could not be borne! On inquiry it was found that this layer of clay was very thin some eighty rods distant, and the gravel came near the surface, so that the privies of that part of the city leached into that layer of gravel—hence his vile water.

On an elevated stretch of land, where the wind reaches it from every side, a low type of fever (typhoid) sometimes appears, and so puzzles good people as to its cause that they would fain attribute it to a special providence. But it is a special punishment, resulting from drinking bad water. Typhoid fever never comes except as the result of bad water or impure air. It frequently comes from poisoning the well, as we have said, by filtration from the privy or barnyard, or from slops of the kitchen. The privy should always have a concrete or absolutely water-tight vault, so arranged that the contents can easily be taken to the field, where its fertilizing matter will largely overpay the labor required.

Dry, sifted coal ashes or road dust should always be kept at hand, and a small quantity be thrown into the vault every day. This will deodorize the contents and preserve its fertilizing value.

Slops should always be conducted by a tight drain into a vat, half filled with earth. When filled, let it be hauled, earth and all, to the field or manure pile, and all will be saved, and the air kept pure.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

Canada's Future.

The era of "booms" will soon set in in Canada, if it has not set in already. Mighty railways like the Pacific lines of America do for a country in a few years or even months what a century of creeking waggons will fail to do. Towns and villages appear as if at fairy bidding. As the road nears completion, the enthusiasm of the workers grows apace. The sight of the Pacific will be a tonic as invigorating as the sight of the sea was to the Ten Thousand. When the three thousand miles of line are finished the progress of the Dominion will have assumed another phase. That Canada has a great future in store no one doubts. The Dominion has its wildernesses, but they are far less frequent than its oases. The severe cold in winter, which is the only drawback to the rich lands of Manitoba, should create a hardy race of men, unless experience contradicts itself. With inexhaustible cereal and mineral wealth, the Canadian North-west is at that happy stage of social development when there is land enough for everybody, when labor is highly paid, and when it is not worth a man's while to be lazy. It is the golden age of a country, about which it cannot make too much while it lasts. But, just as children are impatient to become men, a country is ashamed of its childhood and hastens to reach maturity. The Dominion is anxious to fill a larger place in the eyes of the world, and one may safely prophesy its success. Given a vast and rich country, with an energetic population communicating its energy to every settler who sets foot upon its shores, and a railway traversing the land from one end to another, nothing short of the superhuman would seem able to stop the Dominion from a career of prosperity.—*London Times.*

The Colonel: "Great Cæsar! Another hat? You are the most extravagant women in England. Why, I believe you have got a different hat for every day in the week."—Mrs. Colonel: "Why, of course I have! That's just it! I have one for every day in the week, but none for Sunday. I want a finer one for Sunday."

Fine Wools.

Fine wools are in greater demand than ever before in the history of the country, year by year, however, they are coming to the consumer with greater shrinkage, and consequent dissatisfaction with the growers. Ohio fine wool (washed) loses to-day 53 per cent. In 1863 the loss was 37 per cent; in 1863 41 per cent; in 1873, 48 per cent; in 1883 53 per cent. California unwashed wool loses from 55 to 85 per cent. Texas same from 45 to 55 per cent. While fine wools are more and more in demand, our manufacturers stand aghast at the amount of burrs, dirt, sand, &c., they have to pay for. Is there any remedy? We fear there is none but in the institution of some system of tests among buyers, like that in operation in France, where every pound of wool is made to conform to a standard, failing in which the grower feels the loss, unless it can be shown that it was not his carelessness or dishonesty that put the impure article on the market. Of course, in the long run, the evil will come back with interest on the grower, as economy will compel the manufacturer to abandon the special lines of industry using the wools, or induce heavier imports to meet his wants. To-day the standard fine-combing wools are Australian. The Port Philip shipments lead the world in this line. Sir Samuel Wilson, of Melbourne, seeing the growth and promise of the worsted industries, laid his plans for the production of long-combing wools, from both English and American stock, and to-day has the satisfaction of being able to place in the market the fleece for which he finds more prompt buyers than there is supply. Sir Samuel has returned from England, having purchased the classic home of Disraeli, at Hughenden Manor. Yet he does not forget his sheep husbandry, the writer having had recently a communication from him as to the importation of Vermont merinos for his Australian ranches. The growers of Australia are taking great pains with their fine wools in breeding, feeding, shearing, and putting on the market. Buyers are more than the product and increasing numbers. It is a great pity that in a line of wools where there is such a demand and less competition our American growers, who have in many sections equal facilities with Australia, do not cheerfully cater to a branch of trade in which there will be in future, as in the past twenty years an ever-increasing and profitable business. No subject can more profitably occupy the time of Messrs. Garland and Markham, of the Wool Growers' Association, than to give attention to this matter, and initiate some action to redeem the failing reputation of our American growers of fine wools, and not only save but largely increase the market for such products. The next great step in woollen and worsted industries among our manufacturers to meet the popular taste and demand, and also the products in merchandise of their rivals abroad, will increase the consumption of these wools. Shall we have them from Ohio, Texas, Montana, and Oregon, or import them from the now greatly superior and rapidly growing yield of Australia?—*Industrial Record.*

The Greyhound.

On account of his unsociable disposition the greyhound is so troublesome as to be excluded from many kennels. A gamekeeper in the north of Scotland, having one of these animals given into his charge, was for a while tormented by its noise and misconduct, and at last became obliged to turn him out to wander wherever he pleased. Now, there happened to be a pig on the premises which also enjoyed freedom. To the astonishment of everybody, these two formed a fast friendship, so close that they fed together, slept together, and kept constantly in company, without the one ever showing the slightest hostility to the other. The dog that had formerly kept up a perpetual quarrel among his own race now seemed anxious to accommodate himself to the way of his new friend; while the pig in his turn seemed equally willing to stand high in the favor of the hound.

After this state of things had gone on for some time, they came to understand something of the natural gifts of one another. Living on the confines of a moor, where hares and rabbits abound, they soon began to do a little quiet hunting on their own account. The hound being guided by sight more than by scent, found most difficulty in starting his prey; and here the pig, which appears to be endowed with an excellent scent, came to his assistance. Knowing what was required of him, piggy would trace the hare or rabbit to its lair, and then wait for his companion to do the rest. Thus guided, the hound would sometimes take the prey at one bound; or, if he failed in that, he gave pursuit; and when the hare or rabbit was captured, returned with it to the pig, which immediately tore it to pieces, to be amicably devoured between them. The keeper, obliged to put a stop to this poaching, confined the pig; but the hound showed his constancy by following his friend to the sty, where he lived with him afterward on the best of terms. Although the hound could leap over the sty-rails with the greatest ease he never attempted to supply the *menage* with more hares or rabbits.

Modern Grammar.

"Johnnie, what part of speech is adieu?"

"A verb, ma'am."

"Aha! Something new, I suppose. Let me hear how you would decline it."

"Present, adieu; past, a dude."

"Johnnie, that will do; it will now be my dudey to send you home.

Denver Doings.

Mr. J. A. M Bath, Pacific Express Office, Denver, Colo., was cured by St. Jacobs Oil of an excruciating pain in the neck, and also tooth-ache. One application did the work.

Nine million postal cards, which will weigh about thirty tons, have just been ordered from the factory in Castleton, N. Y.

The use of Pills, Salts, Castor Oil &c. and other nauseous, griping Cathartics is unnecessary, as a pleasant substitute is found in Dr. Carson's Bitters, which act as a Cathartic without griping or causing nausea. All druggists sell it. 50 cents a Bottle.

ADVICE TO CONSUMPTIVES.

On the appearance of the first symptoms —as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night-sweats and cough — prompt measures for relief should be taken. Consumption is scrofulous disease of the lungs: — therefore use the great anti-scrofula, or blood-purifier and strength-restorer, — Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to Cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections, it has no equal. Sold by druggists the world over. For Dr. Pierce's pamphlet on Consumption, send two stamps to WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

Slight shocks of earthquake have been felt both at Malta and Trieste.

CANCERS AND OTHER TUMORS

are treated with unusual success by World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. Send stamp for pamphlet.

An avalanche at Asaro Catania, Sicily, buried six employees and killed five others.

FITS, FITS, FITS.

successfully treated by World's Dispensary Association. Address, with stamp for pamphlet, Buffalo, N.Y.

Trichinosis is spreading rapidly in Saxony. In Ermsleben alone there are 200 persons prostrated with the disease.

FRENCH HORSES. WHAT THE ENGLISH SAY — The *British Quarterly Journal of Agriculture* says: "The Horses of Normandy are a capital race for *hard work and scanty fare.* Have never elsewhere seen such horses at the collar. Under the diligence, post-carriage, or cumbrous cab-fiolet, or on the farm, they are enduring and energetic beyond description. With their necks cut to the bone they flinch not. They keep their condition when other horses would die of neglect and hard treatment." The superiority of French stallions for crossing on the common mares of America is established. This fact has caused the development of the two largest importing and breeding establishments in the world, M. W. Dunham, having imported from France nearly 1 400 Percheron Normans to his "Oaklawn Farm" at Wayne, Ill., now having there on hand about 500 pure breds, and 2,000 mares, and 21 imported Percheron stallions on Colorado ranges.

It has been decided to hold the civic celebration of the Semi-Centennial of Toronto during the third week of June next.

A Three Cornered Weapon.—The triangular shape of the Triangle Dye Package added to their undoubted superiority have won the day and driven all others from the field. 30 colors. 10 cents.

Four shocks of earthquake in quick succession have been felt at Gibraltar. The direction of the movement was north and the durstion of the shocks ten to twenty seconds each.

Important

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 450 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Lieut. Viand, author of the report in the *Figaro* that the French sailors massacred the natives at Hue after they ceased resistance, has been removed from active service.

They all tell the same story. Mr. W. Thompson, Jeweller, Delhi, suffered for years from Dyspepsia, got no relief until he used Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. He says "it was just the medicine I needed. It has cured me."

Near Columbia a colored woman left her young babe all day. When she returned it was devoured by ants. They had crawled into the child's ears, eyes, and mouth. It died shortly after.

Catarrh—A New Treatment whereby a Permanent Cure is effected in from one to three applications. Particulars and treatise free on receipt of stamp. A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King-St. West, Toronto, Canada.

A hotel in Milton, Arkansas, is kept by William Shakespeare.

From MR. WILLIAM MAGARTH
Erindale, Credit P. O., Jan. 8th, 1883
MY DEAR SUTHERLAND: Some two months since I became so afflicted with Rheumatism of the neck and right shoulder as to render my right arm nearly powerless. I determined to try your "Rheumatine" and the result is that I am now *free from pain*, and enjoy the *full use of my arm*. My general health is also much improved by the use of the medicine. The first two bottles *relieved me*—the third bottle *freed me from all pain.*
WM. MAGRATH.

J. N. Sutherland, St. Catharines.

"Mamma, where do the cows get their milk?" asked Willie, looking up from the foaming pan of milk, which he had been intently regarding. "Where do you get your tears?" was the answer. After thoughtful silence he again broke out. "Mamma, do the cows have to be spanked?"

"A. P." 149

St. Jacobs Oil

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY
FOR PAIN.
Relieves and cures
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia,
Sciatica, Lumbago,
BACKACHE,
HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE,
SORE THROAT,
QUINSY, SWELLINGS,
SPRAINS,
Soreness, Cuts, Bruises,
FROSTBITES,
BURNS, SCALDS,
And all other bodily aches and pains.
FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages.
The Charles A. Vogeler Co.
(Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.)
Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

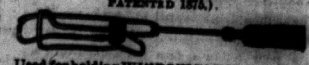
Corns! Corns! Tender corns, painful corns, soft corns, bleeding corns, hard corns, corns of all sizes, are alike removed in a few days by the use of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Never fails to cure, never causes pain, never leaves deep spots that are more annoying than the original discomfort. Beware of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor's trial. Beware of substitutes. Sold by druggists everywhere. Poison & Co., Kingston, props.

Cork-Leather, which is waterproof and very elastic, is cork powder consolidated with India-rubber.

Mrs. J. McPhee, Appin, writes:—During the last eight years I have used almost every medicine recommended for Biliousness, but found nothing equal to Carson's Bitters. If you suffer try it. Price 50 cents.

THE LILY
is a perfect gem, equal to an imported French Corset; fits like a glove to the figure; very stylish, elegant in appearance, and approved of by the most fastidious. Manufactured by
THE CROMPTON CORSET CO.
78 YORK STREET, TORONTO.

WELLS' WINDOW SHADE CLASP.
PATENTED 1875.)



Used for holding WINDOW BLIND SHADES without rollers, pins, or cords. Saves blinds, money and patience. Looks orderly and neat. Is durable and cheap. Retailed by all dealers everywhere. Trade supplied wholesale by the manufacturers. The TORONTO INDUSTRIAL WORKS CO., 26 Church street, Toronto.

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ANVILS, VICES
PORTABLE FORGES,
BABBET METAL,
The largest assortment in the Dominion.
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MONTREAL, P. Q.

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—OF THE—
WHITE STAR LINE
Are all of them without exception among the LARGEST AND FASTEST of Ocean Steamers. They were constructed with special reference to the conveyance of passengers, and for safety, Comfort or Speed, are unexcelled. They are specially noted for the regularity of their rapid passages in all weather. The steerage accommodations are of the highest order, the ventilation perfect and every provision has been made for the comfort and protection of the passengers. In addition to the total and absolute separation of the single men and women, except on deck, the married compartment has been so remodelled and arranged that every married couple or family has a little private room to itself. For particulars apply to the company's agents at all towns in Ontario or to T. W. JONES, General Agent, 23 York street, Toronto

BEST, SAFEST, AND CHEAPEST
GUN
IN THE WORLD.
Double-Barrel, Breech-loading Shot Gun, Including Ten Brass Shells, Tools, and Case, Price $12.

The Lefaucheux action of this gun is the strongest and simplest made. The barrels are the same quality as the $45 Breech-loading Shot Gun, but not so fine a finish.

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89 CHURCH-STREET, TORONTO,
Agent for the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. The only Store in the Dominion where a full and complete line of every description of Fire Arms and Sporting Goods is kept.
Send for our 96 page Catalogue, containing over 600 illustrations of Firearms, Silverware, Watches, Jewellery, etc.

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Sells all kinds of Black Silk at Wholesale price. A Good Black Silk, wide width, at $1.25. Send cash with order and express will be paid to any part of Canada.
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Sells Black Cashmere at Wholesale Price. Our 50 cent French Blue Black Cashmere is worth 67½ cents. Send for 5 or 10 yards as sample, and see for yourself.
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Sells all Colors in Velveteen. Our 65 cent Black Louis Velveteen is worth 90 cents a yard. Send for a dress length and see for yourself. All kinds of Dress Goods kept in stock. You can save $1 a pair on good Lace Curtains by sending an order to
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Is the only wholesale man in Canada selling to consumers direct, and each will be returned if goods are not as represented.
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RHEUMATINE
An Internal Remedy and a SURE CURE for all kinds of
RHEUMATIC COMPLAINTS!

If you are suffering from
Kidney Complaints

NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

FIVE MINUTES' LIGHT READING.

Relative Merits of Spaghetti, Macaroni and "Hot Stuff"—Rice, Corn, and Potatoes.

A Paris despatch says that the general impression produced there by the disclosures of the yellow book issued recently, is that war or mediation only will settle the dispute between France and China.

It is said to be fashionable this fall for American heiresses to wed young Irishmen of quality. German barons, it is learned from the same source, were in vogue last fall, and English noblemen two years ago.

Fifty-five murderers have been committed in Logan county, Ky., since 1865, and not one of them has been hanged. Only two of them were sentenced to life imprisonment, and one of the two was pardoned.

The late English hangman's wife, Mrs. Marwood, died the other morning, her death being hastened by intemperance. It is stated that on the occasion of each execution her husband gave her a bottle of gin.

A new warrant has been issued under the Customs Smuggling Act against Holmes and Bracken, the arrested Halifax dynamiters, in which they are charged with bringing explosives across the border without paying duty upon them.

The entries of freshmen at the various colleges of Cambridge University, England, this year exceed those of 1882 by fifty-one, the numbers being 716 and 767 respectively. The name of Prince Edward of Wales heads the list at Trinity.

The Berlin Museum has purchased for $36,000 Rembrandt's painting of "Potiphar Accusing Joseph Before Pharaoh." The work was formerly in possession of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and is one of the most famous of Rembrandt's pictures.

From Dublin it is reported that Michael Walters, sentenced to imprisonment for complicity in the Crossmaglen murder conspiracy, recently died in prison. Mr. Healy, M.P., publicly declared that Walters protested to the last his innocence.

Recent advices from Tonquin confirm the report that the Black Flags in Annam are secretly encouraged and assisted by the Chinese authorities. It is said to be the popular belief in China that their army is preparing for a war of extermination against all foreigners.

In the Women's Congress in Chicago, Mrs. Wolcott of Massachusetts told her sisters that the outdoor work of a farmer is not so hard as that of the kitchen, and she instanced many women in Kentucky who are doing farm work rather than bury themselves in kitchen.

Mr. Judah P. Benjamin's friends, according to the London *Times*, are having his likeness engraved; and among the subscribers are Lord Cairns, Lord O'Hagan, Lord Watson, Mr. Justice Denman, Mr. Baron Pollock, Sir John de Gex, and many other distinguished persons.

A Berlin despatch states that two Jews have been convicted at Costin of setting fire to the synagogue to obtain the insurance. They were sentenced to four years' imprisonment. Others implicated in the crime were sentenced to shorter terms. The crime was originally attributed to the Christians.

An English country paper contains the following curious instance of mispunctuation: "Lord Palmerston then entered on his head, a white hat upon his feet, large hat well-polished boots upon his brow, a dark cloud in his hand, his faithful walking stick in his eye, a menacing glare saying nothing."

A St. Petersburg despatch says the *Journal de St. Petersbourg* declares that the foreign policy of Russia is entirely devoted to peace. Her relations with all foreign powers are excellent, and no question is now pending likely to disturb the quiet which all Governments are striving to maintain.

An item of society intelligence from Kansas says that elopements are becoming things of the past in that State. "It is becoming the rage now," says the writer, "for neighbors to take the bride's father into the next room and sit on him, so that he can't interrupt the wedding ceremony, and to get the mother upstairs discussing new styles of bonnets."

The latest Nihilist proclamation, being extensively circulated, demands that the Czar shall summon the representatives of the Russian people, and asks for a full amnesty, freedom of the press, freedom of speech, and the right to hold public meetings as the only means of preventing a revolution. Pitiless vengeance is threatened if the demands are disregarded.

The Porte has issued a note to the powers protesting against the continued recognition of Prince Alexander as sovereign of Bulgaria. The grounds of the protest are the frequent and continued absence from Bulgaria of the Prince, who is required by the constitution of 1879 to reside permanently in the principality, or appoint a regent during his absence, and other acts on the part of a ruler which trench upon the rights and dignity of Turkey as treaty-suzerain of Bulgaria.

Lord Rossmore, Grand Master of the Orangemen of Monaghan, writes to the newspapers calling attention to the serious state of affairs in Ulster. He says that henceforth the self-restraint of the Orangemen cannot be reckoned upon. Only the utmost efforts of himself and other leaders prevented the Orangemen storming the hill at Rossles during the Parnellite meeting. If the Goverment allows such disloyal meetings to continue in Ulster the result will be bloodshed—perhaps civil war.

Value of Soup as Food.

The value of soup as food cannot be over-estimated. In times of scarcity and distress, when the question has arisen of how to feed the largest number of persons upon the least quantity of food, the aliment chosen has always been soup. There are two reasons for this: First, by the addition of water to the ingredients used, we secure the aid of this important agent in distributing nutrition equally throughout the blood, to await final absorption; and second, we gain that sense of repletion to the satisfaction of hunger—the fact being acknowledged that the sensation we call hunger is often allayed by the presence of even innutritious substance in the stomach. Good soup is literally the juice of any ingredient from which it is made, the extract of the meat, grains or vegetables which compose it. Even the most economical soups, eaten with bread, will satisfy the hunger of the hardest worker.

The absolute nutritive value of soup depends, of course, upon its ingredients; and these can easily be chosen in reference to the maintenance of health. For instance, the pot liquor in which meat has been boiled needs only the addition of a few dumplings or cereals and seasoning to form a perfect nutriment. That produced from skin and bones can be made equally palatable and nutritious by boiling with it a few vegetables and sweet herbs, and some rice, barley or oatmeal. Even the gelatinous residue—produced by long-continued boiling, without the presence of any foreign matter, is a useful emollient application to the inflamed mucous surfaces in some diseases, while it affords at the same time the degree of distention necessary to prevent flatulency. The time required to make the most palatable and nutritious soup is short. Lean meat should be chopped fine, placed in cold water, in the proportion of a pint to each pound, slowly heated and thoroughly skimmed. Five minutes' boiling will extract from the meat every particle of nutriment and flavor. The liquor can then be strained off, seasoned and eaten with bread, biscuit, and vegetables. Peas or beans boiled and added to the soup make it the most perfect food for sustaining health and strength. It is the pure juice of the meat, and contains all its savory and life-giving principles.

Characteristics of Hands.

Hands are divided into three different kinds; those with round-pointed fingers, those with square tips, and those that are spade shaped, with pods of flesh at each side of the nail. The first type—with round-pointed fingers—belongs to characters with perceptions extra sensitive, to very pious people, to contemplative minds, to the impulsive, and to all poets and artists who have ideality as a prominent trait. The square-shaped belong to scientific people, sensible, self-contained characters, and to the class of professional men who are neither visionary nor altogether sordid. The spade-shaped type, with pods of flesh at the side of the nail, indicates people whose interests and instincts are mostly material. Each finger, no matter what kind of a hand it is joined to, has a joint representing each of those types. The division of the finger that is nearest the palm stands for the body, the middle division represents mind, and the highest joint spirit or soul. If the top joint is longer than the others it denotes a character weakened with a too abundant imagination, great ideality and a leaning towards the theoretical rather than the practical. When the middle joint of the finger is long, it promises a logical mind, and when the lowest joint is longest, it indicates a nature that clings more to the luxuries than to the refinements of life. If they are nearly alike, it indicates a well-balanced mind, especially if the length of the fingers equals the length of the palm.

Fighting a Panther.

Henry Snook, of Readsville, had a desperate encounter with a panther in the Seven Mountains recently, says the Philadelphia *Times*. It seems that he had been informed that such an animal had been seen the day previous on the back mountain, and he, accompanied by his brother and Robert Digman, also of Readsville, equipped themselves and started for points in the Seveo Mountains where panthers have been known to frequent. When the men reached the vicinity of the place they concealed themselves some distance apart. Just as the sun sank behind the hills, and shadows were shutting out the light necessary to aid the hunter in making a sure shot, Henry Snook's eye fell upon a large panther cautiously moving towards him. Mr. Snook fired a load of buckshot at the animal, breaking one of its hind legs. The enraged and crippled creature advanced upon Snook, who retreated a short distance when the animal halted. The hunter then returned, when another conflict ensued, and Snook ran the muzzle into the animal's mouth and fired, breaking its under jaw. It then struck several terrific blows at him with his paws, and owing to the darkness Snook drew out of the fight. Two men returned to the place the next morning, but did not see the panther.

There is another monster trial to come up shortly before Vice-Chancellor Bacon, in England, which promises to last as long as the Tichborne case, of which Lord Coleridge was a great part. The amount in dispute is $2,500,000. There are ten defendants, who make separate defences and employ separate counsel. Three counsel are engaged for each defendant; and the plaintiff, a well-known company, has five. The company's leading lawyer has $5,000 marked on his brief, and the others on both sides from $2,500 down to $1,500. The pleadings make up a large folio volume. As Sir James Bacon is 85, it is likely to finish him.

Afloat Aerostics.

It was Scaliger, to the best of our recollection, who thanked God that He had put it into the hearts of some men to make dictionaries. The practical utility of people who believe that they have solved the problem of aerial navigation is not as yet quite so clear as that of lexicographers, although when we go to Chicago by balloon, we shall no doubt be invoking the blessings of Scaliger upon the series of experimenters who have made that result possible.

The cause of aeronautics has not advanced in proportion to the labor expended on it. The other day it was cabled as a surprising feat that an aeronaut had crossed the British Channel in a balloon, whereas that same feat was performed almost a century ago, in January, 1785, namely by Blanchard and Jeffries, less than two years after the first ascension in a balloon had been made (October, 1783), by a person who was afterward killed in an attempt to cross the Channel, and not much more after the Montgolfiers had discovered that a light bag with the open end down would rise if a fire were built under it. The first crossing was in "the infancy of aeronautics," and we are in the infancy of aeronautics still. Although the intervening century has been the most fruitful in mechanical successes of any the world has seen, no real progress has been made. The vision in which the laureate

> Saw "the nations airy navies grappling in central blue,
> Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
> Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales,"

remains hitherto all in the laureate's eye. Nevertheless the problem has been so successfully solved by birds, with a cubical capacity of brain infinitesimal compared with that of man, that it is no wooder it should continue to provoke the ingenuity of inventive and unfeathered bipeds.

Mr. C. F. Ritchel, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, is the latest of the inventors into whose hearts it has been put to solve the problem, although his efforts appear to be rather towards aerostatics than toword aeronautics—to enable man to hover rather than to fly. However, the successful solution of the problem of aerostation would take us a long way toward flight. The great need of the aerostat has been a tissue light and not transpirable, which will retain his gas in an efficacious state without destroying the buoyancy of the balloon in a few hours by leakage. Mr. Ritchel uses for his balloon, which is a cylindrical reservoir of gas, Scotch gingham coated with rubber and sulphur. For this composition he claims the advantage that it will not rot the balloon as the ordinary coating of boiled linseed-oil does by generating an acid that eats the vegetable fibres. The composition in this case is pressed into the fibre with heated rollers, and then vulcanized.

The balloon—that is to say, the cylinder—is 85 feet long by 35 in diameter, and has thus a capacity of 81,000 feet of gas. Pure hydrogen gas having a lifting capacity of seventy pounds to the thousand feet, this cylinder is expected to carry a load of 5670 pounds. The weight of the cylinder itself is 1200 pounds, of the frame and machinery 1500, of the ballast (water) 600, and fifteen men, crew and passengers, are estimated for at the low average of 120 pounds each, making the total weight 5100 pounds. The fans, four in number, are three feet in diameter, with three blades set at an angle of thirty degrees from an horizontal plan.

There are no valves in the cylinder. Reliance is placed for lowering the balloon upon the fans, which are to be worked by two men at each wheel, and, for raising it, upon a series of shutters under the car, worked by a lever within the car, so as to open out like a parachute, or rather like a brake, so as to slacken motion in either direction by increasing the area of resistance. The inventor believes that the material employed in the balloon will enable him to retain his supply of gas much longer than has hitherto been possible. The ballast is meant only to compensate for the loss of gas by decomposition or leakage, the latter being reduced to a minimum.

It must be owned that this looks a good deal like an undertaking that a man shall not merely lift himself, but soar, by tugging at his waistband; but Mr. Ritchel avers that by applying the principle used in the construction of his air ship a man weighing ninety-six pounds raised fourteen pounds of shot to the ceiling of a room every half-hour, working a fan of fourteen inches diameter, making 2,000 revolutions a minute. But the fan is intended to be used to lower the machine only, the lifting power of the gas being virtually a constant quantity. This is a step beyond Archimedes, who required a place to stand as a condition precedent to moving the world.

A singular species of acacia is growing at Virginiinia, Nev., which shows all the characteristics of a sensitive plant. It is about eight feet high, and growing rapidly. When the sun sets its leaves fold together and the ends of the twigs coil up like a pig-tail, and if the latter are handled there is evident uneasiness throughout the plant. Its highest state of agitation was reached when the tree was removed from the spot in which it was matured into a larger one. To use a gardener's expression, it went mad. It had scarcely been planted in its new quarters before the leaves began to stand up in all directions like the hair on the tail of an angry cat, and soon the whole plant was in a quiver. At the same time it gave out a most sickening and pungent odor, resembling that of a rattlesnake when teased. The smell so filled the house that it was necessary to open the doors and windows, and it was fully an hour before the plant calmed down and folded its leaves in place.

THE HOVAS' STRUGGLE.

A Missionary's Account of the French Fight in Madagascar.

A New York *Herald* correspondent had a long and interesting talk with the Rev. Mr. Cousins, an English missionary from Madagascar, now on his way home with his wife.

"The new Queen," said Mr. Cousins, "is firmly established on her throne, her Prime Minister is stronger than ever he was, her people are resigned to their misfortune, but are nevertheless calmly and doggedly making preparation for a long resistance. Every able bodied Hova man and boy has voluntarily joined the Hova army and is now training. The boys are diligently learning how to handle the native spear, and even the very women talk of fighting the detested invaders. The worst of it is that the Hovas have no big guns. They have a few thousand Remingtons, which they don't know how to use, and that is all. For the rest they have to trust to their spears—ugly weapons enough at close quarters. The French, a very small force of them, (probably only four or five hundred) occupy the fort outside of Tamatave and command the fort itself. No sooner did the bombardment begin than the Hovas withdrew into the country. They have made a desert round Tamatave for a distance of twenty miles and are watching the French—preventing all supplies from reaching them by land and virtually besieging the besiegers, who are in a position the reverse of pleasant. All the towns and villages for miles on the road to Antananarivo have been burned. The invaders will be led into ambushes and harrassed incessantly. If necessary Antananarivo itself will be burned rather than that it should fall into French hands, and, as the Hovas are most obstinate people, the war might be prolonged indefinitely. Meanwhile provisions are growing dearer daily in Tamatave. Business in Madagascar is utterly at a standstill. The Hovas have stopped all exports of rice from the island, and make night attacks on their foe when they can, and every Frenchman has been driven out of Hova territory to Tamatave. Twenty years ago there would have been a general massacre. There was some talk even now, when the news of the bombardment reached the capital, but the Prime Minister interfered to prevent it. So you see civilization has done something for the Malagasies."

"Foreigners are rather disliked, but an exception is made in the English and the Americans. I am inclined to think that the Hovas still hope that the English will interfere to protect them.

"The Sakalavas and other tribes dominated by the Hovas number altogether about four millions. The Hovas who rule over territory that stretches over the extreme north to Fort Dauphin, number only about one million, but they alone of all the tribes are united. The others are split up into an infinite number of factions, continually at strife among themselves. The French are spending a vast amount of money. They are obliged to have electric lights burning constantly after dark, and to relieve the garrison at frequent intervals. Every night boatsful of French troops are taken off shore and replaced by others from the men of war. And all this to effect a most unjust purpose. At the outset they had right on their side, for the Hovas tried to evade the clauses of a treaty allowing foreigners to purchase land in Madagascar. Had the French been fighting for this they would have universal sympathy. But they are not. They began a war of aggression and the Hovas, seeing that they would have this struggle forced on them, soon grew resigned to the inevitable."

How People Die.

Miss Nightingale has pointed out how constantly the mental state of the dying depends on their physical condition. As a rule, she tells us, in acute cases interest in their own danger is rarely felt. "Indifference, excepting with regard to bodily suffering, or to some duty the dying man wishes to perform, is the far more usual state. But patients who die of consumption very frequently die in a state of seraphic joy and peace; the countenance almost expresses rapture. Patients who die of cholero, peritonitis, etc., on the contrary, very often die in a state approaching despair. In dysentry, diarrhœa, or fever, the patient often dies in a state of indifference." Those who have carefully examined the dead on a battlefield, or in the streets after an *emeute*, are struck with the fact that while the expression on the faces of those who have died by gunshot wounds is one of agony and distress, the dead by sword have a calmer expression, though their wounds often seem more painful to the eye. A very careful observer, who was through the Indian mutiny, entirely confirms this. After giving several instances, he says,—

"A rapid death by steel is almost painless. Sabre edge or point divides the nerves so quickly as to give little pain. A bullet lacerates."

The Mormon Chiefs, says the Salt Lake *Tribune*, tell of their converts. They could get many more immigrants were they to say nothing of their religion, but simply use the emigration system they have adopted. They assess their people ten per cent. on all their earnings. This gives a fund of probably $1,000,000 per annum. If they set aside but a tenth of this for an emigration fund, it is easy to see what might be accomplished. But now the debts contracted by former emigrants are being paid with interest, and probably it is not any longer necessary to draw upon the Church fund. The Mormon religion is certainly the most stupendous fraud of the nineteenth century, but the Mormon emigration system is a most thoroughly effective one.

The Best Recipe for a Long Life.

Apropos of Sir Moses Montefiore, whose approaching energy on his hundredth year is a subject of such general congratulation, what is the best recipe for a very long life—supposing a man to consider it an object worth attaining? Milton laid stress on "the rule of not too much," which is no doubt an excellent one, but vague in its application. Moreover Milton followed his own advice, and yet failed to live sixty-six years. Fontenelle, whose life embraced almost exactly a century (11th of February, 1657, to 9th of January, 1757), was formally asked his opinion on this weighty question, and replied that he ascribed his length of days to two maxims he had laid down for himself and rigidly adhered to—the first, "everybody is right"; the second, "everything is possible." The late Canon Beadon was less sententious, and would laughingly explain that he had reached a hundred simply by never wearing an overcoat. It was either he or another centenarian who said he had never eaten cold meat, but always hot, and thus saved his digestion from premature exhaustion owing to double work. It is related of Lord Mansfield that whenever a hale and hearty old man gave evidence before him, he would question the witness in a friendly way as to his habits, with the result that he found every one to be an early riser. The topers are said to have been as numerous as the water-drinkers; which is probable enough, the latter being an extremely limited section of the English people in the eighteenth century.—*St. James' Gazette.*

Vaccination.

The following conclusions were adopted by the Third International Congress of Opponents to Compulsory Vaccination, recently held at Berne, Switzerland, under the Presidency of Dr. Adolf Vogt, Professor of Hygiene and Medicine in the Bern University, in favor of the abrogation of the laws:

1.—That a comprehensive study of vital statistics proves that the extension of the practice of Vaccination bears no logical relation to the reduction of small-pox.

2.—That whilst the virus used for the excitation of the disease designated *vaccinia* is of various origins and uncertain character, it is also liable to occasion, intensify, and convey, other and serious maladies.

3.—That statistics gathered from European States, and from India, establish the fact that small-pox (like the other members of the class of zymotic diseases to which it belongs), originates in, and is fostered by, insanitary conditions, and is only effectually combatted by their removal; that Vaccination is inoperative upon mortality where sanitation is defective, and superfluous where sanitation prevails.

4.—That enforced Vaccination is an infraction of personal freedom, inasmuch as a conviction adverse to the utility of the practice is a matter of scientific conscience, which is entitled to the same respect as is accorded in all civilized communities to the theological conscience.

Scrap Books.

Scrap-books made entirely of old Christmas cards are very nice for children. These things are now so artistically and beautifully got up that it is really a pity to throw them aside, and not utilize them in some way. Books with pages of different colors are the best for these, the gray-blue and the black, in particular, make an excellent background for any cards that have much color or gilding about them. A scrap-book made of old post-cards has been invented. That these, having served their original purpose, should ever be fished out of the waste basket and attain a happy resurrection does indeed seem incredible, yet so it is. Christmas cards, all the same size, are pasted on each side of them lengthways, and the sides are then united with a little "hinge" made of ribbon. They are then folded backward and forward so as to make a book, and tied round with ribbon when not in service. This makes a sort of "surprise" scrap-book, as when the ribbon is slipped off the book can be suddenly drawn out to its utmost length, to the astonishment and delight of the little blue-eyed visitor you wish to conciliate.

Switzerland is alarmed at the great immigration of "foreigners" (Germans, French, and Italians), which threatens to mongrelize the pure Swiss blood. Considering that there isn't any Swiss blood or Swiss race, and that these foreigners are of the same blood as the natives, the state being an artificial union of German, French, and Italian communities, this is as diverting a panic as we remember.

Some interesting biographical notes on Alexandre Dumas, pere, are being published by M. Blaze de Bury in Paris. One story, showing the facile fecundity of the great novelist, is interesting. He was out shooting one day with a party at Compiegne. He had killed twenty-nine head of game. "I shall kill my thirtieth and then return to the chateau, for I am tired and have had enough of it," said he to his neighbor. Dumas brought down one more partridge and departed. It was noon. The rest of the party returned at five o'clock, and found Dumas seated in front of the fire, rubbing his hands. "Ah! so you have had a nice snooze, eh?" exclaimed his son, "No such ulck," was the reply; "those confounded cocks and hens in the farmyard have kept me awake all the time." "Then what on earth have you done with yourself all the afternoon alone?" "Why, I have written a piece for the Francais." The piece was entitled "Romulus," and was a great success.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, NOVEMBER 8, 1883.

To Subscribers of the Review.

We need money very badly, and would feel obliged if EVERY subscriber in arrears would make an effort to pay us the small amount they are separately owing, within the next week or two. Will all please respond.

J. R. ORR,
Proprietor REVIEW.

RAILWAY EXTENSION NORTH.

Since our last issue we learn that the surveying party are pushing on, and at the time we go to press will have reached L'Amable, having with little trouble pushed their way through the townships of Wollaston and Faraday. The instructions given by the Executive Committee we are informed was to go north in as direct a line as was feasible, touching that section of the country where minerals are best known to exist, making Bancroft the objective point, and to reach that point if reasonably possible by L'Amable. The Committee are strongly in favor of making the route a connecting one with the Canadian Pacific R. R. if they can succeed in getting sufficient aid from the Dominion Government. We think this line is one that should also be aided by the Ontario Government. We have had that promise when the $3,000 per mile was granted to the B. & N. H. R. The line will run through the Government Lands and Timber and make them more valuable. More than that, a material portion of the revenue has been derived from this back country. It may be said that the Ontario Central has not been aided. True, not aided by a direct subsidy, but we would like to ask anyone who raises this objection what does it mean that the Company through the influence of the promoters have secured from 15,000 to 20,000 acres of land at mere nominal prices, and that large sections have been withdrawn from sale to settlers—on the plea of not being suitable for settlement—simply, we are informed, to fall into the hands of the same Company that is seeking to take away the mining properties of Messrs. Chambers & Jenkins. If nothing else was given as a reason why this extension should be aided, this would be sufficient, in our own judgment, viz: that having given these lands—to the serious injury of the settlers in the neighborhood—to these monopolists, the Ontario Government should protect the community by assisting in constructing a line in the interests of the people. With the strong Committee appointed we expect success, and trust they will leave no stone unturned to secure a charter, subsidy and completion of the road. There is one or two things we should like to point out. 1st. The road can't go to every man's door and we trust there will be no unreasonable expectations formed, as the Committee will have to be governed very much by the Engineer's Report. 2nd. That it is desirable that so far as possible the interests of the villages of the north country should be considered, viz: Millbridge, L'Amable, Bancroft, etc. It will be in the interest of these villages, of the road, and of this village, to do so.

Canada ranks fourth in the list of nations as regards postal facilities, having one postoffice to every six hundred inhabitants. Our cousins ranks next, with one to every twelve hundred.

The Deseronto *Tribune* gives a sketch of the operation of the Bay of Quinte Canning Co., of Picton. This season they have canned over 5,000 bushels of plums and gages, 40,000 cans of strawberries, and are now putting up large quantities of apples and pears, which would otherwise have been lost. The operations of their evaporating establishment will be limited this year, on account of the corn and tomato crops being spoiled by early frosts. Last year over $6,000 was spent in wages; $19,000 in tin; ten tons of solder were used, and 100,000 feet of lumber worked up into box-shooks. At present, employment is given to 85 women and 20 men, whose wages come to $400 a week.

E. E. Myers, the athlete, ran a mile in 5 min. 31 4-5 sec., beating all records.

Over 200 actions are pending against the corporation of the city of Montreal for damages.

An Irish bailiff was shot dead in his own house on Friday night by unknown hands.

His Excellency the Governor-General has received several letters threatening his life.

Mr. Allison, Sir John's opponent, will again contest Lennox in the coming election. Mr. Pruyn, of Napanee, will be the Conservative candidate.

In 1882 112,458 immigrants settled in the Dominion.

War between France and China is considered certain.

Lorne and Louise have arrived safely in England.

The London press are urging the Home Government to secure the arrest and extradition of O'Donovan Rossa.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Council for the Municipality of Carlow & Mayo will pass a By-law at its next session, Dec. 8th, '83, at the Town Hall, Carlow, for the purpose of establishing a road to be known as McArthur's Road, commencing at Town Hall, Carlow, and running south by east to McArthur's Mills, 10th con. Mayo. Also a road to be known as Stringer's Road, commencing at Lot No. 2 in 12 con. Mayo, running west by south to the boundary line between Mayo and Tungannon, four chains from where it crosses the Snows Road; said roads to be 66 feet wide.

WM. J. HUGHES,
Clerk of said Municipality.

Clerk's Office,
Mayo, Oct. 30, 1883. 341-4w

CREDIT SALE.

THERE will be sold by public Auction, on Lot 6, 4th concession of Madoc, near the village of Madoc, on

Thursday, November 29th, 1883,

at the hour of half past ten o'clock, a. m., sharp, the following valuable property:—

12 cows, 2 two-year-old heifers, 2 bulls, 1 yearling heifer, 2 horses, 1 lumber waggon, 1 sleigh, 1 bob-sleigh, 1 buggy, 1 mower, 1 horse rake, 1 spring tooth harrow, 1 square harrow, 2 ploughs, 1 cultivator, 1 plough, 1 fanning-mill, 1 roller, 1 cooking stove, with furniture, 1 box stove, about 100 sap buckets, milk cans, pails, pans, etc., a quantity of hay, together with other useful articles too numerous to mention; also farm implements.

TERMS:—$10, and under, cash; over that amount 12 months' credit, by furnishing approved joint notes, with interest at 7 per cent. Six per cent. off for cash.

THOS. SCOTT,
Auctioneer.

WM. STEPHENSON,
Proprietor.

Madoc, Nov. 6, '83. 341-3t

FARM TO RENT.

SOUTH West ½ of Lot No. 5, 9th concession of Hungerford, containing 66 acres—all cleared. The farm is well watered, well fenced, and has good buildings. This is altogether a desirable place for any person requiring a small farm. Terms liberal. For further particulars apply on the premises.

MRS. HANIBEL.

Madoc, Oct. 14th, 1883. 338-3w

ESTRAY.

STRAYED from the premises of the undersigned, lot 7, 7th con. Madoc, about the 1st of October, SIX SHEEP—five white and one black, each marked with a "V" in one ear and the other ear cut square. Any person giving such information as will lead to their recovery will be suitably rewarded.

LUTHER HARRIS.

Madoc, Oct. 30, 1883. 340-4w

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale lot 22, on the Cross Estate in the Village of Madoc, south side of St. Lawrence street, containing half an acre of land, on which is a good frame house, 24x30, well finished, good frame barn, 12x18, and a good well of water. Terms to suit the purchaser. Possession given at any time. Apply to

JOSEPH MOXLEY,
Holloway P. O.

July 25th, 1883. 327-6m

—IN THE—

HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE

(CHANCERY DIVISION.)

RE. CAMERON.

O'Flynn vs. Cameron.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice made in the matter of the Estate of Hugh Cameron, late of the Township of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, who died on or about the 24th day of February, 1883, are, on or before the

19th day of November, 1883,

to send by post prepaid to Samuel Barton Burdett, of Belleville, Solicitor for Plaintiff, their christian and surnames, addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their claims, a statement of their accounts, and the nature of the securities (if any) held by them; or in default thereof, they will be peremptorily excluded from the benefit of said decree. Every creditor holding any security is to produce the same before me at my chambers, Shire Hall, in the City of Belleville, on the 22nd day of November, 1883, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, being the time appointed for adjudication on the claims.

Dated this 24th day of October.

S. B. BURDETT,
Pltffs. Solicitor.

S. S. LAZIER,
Master.

340-4w

1883. FALL and WINTER. 1884.

Our stock of Fall and Winter Goods is now complete. An inspection solicited from intending purchasers. A large stock of Ready-made Clothing at lowest prices, and all other goods suitable for the season.

SPECIAL.

See our stock of China, Stone and Glassware.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY

I always keep on hand a fine and full stock of
AMERICAN | AND | SWISS | WATCHES
of all grades and prices.

My stock of fine
COLOURED AND PLATED JEWELRY!
for quality and variety of design, cannot be surpassed,

A full line of
SOLID GOLD RINGS,
from $2.00 up to $22.00, the largest assortment in town.

Black and Pearl goods in great variety. A full line of the best Silver Plated Spoons, Knives etc. Clocks of all grades and designs constantly on hand.

E. L. WEISS.

Madoc, July 5th, 1883.

W W W RRRR II GGG H H TTTTT "" 888
W WW W R R II G G H H T " 8
W W W RRRR II G HHH T 888
WW WW R R II G GG H H T 8
W W R R II GGG H H T 888

GROCERY, PROVISION, WINE AND LIQUOR STORE.

A full assortment of

Grockery, China, Majolica & Glassware

always on hand.

CHINA SETS IN 3 PIECES—PLATE, CUP AND SAUCER.

Coffee Cups to match. Call and see them. My stock of Groceries is complete.

JANE WRIGHT.

Madoc, Nov. 7th, 1883.

"THE RIGHT HOUSE."

We have just opened out a large and well assorted stock of

L|A|D|I|E|S'=|=M|A|N|T|L|E|S,

which will be

OFFERED AT A BARGAIN.

D. C. CLARKE,

Madoc, Nov. 1st, 1883.

Early Closing!

We the undersigned Merchants of the Village of Madoc, do bind ourselves to close our respective places of business, at 7 P. M.,

From Nov. 1st, 1883, to May 1st, 1884.

SATURDAYS EXCEPTED.

THOMAS CROSS, D. C. CLARKE,
THOMAS ROBERTS, JOHN DALE & SON,
JOHN ROBERTSON, O'FLYNN & O'HARA,
W. H. ATKINS, M. McLEAN,
SYDMER ROSS & CO., G. A. ROLLINS,
R. R. CASEMENT & CO.,

MADOC, October, 25th, 1883. 339

HARDWARE. - HARDWARE.

We have the following Brands of Axes and Saws in stock at lowest prices:

AXES.

CHOPPERS' TRUST,
SOLID STEEL,
SILVER STEEL,
BLACK PRINCE,
BURRELL'S DIFFERENT BRANDS,
BROAD AXES.

SAWS.

LANCE SAWS,
SHIRLEY & DIETRICH,
MAPLE LEAF,
SMITH'S CHAMPION.

Also a full stock of all other Lumbermen's supplies.

JOHN DALE & SON.

Madoc, Oct. 25, 1883.

THE BIG T POT SIGN.

J. A. CHAMBERS,

(SUCCESSOR TO CHAMBERS & McKINNEY.)

Has removed to the

O'FLYNN BLOCK,

NEXT DOOR TO R. R. CASEMENT & CO'S

HARDWARE STORE,

Where will be found a NEW and choice stock of

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,
CROCKERY, GLASSWARE,
ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.,

also a fine assortment of

=FANCY | CHINA | WARE,=

including the latest designs in matched Cups and Saucers. Call and see my stock before purchasing.

J. A. CHAMBERS.

Madoc, Oct. 11th, 1883. 337

Millinery. - FALL. - Millinery.

We are showing a complete and splendid assortment of

PATTERN HATS AND BONNETS,

FLOWERS, FEATHERS, ETC.,

of the latest New York, London, and Paris styles and designs. Our stock will be complete in all departments with the choicest goods ever shown in Madoc.

M. McLEAN.

Madoc, October 8th 1183. 329

Latest Local News.

—Thanksgiving Day.

—Conductor Kerr has removed his family to this village.

—Who painted the windows of some of the stores in town a few nights ago?

—The township Council will meet in the Town Hall in this village on Monday next, at 10 o'clock, a.m.

—Grain comes in very slowly. A large portion of the farmers in this section have not yet thrashed.

—Who are to be our Councillors the next term! It is about time aspiring candidates were brushing up.

—Thanksgiving services will be held both morning and evening in the Church of St. John the Baptist, in this village, on Thursday.

—Another wedding party was fiddled out of town, on Monday last. The whole party, fiddlar and all, looked as happy as though they were leading a circus.

—The many friends of Mrs. Wright will be pleased to learn that she is rapidly recovering from injuries sustained by the late accident on the Grand Junction, although yet unable to leave her room or engage in her usual duties. We understand the other injured ones are also recovering satisfactorily.

—Mr. J. Whytock has taken Mr. J. G. Reed's place as part proprietor of the wood yard in this village. If the firm can only reduce the exhorbitant prices of this kind of fuel for the past few winters, their success and their fortunes are assured. In a wooden country like this $3 to $5 a cord is out of all proportion to our pockets.

—Two weeks ago *Grip* office, Toronto, was nearly destroyed by fire, but with remarkable enterprise the next issue came out as promptly and spicy as ever. We congratulate our able cotem, and beg to express the hope that theday is far distant when it will be obliged to suspend, from fire or any other cause. Canada could not afford to lose its pointed pencil now; it is doing its own good work, in scorching our public men, too well.

Fifth of November.

Monday last was the anniversary of the gunpowder plot. It was quietly observed by the Orange Society in different parts of the county, but no particular demonstration took place.

A Memorable Day.

Saturday next, 10th of November, will be the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of the great christian reformer and martyr, Martin Luther. In several parts of the world the day is to be observed with great ceremonies.

Thanksgiving Day.

Union thanksgiving services will be held in the Methodist Episcopal Church this morning at 10:30. Sermon will be preached by Rev. F. McAmmond. Services will be held in the Presbyterian Church at 11 o'clock, Rev. D. Wishart officiating.

Free Fair.

The fair on Tuesday, the last for this season, was, we think, better attended than usual, and passed off more successfully. There were some fine cattle offered, although the number was not as large as it ought to be to make these fairs really useful to both farmers and buyers.

—A full stock of Goat Robes at reduced prices at J. DALE & SON'S.

Another Accident on the G. J. R.

Another accident of a less serious nature occurred on the Grand Junction Railway, at Campbellford, on Saturday, one week after the collision near Foxboro. The Peterboro *Review* says a freight train was standing on the siding at the Campbellford Station, when the special train with steel rails came up to the station on the main track. It appears that the freight train was foul of the main line, and the engine of the special train struck the other locomotive, knocking both off the rails. Both engines were damaged, and one flat car was badly broken, but no person injured.

—A nice stock of Scotch Tweeds—our own direct importation. JOHN DALE & SON.

A Queer Creed.

On Thursday last a family named Reynolds, from Thanet, who had lost an only daughter by death, about six years of age, brought the corpse to this village expecting to give it a christian burial under the auspices of the Episcopalian church. Arrived at the church, however, the officiating clergyman, Rev. Mr. Jones, on learning that the child had not been baptized, refused to let the body go into the church or to have anything to do himself with conducting the burial service at the grave. The ministers of other denominations in town had then to be applied to but all happened to be absent at the time, and the unfortunate father might have buried his child alone and with as little ceremony as he would his dog had not Mr. E. D. O'Flynn kindly offered to read the burial service over the little one's grave. Before reaching the graveyard, however, Rev. Mr. Baker returned, and gave his services in giving the body a christian burial, to which, under any circumstances, it was surely entitled. Rev. Mr. Jones may have been carrying out the dictates of his prayer-book, but he did a heartless and unchristian act, nevertheless, and one we are sure not sanctioned by the christian members of his church in this village. It might have been considered that however much the parents of the child may have wished for baptism before her death, such a ceremony could not be performed on short notice at the distance they resided from a regular clergyman. But surely it is not possible that such a belief as that the fact of the little child not being baptized polluted its body and condemned its soul—a horrible belief and worthy only of the darkest and most benighted ages of the world's history—is being applied in our enlightened and christian community! God forbid!

Bancroft Police Court.

The following are some of the recent cases held before Police Magistrate J. Cleak:—

Bettes vs. McDonnell, for trespass in taking possession of a lot of land located to complainant, who proved his right to the lot by Mr. Tait, Crown Land Agent.—Ordered to move off at once, and pay costs.

Jeffery vs. Smith, assault and battery.—Defendant failed to appear, in fact he absconded.

Wilkinson vs. Scott, embezzlement. This was rather a hard case of breach of trust in the relation of a young woman recently from Ireland. It was remanded for evidence, but finally withdrawn.

McDonald vs. O'Donnell, assault and battery. Defendant admitted the charge.—Fined with costs $14.60.

Anderson vs. McDonald, abusing cattle.—Fined with costs $13.90.

Easton vs. Price, assault and battery.—Fine, compensation for loss of time from being disabled, with costs, $17.20.

Easton vs. Price, pointing a gun at complainant.—Case dismissed. Complainant was not sure whether the gun was pointed at him or his dog. Costs to complainant.

Kennedy vs. Italian No. 1, for riot.

Bowers vs. Simmons, attempt to strangle.

Kennedy vs. Simmons, assault and battery.

Robinson vs. Simmons, grevious bodily harm.—All these cases were connected with the same trouble on the railway works, and at one time presented a very serious aspect. On the Italian engaging that all his countrymen should hand over their firearms to the foreman of the works, the prosecutors withdrew their charges, deeming it best for future quietness to let the matter drop. The Magistrate strongly enforced it upon the attention of the forman and contractors present that means should be adopted to put down all illegal sale of intoxicants in the neighborhood of these works, and that a permanent constable or two should be appointed to enforce the law in that and all other respects.

—As J. DALE & SON get their Coal Oil by the car load they are prepared to give low rates by the barrel. 329

The New Readers.

We acknowledge the receipt with thanks of a complete set of the Royal Canadian School Readers, from the Canada Publishing Co., Toronto. In all respects they are well worthy a place in our schools, and we sincerely hope they may be authorized by the Department. It cannot very well do otherwise.

American Agriculturist

For November surpasses in every respect any previous issue of that periodical during its forty-three years of existence. It contains over one hundred illustrations engraved expressly for its columns, by Halm, Cary, Forbes, Trumble, Reed, and other well-known artists. There are four full-page engravings, including the cover, which is a greater number than has ever appeared before in a single issue of the American Agriculturist. There art over one hundred columns of reading matter, upon all subjects pertaining to the Farm, Garden, and Household. Among the leading features of the paper are several fully illustrated articles on Barn Plans and Outbuildings, remodelling barns, etc. Price, post-paid, $1.50 a year.

The publisher of the REVIEW has again secured a very favorable clubbing offer with the above and is prepared to offer it and the REVIEW for the balance of this year and 1884, for $2.25. Names sent to us before the 15th inst., will receive the October, November and December *Agriculturists* free. For ten cents extra, for mailing, a magnificant plate engraving, "Foes or Friends," will be sent with the *Agriculturist*. Call and see specimen copies at this office.

—We have a very fine uncolored Japan Tea, put up in Japan in 1 lb. papers, at 50c. per pound. Extra value. JOHN DALE & SON.

Address W. H. Burk, Publisher, Detroit, Michigan, for a sample copy of his very excellent family paper, the DETROIT COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER and MICHIGAN HOME JOURNAL, and you will not be disappointed. The copy now before us fully dutains the growing reputation of this old established weekly and has more attractions as a general family journal than any paper that visits our sanctum. The 1st page is brim full of merry anecdotes and bits of information; the 2nd page has a generous instalment of a short but interesting serial story; while page 3 is devoted to the interests of the ladies and their gentlemen friends, who visit the Sitting Room to discuss subjects connected with home life. Pages 4 and 5 give editorials and news of the week. The former are spicily independent, the latter very full and complete. On page 6 the young people and the older members of the family circle find much to interest them, while the generl market reports on page 7 must be invaluable to producer and buyer. Page 8 is especially the farmer's page, and besides interesting letters from subscribers on farm topics, contains many useful hints on agricultural affairs. To many the liberal quantity of poetry, both original and selected, that appears in the pages of the DETROIT COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER, is quite an attraction. Indeed we believe all will find much to commend in this worthy journal, a sample copy of which will be cheerfully forwarded by the publisher.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, and regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething" is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest & best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25c a bottle

—Six pounds of Tea Dust for $1.00 at JOHN DALE & SON'S.

Servant Girl Wanted.

FOR general housework in small family. Apply at THIS OFFICE.

Madoc Markets.

Flour, per bbl	$5	25	to	$5 50
Wheat, per bushel	0	95	to	1 00
Rye, "	0	50	to	0 00
Oats, "	0	30	to	0 00
Barley, "	0	50	to	0 60
Peas, "	0	65	to	0 00
Potatoes, per bag	0	70	to	0 00
Eggs, per doz	0	15	to	0 00
Butter, per lb	0	20	to	0 00
Wool, per lb	0	00	to	0 20
Hides, per cwt	5	00	to	7 00
Hogs "	5	00	to	5 50

Belleville Markets.

Wheat, per bushel,	$1	00	to	$1 10
Barley, "	0	65	to	0 00
Rye, "	0	55	to	0 00
Oats, "	0	35	to	0 40
Peas, "	0	70	to	0 75
Potatoes, "	0	00	to	0 00
Potatoes, per bag	0	65	to	0 75
Butter, per lb	0	20	to	0 25
Eggs, per doz	0	17	to	0 20
Flour, per bbl	4	50	to	5 00
Sheepskins,	0	50	to	0 60
Hides, per cwt	5	00	to	7 00
Wool, per lb	0	18	to	0 20

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

—:oxo:—

NEW TINSHOP!

Stoves and Tinware,

House Furnishings & Hardware,

PAINTS, OILS, GLASS and PUTTY.

Please give me a call.

(3 DOORS NORTH OF MRS. WRIGHT'S.)

Wood Yard.

—o—

The undersigned beg te inform the public that they have opened a

WOOD YARD IN MADOC VILLAGE

and will keep on hand a full supply of

HARD AND SOFT WOOD.

Hardwood, dry, $3.50 per Cord.
Softwood, " 2.50 "

All kinds of wood bought and sold. Wood delivered free to all parts of the town. Yard on St. Lawrence street.

Lester McTaggart and J. Whytock,
Proprietors.

Madoc, Oct. 15th, 1883.

BEST VALUE IN

AXES,

AXE HANDLES,

BUCKSAWS,

CROSS-CUT SAWS,

and all other seasonable Hardware.

—o—

SPECIAL VALUE IN

STOVES, STOVEPIPES,

DRUM STOVES and TINWARE,

—o—

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Madoc, Oct. 16, 1883.

KEN'S MYSTERY.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

One cool October evening—it was the last day of the month, and unusually cool for the time of year—I made up my mind to go and spend an hour or two with my friend Keningale. Keningale was an artist (as well as a musical amateur and poet), and had a very delightful studio built on to his house, in which he was wont to sit of an evening. The studio had a cavernous fire-place, designed in imitation of the old-fashioned fire-places of Elizabethan mannor-houses, and in it, when the temperature out-doors warranted, he would build up a cheerful fire of dry logs. It would suit me particularly well, I thought, to go and have a quiet pipe and chat in front of that fire with my friend.

I had not had such a chat for a very long time—not, in fact, since Keningale (or Ken, as his friends called him) had returned from his visit to Europe the year before. He went abroad, as he affirmed at the time, "for the purposes of study," where at we all smiled, for Ken, so far as we knew him, was more likely to do anything else than to study. He was a young fellow of a buoyant temperament, lively and social in his habits, of a brilliant and versatile mind, and possessing an income of twelve or fifteen thousand dollars a year; he could sing, play, scribble, and paint very cleverly, and some of his heads and figure-pieces were really well done, considering that he never had any regular training in art; but he was not a worker. Personally he was fine-looking, of good height and figure, active, healthy, and with a remarkably fine brow, and clear, full-gazing eye. Nobody was surprised at his going to Europe, nobody expected him to do anything there except amuse himself, and few anticipated that he would be soon again seen in New York. He was one of the sort that find Europe agree with them. Off he went, therefore; and in the course of a few months the rumor reached us that he was engaged to a handsome and wealthy New York girl whom he had met in London. This was nearly all we did hear of him until, not very long afterward, he turned up again on Fifth Avenue, to every one's astonishment; made no satisfactory answer to those who wanted to know how he happened to tire so soon of the Old World; while as to the reported engagement, he cut short all allusion to that in so peremptory a manner as to show that it was not a permissible topic of conversation with him. It was surmised that the lady had jilted him; but, on the other hand, she herself returned home not a great while after, and though she had plenty of opportunities, she had never married to this day.

Be the rights of this matter what they may, it was soon remarked that Ken was no longer the careless and merry fellow he used to be; on the contrary, he appeared grave, moody, averse from general society, and habitually taciturn and undemonstrative even in the company of his most intimate friends. Evidently something had happened to him, or he had done something. What? Had he committed a murder? or joined the Nihilists? or was his unsuccessful love affair at the bottom of it? Some declared that the cloud was only temporary, and would soon pass away. Nevertheless, up to the period of which I am writing it had not passed away, but had rather gathered additional gloom, and threatened to become permanent.

Meanwhile I had met him twice or thrice at the club, at the opera, or in the street, but had as yet had no opportunity of regularly renewing my acquaintance with him. We had been on a footing of more than common intimacy in the old days, and I was not disposed to think that he would refuse to renew the former relations now. But what I had heard and myself seen of his changed condition imparted a stimulating tinge of suspense or curiosity to the pleasure with which I looked forward to the prospects of this evening. His house stood at a distance of two or three miles beyond the general range of habitations in New York at this time, as I walked briskly along in the clear twilight air I had leisure to go over in my mind all that I had known of Ken and had divined of his character. After all, had there not always been something in his nature—deep down, and held in abeyance by the activity of his animal spirits—but something strange and separate, and capable of developing under suitable conditions into—into what? As I asked myself this question I arrived at his door; and it was with a feeling of relief that I felt the next moment the cordial grasp of his hand, and his voice bidding me welcome in a tone that indicated unaffected gratification at my presence. He drew me at once into his studio, relieved me of my hat and cane, and then put his hand on my shoulder.

"I am glad to see you," he repeated, with singular earnestness—"glad to see you and to feel you; and to-night of all nights in the year."

"Why to-night especially?"

"Oh, never mind. It's just as well, too, you didn't let me know beforehand you were coming; the unreadiness is all, to paraphrase the poet. Now, with you to help me, I can drink a glass of tamarind-water and take a bit draw of the pipe. This would have been a grim night for me if I'd been left to myself."

"In such a lap of luxury as this too!" said I, looking round at the glowing fire-place, the low, luxurious chairs and all the rich and sumptuous fittings of the room. "I should have thought a condemned murderer might make himself comfortable here."

"Perhaps but that's not exactly my category at present. And have you forgotten what night this is? This is November-eve, when, as tradition asserts, the dead arise and walk about, and fairies, goblins, and spiritual beings of all kinds have more freedom and power than on any other day of the year. One can see you've never been in Ireland."

"I wasn't aware till now that you had been there, either."

"Yes, I have been in Ireland. Yes—" He paused, sighed, and fell into a reverie, from which, however, he soon roused himself by an effort, and went to a cabinet in a corner of the room for the liquor and tobacco. While he was thus employed I sauntered about the studio, taking note of the various beauties, grotesquenesses, and curiosities that it contained. Many things were there to repay study and arouse admiration: for Ken was a good collector, having excellent taste as well as means to back it, but, upon the whole, nothing interested me more than some studies of a female head, roughly done in oils, and, judging from the sequestered positions in which I found them, not intended by the artist for exhibition or criticism. There were three or four of the studies, all of the same face, but in different poses and costumes. In one the head was enveloped in a dark hood, overshadowing and partly concealing the features; in another she seemed to be peering duskily through a latticed casement, lit by a faint moonlight; a third showed her splendidly attired in evening costume, with jewels in her hair and ears, and sparkling on her snowy bosom. The expressions were as various as the poses; now it was demure penetration, now a subtile inviting glance, now burning passion, and again a look of elfish and elusive mockery. In whatever phase, the countenance possessed a singular and poignant fascination, not of beauty merely, though that was very striking, but of character and quality likewise.

"Did you find this model abroad?" I inquired at length. "She has evidently inspired you, and I don't wonder at it."

Ken, who had been heating the tamarind-water, had not noticed my movements, now looked up, and said: "I didn't mean those to be seen. They don't satisfy me, and I'm going to destroy them: but I couldn't rest till I had made some attempts to reproduce— What was it you asked? Abroad? Yes—or no. They were all painted here within the last six weeks."

"Whether they satisfy you or not, they are by far the best things of yours I have ever seen."

"Well, let them alone, and tell me what you think of this beverage. To my thinking, it goes to the right spot. It owes its existence to your coming here. I can't drink alone, and those portraits are not company, though, for aught I know, she might have come out of the canvas to-night and sat down in that chair." Then, seeing my inquiring look, he added, with a hasty laugh, "It's November, eve, you know, when anything may happen, provided it's strange enough. Well, here's to ourselves."

We each swallowed a deep draught of the smoking and aromatic liquor, and see down our glasses with approval. The punch was excellent. Ken now opened a box of cigars, ane we seated ourselves before the fire-place.

"All we need now," I remarked, after a short silence, "is a little music. By-the-by, Ken, have you still got the banjo I gave you before you went abroad?"

He paused so long before replying that I supposed he had not heard my question. "I have got it," he said at length, "but it will never make any more music."

"Got broken, eh? Can't it be mended? It was a fine instrument."

"It's not broken, but it's past mending. You shall see for yourself."

He rose as he spoke, and going to another part of the studio, opened a black oak coffer, and took out of it a long object wrapped up in a piece of faded yellow silk. He handed it to me, and when I had unwrapped it, there appeared a thing that might once have been a banjo, but had little resemblance of one now. It bore every sign of extreme age. The wood of the handle was honey-combed with the gnawings of worms, and dusty with dry-rot. The parchment head was green with mould, and hung in shrivelled tatters. The hoop, which was of solid silver, was so blacke ned and tarnished that it looked like dilipidated iron. The strings were gone, and most of the tuning-screws had dropped out of their decayed sockets. Altogether it had the appearance of having been made before the Flood, and been forgotten in the forecastle of Noah's Ark ever since.

"It is a curious relic certainly," I said. "Where did you come across it? I had no idea that the banjo was invented so long ago as this. It certainly can't be less than two hundred years old, and may be much older than that."

Ken smiled gloomily. "You are quite right," he said; "it is at least two hundred years old, and yet it is the very same banjo that you gave me a year ago."

"Hardly," I returned, smiling in my turn, "since that was made to my order with a view to presenting it to you."

"I know that; but the two hundred years have passed since then. Yes, it is absurd and impossible, I know, but nothing is truer. That banjo, which was made last year, existed in the sixteenth century, and has been rotting ever since. Stay. Give it to me a moment, and I'll convince you. You recollect that your name and mine, with the date, were engraved on the silver hoop?"

"Yes; and there was a private mark of my own also."

"Very well," said Ken, who had been rubbing a place on the hoop with a corner of the yellow silk wrapper; "look at that."

I took the decrepit instrument from him, and examined the spot which he had rubbed. It was incredible, sure enough; but there were the names and the date precisely as I had caused them to be engraved; and there, moreover, was my own private mark, which I had idly made with an old etching point not more than eighteen months before. After convincing myself that there was no mistake, I laid the banjo across my knees, and stared at my friend in bewilderment. He sat smoking with a kind of a grim composure, his eyes fixed upon the blazing logs.

"I'm mystified, I confess," said I. "Come; what is the joke? What method have you discovered of producing the decay of centuries on this unfortunate banjo? I have heard of an elixir to counteract the effects of time, but your receipt seems to work the other way—to make time rush forward at two hundred times his usual rate, in one place, while he jogs on at his usual gait elsewhere. Unfold your mystery magician. Seriously, Ken, how on earth did the thing happen?"

"I know no more about it than you do," was his reply. "Either you and I and all the rest of the living word are insane, or else there has been wrought a miracle as strange as any in tradition. How can I explain it? It is a common saying—a common experience, if you will—that we may, on certain trying or tremendous occasions, live years in a moment. But that's a mental experience, not a physical one, and one that applies, at all events, only to human beings, not to senseless things of wood and metal. You imagine the thing is some trick or jugglery. If it be, I don't know the secret of it. There's no chemical appliance that I ever heard of that will get a piece of solid wood into that condition in a few months, or a few years. And it wasn't done in a few years, or a few months either. A year ago to-day at this very hour that banjo was as sound as when it left the maker's hands, and twenty-four hours afterward—I'm telling you the simple truth—it was as you see it now."

The gravity and earnestness with which Ken made this astounding statement were evidently not assumed. He believed every word that he uttered. I knew not what to think. Of course my friend might be insane, though he betrayed none of the ordinary symptoms of mania; but, however that might be, there was the banjo, a witness whose silent testimony there was no gainsaying. The more I meditated on the matter the more inconceivable did it appear. Two hundred years—twenty-four hours; those were the terms of the proposed equation. Ken and the banjo both affirmed that the equation had been made; all worldly knowledge and experience affirmed it to be impossible. What was the explanation? What is time? What is life? I felt myself beginning to doubt the reality of all things. And so this was the mystery which my friend had been brooding over since his return from abroad. No wonder it had changed him. More to be wondered at was it that it had not changed him more.

"Can you tell me the whole story?" I demanded at length.

Ken quaffed another draught from his glass of tamarind-water and rubbed his hand through his thick brown beard. "I have never spoken to any one of it heretofore," he said, "and I have never meant to speak of it. But I'll try and give you some idea of what it was. You know me better than any one else; you'll understand the thing as far as it can ever be understood, and perhaps I may be relieved of some of the oppression it has caused me. For it is rather a ghastly memory to grapple with alone, I can tell you."

Hereupon, without further preface, Ken related the following tale. He was, I may observe in passing, a naturally fine narrator. There were deep, lingering tones in his voice, and he could strikingly enhance the comic or pathetic effect of a sentence by dwelling here and there upon some syllable. His features were equally susceptible of humorous and of solemn expressions, and his eyes were in form and hue wonderfully adapted to showing great varities of emotion. Their mournful aspect was extremely earnest and affecting; and when Ken was giving utterance to some mysterious passage of the tale they had a doubtful, melancholy, exploring look which appealed irresistibly to the imagination. But the interest of his story was too pressing to allow of noticing these incidental embellishments at the time, though they doubtless had their influence upon me all the same.

"I left New York on an Inman Line steamer, you remember," began Ken, "and landed at Havre. I went the usual round of sight-seeing on the Continent, and got round to London in July, at the height of the season. I had good introductions, and met any number of agreeable and famous people. Among others was a young lady, a country-woman of my own—you know whom I mean—who interested me very much, and before her family left London she and I were engaged. We parted there for the time, because she had the Continental trip yet to make, while I wanted to take the opportunity to visit the north of England and Ireland. I landed at Dublin about the first of October, and, zigzagging about the country, I found myself in County Cork about two weeks later.

"There is in that region some of the most lovely scenery that human eyes ever rested on, and it seems to be less known to tourists than many places of infinitely less picturesque value. A lonely region, too: during my rambles I met not a single stranger like myself, and few enough natives. It seems incredible that so beautiful a country should be so deserted. After walking a dozen Irish miles you come across a group of two or three one-roomed cottages, and, like as not, one or more of those will have the roof off and the walls in ruins. The few peasants whom one sees, however, are affable and hospitable, especially when they hear you are from that terrestrial heaven whither most of their friends and relatives have gone before them. They seem simple and primitive enough at first sight, and yet they are as strange and incomprehensible a race as any in the world. They are as superstitious, as credulous of marvels, fairies, magicians, and omens, as the men whom St. Patrick preached to, and at the same time they are shrewd, skeptical, insensible, and bottomless liars. Upon the whole, I met with no nation on my travels whose company I enjoyed so much, or who inspired me with so much kindliness, curiosity, and repugnance.

"At length I got to a place on the sea-coast, which I will not further specify than to say it was not many miles from Ballymacheen, on the south shore. I have seen Venice and Naples, I have driven along the Cornice road, I have spent a month at our own Mount Desert, and I say that all of them together are not so beautiful as this glowing, deep-hued, soft-gleaming, silvery-lighted, ancient harbor and town, with the tall hills crowding round it and the black cliffs and headlands planting their iron feet in the blue, transparent sea. It is a very old place, and has had a history which it has outlived ages since. It may once have had two or three thousand inhabitants; it has scarce five or six hundred to day. Half the houses are in ruins or have disappeared; many of the remainder are standing empty. All the people are poor, most of them abjectly so; they saunter about with bare feet and uncovered heads, the women in quaint black or dark blue cloaks, the men in such anomalous attire as only an Irishman knows how to get together, the children half naked. The only comfortable-looking people are the monks and the priests, and the soldiers in the fort. For there is a fort there, constructed on the huge ruins of one which may have done duty in the reign of Edward the Black Prince, or earlier, in whose mossy embrasures are mounted a couple of cannon, which occasionally sent a practice-shot or two at the cliffs on the outer side of the harbor. The garrison consists of a dozen men and three or four officers and non-commissioned officers. I suppose they are relieved occasionally, but those I saw seemed to have become component parts of their surroundings.

"I put up at a wonderful little old inn, the only one in the place, and took my meals in a dining-saloon fifteen feet by nine, with a portrait of George I. (a print varnished to preserve it) hanging over the mantel-piece. On the second evening after dinner a young gentleman came in—the dining-saloon being public property, of course—and ordered some bread and cheese and a bottle of Dublin stout. We presently fell into talk; he turned out to be an officer from the fort, Lieutenant O'Connor, and a fine-young specimen of the Irish soldier he was. After telling me all he knew about the town, the surrounding country, his friends, and himself, he intimated a readiness to sympathize with whatever tale I might choose to pour into his ear; and I had pleasure in trying to rival his own outspokenness. We became excellent friends; we had up a half-pint of Kinahan's whiskey, and the lieutenant expressed himself in terms of high praise of my countrymen, my country, and my own particular cigars. When it became time for him to depart I accompanied him—for there was a splendid moon abroad—and bade him farewell at the fort entrance, having promised to come over the next day and make the acquaintance of the other fellows. 'And mind your eye, now, going back, my dear boy,' he called out, as I turned my face homeward. 'Sure 'tis a spooky place, that grave-yard, and you'll as likely meet the black woman there as anywhere else!'

"The grave-yard was a forlorn 'and barren spot on the hill-side, just the hither side of the fort: thirty or forty rough head-stones, few of which retained any resemblance of the perpendicular, while many were so shattered and decayed as to seem nothing more than irregular natural projections from the ground. Who the black woman might be I knew not, and did not stay to inquire. I had never been subject to ghostly apprehensions, and as a matter of fact, though the path I had to follow was in places very bad going, not to mention a hap-hazard scramble over a ruined bridge that covered a deep-lying brook, I reached my inn without any adventure whatever.

"The next day I kept my appointment at the fort, and found no reason to regret it; and my friendly sentiments were abundantly reciprocated, thanks more especially, perhaps, to the success of my banjo, which I carried with me, and which was as novel as it was popular with those who listened to it. The chief personages in the social circle besides my friend the lieutenant were Major Molloy, who was in command, a racy and juicy old campaigner, with a face like a sunset, and the surgeon, Dr. Dudeen, a long, dry, humorous genius, with a wealth of anecdotical and traditional lore at his command that I have never seen surpassed. We had a jolly time of it, and it was the precursor of many more like it. The remains of October slipped away rapidly, and I was obliged to remember that I was a traveller in Europe, and not a resident in Ireland. The major, the surgeon, and the lieutenant all protested cordially against my proposed departure, but as there was no help for it, they arranged a farewell dinner to take place in the fort on All-halloween.

"I wish you could have been at that dinner with me! It was the essence of Irish good-fellowship. Dr. Dudeen was in great force; the major was better than the best of Lever's novels; the lieutenant was overflowing with hearty good-humor, merry chaff, and sentimental rhapsodies anent this or the other pretty girl of the neighborhood. For my part I made the banjo ring as it had never rung before, and the others joined in the chorus with a mellow strength of lungs such as you don't often hear outside of Ireland. Among the stories that Dr. Dudeen regaled us with was one about the Kern of Querin and his wife, Ethelind Fionguala (which being interpreted signifies 'the white-shouldered.' The lady, it appears, was originally betrothed to one O'Connor (here the lieutenant smacked his lips), but was stolen away on the wedding night by a party of vampires, who, it would seem, were at that period a prominent feature among the troubles of Ireland. But as they were bearing her along—she being unconscious—to that supper where she was not to eat but to be eaten, the young Kern of Querin, who happened to be out duck-shooting, met the party, and emptied his gun at it. The vampires fled, and the Kern carried the fair lady, still in a state of insensibility to his house. 'And by the same token, Mr. Keningale,' observed the doctor, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, 'ye're after passing that very house on your way here. The one with the dark archway underneath it, and the big mullioned window at the corner. ye recollect, hanging over the street, as I might say—'

"'Go 'long wid the house, Dr. Dudeen, dear,' interrupted the lieutenant; 'sure can't you see we're all dyin' to know what happened to sweet Miss Fionguala, God be good to her, when I was after getting her safe upstairs—'

"'Faith, then, I can tell ye that myself, Mr. O'Connor,' exclaimed the major, imparting a rotary motion to the remnants of whiskey in his tumbler. 'Tis a question to be solved on general principles, as Colonel O'Halloran said that time he was asked what he'd do if he'd been the Dook o' Wellington, and the Prussians hadn't come up in the nick o' time at Waterloo. 'Faith,' says the colonel, 'I'll tell ye—'

"'Arrah, then, major, why would ye be interruptin' the doctor, and Mr. Keningale there lettin' his glass stay empty till he hears—The Lord save us! the bottle's empty!'

"In the excitement consequent upon this discovery, the thread of the doctor's story was lost; and before it could be recovered the evening had advanced so far that I felt obliged to withdraw. It took some time to make my proposition heard and comprehended; and a still longer time to put it in execution; so that it was fully midnight before I found myself standing in the cool pure air outside the fort, with the farewells of my boon companions ringing in my ears.

"Considering that it had been rather a wet evening in-doors, I was in a remarkably good state of preservation, and I therefore ascribed it rather to the roughness of the road than to the smoothness of the liquor, when, after advancing a few rods, I stumbled and fell. As I picked myself up I fancied I heard a laugh, and supposed that the lieutenant, who had accompanied me to the gate, was making merry over my mishap; but on looking round I saw that the gate was closed and no one was visible. The laugh, moreover, had seemed to be close at hand, and even to be pitched in a key that was rather feminine than masculine. Of course I must have been deceived; nobody was near me: my imagination had played me a trick, or else there was more truth than poetry in the tradition than Halloween is the carnival-time of disembodied spirits. It did not occur to me at the time that a stumble is held by the superstitious Irish to be an evil omen, and had I remembered it it would only have been to laugh at it. At all events, I was physically none the worse for my tumble, and I resumed my way immediately.

"But the path was singularly difficult to find, or rather the path I was following did not seem to be the right one. I did not recognize it; I could have sworn (except I knew the contrary) that I had never seen it before. The moon had risen, though her light was as yet obscured by clouds, but neither my immediate surroundings nor the general aspect of the region appeared familiar. Dark, silent hill-sides mounted up on either hand, and the road, for the most part, plunged downward, as if to conduct me into the bowels of the earth. The place was alive with strange echoes, so that at times I seemed to be walking through the midst of muttering voices and mysterious whispers, and a wild, faint sound of laughter seemed ever and anon to reverberate among the passes of the hills. Currents of colder air sighing up through narrow defiles and dark crevices touched my face as with airy fingers. A certain feeling of anxiety and insecurity began to take possession of me, though there was no definable cause for it, unless that I might be belated in getting home. With the perverse instinct of those who are lost I hastened my steps, but was impelled now and then to glance back over my shoulder, with a sensation of being pursued. But no living creature was in sight. The moon, however, had now risen higher, and the clouds that were drifting slowly across the sky flung into the naked valley dusky shadows, which occasionally assumed shapes that looked like the vague semblance of gigantic human forms.

"How long I had been hurrying onward I know not, when, with a kind of suddenness, I found myself approaching a grave-yard.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

One of the Mexicans implicated in the murder of the four men at a dance near Gardner was overtaken by armed citizens. A rope was placed round his neck, the other end fastened to the saddle of a horse, who was then frightened into a run, dragging the culprit over rocks and stumps until dead. He stated that himself and companions were hired to commit the murder.

MR. CHEN'S COURT.

Characteristic Scenes in a Chinese Justice Shop.

Of the courts in Shanghai the most important place of all is the native hall of justice, where Chen sits in the potentiality of his glory to try Chinese prisoners. This hall is covered in by a sort of tiled canopy, the gable ends of which are turned up in approved Chinese style. On three sides it is shut in by walls; the fourth, or front side, opens into a large yard facing the doors of the prison cages. The seat of justice is vermilion—a sort of throne with a table in front. On this table rests simply an inkstand and a bronze imitation of a human hand, whereon repose the pens with which Mr. Chen signs his sentences. Behind the chair are ranged a large number of vermilion-painted boards or stands, the boards being covered with hieroglyphics detailing the virtues of the mandarin. That representative of law occasionally gives more than ordinary satisfaction to people who come before him. They go away pleased, and at once extol his goodness on a vermilion board, which they send to him. This board Mr. Chen at once puts in the rack behind his chair; it is a testimonial to his worth, it can be seen by all who come before him, and it can be carried out in his procession whenever he goes through the town in state. Said an American friend who accompanied me as he saw these: "These boards must be very consoling to disappointed suitors; they show that if justice is not around just now, it has been at some time or other, anyhow."

Our introduction to Mr. Chen found us in the presence of a little old man who could speak nothing but Chinese. Chen was polite, but firm on one point. He could not execute justice, he said, by daylight. Try prisoners he could, even in the early morn; somebody said he had once disposed of 300 culprits in a single morning. But the carrying out of his sentences was a very different thing, and if we would see

THE ARM OF JUSTICE REALLY AT WORK,

we must come a little later. So we returned when evening had set in and the candles were lighted. Then Mr. Chen felt he could begin. He almost apologized for the paucity of criminals when at last he prepared to take his seat. But he hinted that those he was about to deal with might well make up for many more, for they were parlous rogues and deserving of many stripes—which he proposed to give them. Then, making a signal, he led the way from his reception hall to the judgment seat, preceded by a gentleman with a tremendous gong, two gigantic fellows with high red cone caps, two men each armed with split bamboos, and some men bearing cangues—large square pieces of board with a neck-hole in the centre. Bang went the gong. "By!" cried out the lictors. "Ay!" shouted the people who were gathered in the hall; and thus went Mr. Chen to execute justice. I now saw that on a form near the prison doors sat a ragged and miserable crew, apparently wait ing for something more or less doleful. They alone of all persons in the yard shouted not. They had some shouting to do later on, and perhaps were reserving their powers. One, in fact, very shortly received good reason to shout. "Chang Huen," said the magistrate. "Chang Huen," echoed the lictors; and forthwith the wretched owner of the name was seized by the pigtail and hurried up to the vermilion table. Down he went on his knees, but all to no purpose. "One hundred blows," ejaculated Mr. Chen, looking at his judicial notes, and forthwith the culprit was seized by the two men with the conical caps, pulled a little way along the stones in front of the table to a point where the mandarin could get a good view of him, and then flung on his face, his arms being twisted over his head by one lictor, while he was divested of a portion of his clothing. Chang Huen evidently knew what was to follow, and he howled piteously. But howling did not save him, for so soon as the two lictors had got him into proper position and had knelt on him, one of the men with bamboos came up, and, squatting down on the ground, began to strike him on the inner part of the naked thighs, counting the blows as they fell. At first sight, despite Chang Huen's noise, I thought that the

PUNISHMENT WAS VERY LIGHT,

but I saw soon afterwards that the skin was already black, and that the first twenty-five strokes had left a band of color quite six inches broad. Executioner No. 2 now came up and laid on another twenty-five; then his comrade had another turn, and lastly he finished his fifty. It will perhaps be thought that the injury thus inflicted would be severe. But the skin was not broken, and I should say that the bruises would heal in a week or ten days at most. Garotters in England, flogged as they are on the bony back and shoulder blades, are apparently hurt much more, though I was told that the beating without breaking the skin was much more painful than it looked. Chang Huen, however, had very few to pity him; he was evidently either a very bad or impecunious man, for no sooner was the beating over than he was roughly seized once more by the pigtail and hauled along over the yard to the prison with great rapidity, he screeching loudly all the while.

Far more fortunate was a culprit who followed him, and who as he was thrown down by the lictors, put out two fingers in such a way that the executioners could see them plainly. "What does that mean?" I asked of the Magistrate's interpreter. "He mean he give two dollar if not spoilee too much with bamboo," was the instantaneous reply. "But surely," said I, "he cannot bribe in so open a way, under the nose of the mandarin?" "Yes," said the interpreter, "everybody know. More better man give two dollar." He was certainly speaking the truth; this gentleman, culprit No. 2, got off lightly. His bruises were very small, his pigtail was not pulled, he made plenty of noise, had gone at any rate through the semblance of a severe punishment, and he had lost two dollars, which to him was no doubt a painful event. Possibly the mandarin looked upon the momentary transaction in the light of a fine by which his underlings benefitted. And so the punishments went on.

Wedding Days.

There are favored days in the week for marriages, says an English paper, as well as favored months in the year. Saturday, Sunday and Monday are the most in esteem. Sunday in the rural districts, and Saturday in the towns. It appears, however, that Sunday weddings are generally less numerous than they were, while Saturday weddings are on the increase. Friday is deemed an unlucky day for marriages, as for most other undertakings. In the county of Gloucester there were but twenty Friday marriages in 1881 to two hundred and thirteen on Saturday, two hundred and eleven on Monday and two hundred and three on Sunday. In the city of Manchester much the same proportion holds good. The Friday weddings were but twenty-four, to two hundred and eighty-seven on Saturday, two hundred and twenty-one on Sunday, and one hundred and seventy-eight on Monday. In Scotland, on the other hand, Friday is the great day for marrying; nearly half the weddings for a given year are celebrated on that day. Sunday in Scotland is practically a *dies non* for matrimonial purposes, and the Saturday weddings are exceedingly few. The English prejudice against Friday marriages in general does not extend to Good Friday—at least in certain town districts—for whereas the average of Friday marriages in Manchester was, in 1881, but 218, on Good Friday there were celebrated as many as thirty-six. There are no figures, however, to show that this is a common state of things. The one day in the year on which more marriages are celebrated in Scotland than on any other is December 31, which is doubtless explained by the fact that New-Year's day is observed there as a general holiday. In England no one day is in the same position, but the favorite wedding days are Christmas Day, Easter Monday, Whitsun Monday, and the days preceding and following them, and then the August bank holiday.

The Population of Paris.

The analysis of the population of Paris just published gives very singular statistics as to the inhabitants of the gayest city in Europe. It seems, also, for its size, to be the most industrious. The proportion in which the working class exceed those who live on thir own incomes is the more remarkable, as Paris is the recognized centre of expenditure and extravagance for all France. There are no cities that hold to the capital the same relative position that Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham occupy relatively to London. More than half a million of Parisians are employed in commerce, trade and banking operations, while of the artisan class there are considerably more than a million and a quarter. The liberal profession seem to occupy but a small proportion of the population. All combined do not amount to 200,000, and in the sub-divisions the prominence is quite different to what it would be with us. The great majority are in the public service, which employs more than medicine, law and divinity all combined. But, after the public service, it is art which gives employment and livelihood to the greatest number of Parisians. Forty-two thousand get their income from this branch of industry. The doctors come after, but a long way after. Medicine in its branches supports 10,000, the branches, of course, including chemists and all compounders and venders of medicine. Then comes the law, with its 16,000 votaries, from judge to bailiff. Literature figures very low on the list, for, grouped with science and journalism, it gives employment to only 11,000 people, while all the clergy of all the persuasions amount to but half that number. On the whole, Paris would seem to be more industrious, more artistic, less literary and less religious than the ordinary visitor would suppose.

The Bear not in Winter Society.

Like the hedgehog, the bear depends entirely upon its accumulation of fat, and during the fall is in prime condition, when, in October or November it enters upon its winter home. One of these nests of the black bear, found by the writer several miles from Lake Utowana, in the Adirondacks, was beneath a huge tree, four or five of whose great roots branched out on each side. The earth had been removed on the south side, the interior lined with leaves, twigs and other refuse matter that would make a comfortable bed, and covered with snow in a dense jungle the animal had perfect security. Soon after the bear has retired the intestines shrink and become clogged or hardened with a substance known as tappan, in reality pine leaves and the bark of fir trees, that they eat immediately prior to entering upon the state of hibernation, that remains in position until spring, and so slow is the exhaustion of fat, that is now the food supply, that animals have been found five months after their involuntary entombment as fat as when they went in. During the sleep the skin upon the balls of their feet is renewed. The males of the polar bear do not hibernate, a fact proven by the late polar expedition of the yacht Eira.

KING CHULALONKORN.

The King of Siam a Humane and Intelligent Monarch.

A paragraph has been going the rounds of the press referring to the king of Siam, which is excepted to by D. B. Sickets, late United States representative at the Court of Siam. Mr. Sickets says: "I presume the paragraph in question was based upon some English publication, and it is well known in Siam that it is part of the British policy to misrepresent the king of that country and create the impression that the Siamese people are in a state of almost hopeless barbarism, from which they can never be rescued except by the annexation of the country to the British crown. The King of Siam, who is known as Chulalonkorn the First, or Somdetch Phra Paramindr Moha Chulalonkorn, is one of the most humane and intelligent monarchs in the far east. He celebrated his thirtieth birthday on the 21st of last September, and has reigned for fourteen years as the supreme ruler of the country. During his reign, which has been the most peaceful and prosperous one since the establishment of the empire, he has instituted numerous reforms in the Government, practically abolished slavery, inaugurated an official public school system, proclaimed religious liberty throughout his domains, established a new code of laws, and improved a judicial system. In all his tendencies he is decidedly progressive, and is greatly beloved by his people, whose welfare and advancement are his constant care. He often prepares important public documents with his own hand, as he did the despatch that was sent to Lord Salisbury a few years ago, in which he demanded the recall of the British consul-general, whose daughter married a Siamese nobleman of high rank in violation of the King's command. His Majesty is an accomplished scholar and linguist, and altogether one of the most intellectual Asiatics I have ever conversed with, and better educated than Li Hung Chang, or any of the Eastern rajahs."

Unsatisfactory Diet.

In times of want and famine in Ireland, sea-weed is used as food by the people who dwell along the coasts. In the best of times they consume a considerable amount of the choicest varieties for medicinal purposes. That which has the greatest popularity grows luxuriantly upon rocks that are submerged during high tide. The saving process is a very simple one. At low tide the wives and daughters of fishermen gather it in baskets and spread it in such a way that it will catch the sun. The effect of this treatment changes its greenish color to a dark purple, and it is then stored in bags. On the western coast the people call it *dilusk* and sell it to summer visitors. As an appetizer it is considered very effective. It is a common sight at the western watering-places to see the children munching it during the midday airings on rock and heath. But as the effect of this kind of sea-weed is to increase rather than allay hunger in those unaccustomed to its use, the natives of the coast line cannot be expected to derive much nourishment from it as a continuous diet. As a matter of fact, they do not. A woman in the County Clare a few years ago, through the desertion of her husband and her inability to walk to a village a few miles distant, was compelled to subsist wholly on sea-weed. She ultimately died of starvation, and the stomach was found to be almost full of sea-weed. The kind of sea-weed which is known in this country as Irish moss is capable of affording a much more agreeable and nutritious food than any other of the five hundred or more varieties. Scores of peasant women live by gathering it from the rocks in summer. They spread it upon the grassy slopes near the ocean until it whitens and hardens in the sun, and then pack and ship it. It is like Irish "mild-cure" bacon—too valuable for home consumption. Carrageen is still used by well-to-do Irish families for blanc-mange making. It is first steeped in cold water, then strained and the liquor boiled in milk. When poured into moulds, sweetened, and flavored with lemon or vanilla, it becomes as stiff as corn-starch, and far more palatable. Before its medicinal virtues were proclaimed to the world the peasants of the coast had it nearly all to themselves. During late years they have been content with an occasional meal.

The Nations Wealth.

The following table, compiled from Mulhall's Balance Sheet of the World, shows the estimated capital or wealth of a few of the principal nations of Europe in 1880:

Nations.	Total wealth.
Great Britain	$44,800,000,000
France	37,085,000,000
Germany	30,375,000,000
Russia	17,700,000,000
Austria	15,250,000,000
Italy	9,300,000,000
Spain	6,865,000,000
Holland	5,650,000,000

The next table gives the per capita, or rate of wealth for each inhabitant, less the per capita of the public debt:

Nations	Per capita of wealth.
Great Britain	$1,185
France	900
Germany	650
Russia	180
Austria	335
Italy	235
Spain	225
Holland	1,310

Salt if taken in small quantities facilitates digestion, but if too much be taken it acts injuriously. This is also true of vinegar.

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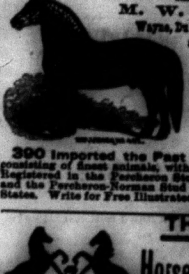

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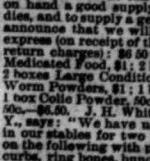

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382 Golden Stair.
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399 Carrie Lee.
400 One White River to Cross.
401 Moon is out to-night, Love.
402 Devil's In New Jersey.
403 Rambler from Clare.
404 Pretty Little Blue-Eyed
405 Faded Flowers. [Stranger.
406 Dark-Eyed Sailor.
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408 Cot in the Corner. [Gals.
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420 Don't Put the Poor Work.
421 Onuiskeen Lawn.
422 I had but Fifty Cents.
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424 Irish Molly O! [Folks.
425 Ring My Mother Wore.
426 Blackbird.
427 Little Cherry Blossom.
428 Old Farm Gate. [ride.
429 Whist! Whist! Whist!
430 Violet from Mother's
431 Nelly Ray. [Grave.
431 Maggie Darling Now Good.
432 Rise it, Reilly. [Bye.
433 Meeting of the Waters.
434 Wait for the Turn of the
435 Oh, Fred, Tell them to Stop
437 McDonald's Return to Glen-
438 Mancles so Green [coe.
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Madoc Opt.

North Hastings Review.

R. R. Casement & Co.
Glass, Putty,
Paints,
Varnishes of all kinds.
MADOC, ONT.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 342. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, November 15, 1883. POSTAGE PREPAID

Several Kinds of [Madoc] Girls.

A good girl to have—Sal Vation.
A disagreeable girl—Annie Mosity.
A fighting girl—Hittie Maginn.
Not a christian girl—Hettie Rodoxy.
A sweet girl—Carrie Mel.
A very pleasant girl—Jennie Rosity.
A "summer" girl—Hellen Blazes.
A sick girl—Sallie Vate.
A smooth girl—Amelia Ration.
A seed girl—Cora Ander.
One of the best girls—Kila Gant.
A clear case of a girl—E Lucy Date.
A geometrical girl—Rhoda Dendron.
A musical girl—Sarah Nade.
A profound girl—Metti Physics.
A star girl—Meta Orrice.
A clinging girl—Jesse Mine.
A nervous girl—Callie Sthenics.
A lively girl—Annie Mation.
An uncertain girl—Eva Nescent.
A sad girl—Ella G.
A serene girl—Mollie Fy.
A great big girl—Ella Phant.
A warlike girl—Millie Tarry.

Elsevir and Grimsthorpe Council.

Town Hall, Bridgewater, Oct. 29, '83.

Council met pursuant to adjournment.

Present—the Reeve and Messrs James and Breeze.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

Mr. Melroy then came in.

On motion R. W. Miller was appointed to audit the Collector's Rolls with A. Thompson, jr., in place of Dr. Johnson, deceased, and the Clerk was instructed to write the County Treasurer to request him to withdraw e w ½ 9 in 5th con., s ½ 10 in 7, 26 in 8, e ½ 22 in 9, e ½ 28, 29, 30, 31 and 32 in 11, from sale for taxes; it being claimed by Hon. B. Flint, for himself and the other owners, that the taxes have either been paid or they were entered on the non-resident rolls in error; and that half the taxes on w ½ lot 6 in 1st con. Elsevir, be remitted, being the taxes on that half of this lot now owned by Thomas Ward.

Mr. Genereaux was instructed to make a road across the marsh on lot 9 between 3rd and 4th con. and expend $30 on the same, and report to the Reeve. $25 was paid for repairs on Bogart Road. Mr. H. James was instructed to repair the culvert on concession line between 9 and 10, in front of Sherbenau's. M. Tummeny was granted $5 for 10 week's support, to November 4th. $5 was granted Judith McNamara for support.

The Road Surveyor presented his report stating that he had laid out a road on lot 10 in 4th and and lot 16 in 5th, till it intersects Mrs. Conet's marsh, and advertise the same.

A motion was passed that Joseph Sheltry be allowed to raise the sidewalk to a level with the west door of Robert's store, past his own door, making it slope gradually west of his house so as not to form a step, and that he be allowed one day off his statute labor in 1884 for doing the same, to the satisfaction of the pathmaster.

Council adjourned till ten o'clock on Mon-Monday the 17th December.

Commercial Traveller's Advice to Barbers.

Don't talk.
Refrain from colloquializing.
If you have anything to say, don't say it.
Do not talk.
Keep your mouth shut.
Do not indulge in conversation.
Say nothing.
Exercise measures of repression to the extent of suppression with relation to your colloquial predilections.
Stick a towel in your mouth.
Gag yourselves.
Stop your conversation before you begin.
Sew buttons on your lips.
The tongue is an unruly member. Stick a pin through it.
Cease your speech.
Do not converse.
Have nothing to say and say it.
Let somebody else do the talking.
Don't talk.
P.S.—Barbers will please hang this up in their shops and have it enforced.

Efforts are being made to secure the appointment of the Marquis of Lorne as Viceroy of Ireland.

The cholera epidemic at Alexandria is confined to Europeans, and is influenced by the weather.

The Canada Pacific railway officials at Ottawa have been requested to bring the new standard time into operation at noon on Sunday, the 11th inst.

Mr. Allison, Sir John's opponent, will again contest Lennox in the coming election. Mr. Pruyn, of Napanee, will be the Conservative candidate.

The Marine Department at Ottawa, having learned that three sailors had died in Quebec hospital, immediately sent orders to have their remains decently interred, as otherwise, under a local law, they would have been handed over for dissection.

The creditors of Morris Ranger, the failed Liverpool cotton king, will receive a very small dividend.

Mr. Munson, of Cobourg, has secured the Government contract for dredging at Belleville harbour. The job will amount to ten or fifteen thousand dollars.

DUBLIN, Nov. 9.—It is reported that influences are at work to make Lord Lorne Viceroy of Ireland.

—As J. DALE & SON get their Coal Oil by the car load they are prepared to give low rates by the barrel. 339

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—During every break of wintry weather exertions should be made by the afflicted to recover health before unremitting cold and trying storms set in. Throat ailments, coughs, wheezings, asthmatical affections, shortness of breath, morning nausea, and accumulations of phlegm can readily be removed by rubbing this fine derivative Ointment twice a day upon the chest and neck. Holloway's treatment is strongly recommended with the view of giving immediate ease, preventing prospective danger, and effecting permanent relief. These all-important ends his Ointment and Pills can accomplish, and will surely prevent insidious diseases from fastening on the constitution to display themselves afterwards in those disastrous forms that will probably embitter life till death itself is almost prayed for.

—A nice stock of Scotch Tweeds—our own direct importation. JOHN DALE & SON.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, and regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething" is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest & best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25c a bottle

—Six pounds of Tea Dust for $1.00 at JOHN DALE & SON'S.

Madoc Markets.

Flour, per bbl	$5 25	to $5 50
Wheat, per bushel	0 95	to 1 00
Rye, "	0 50	to 0 00
Oats, "	0 30	to 0 00
Barley, "	0 50	to 0 55
Peas, "	0 65	to 0 00
Potatoes, per bag	0 70	to 0 00
Eggs, per doz	0 15	to 0 00
Butter, per lb	0 20	to 0 00
Wool, per lb	0 00	to 0 20
Hides, per cwt	5 00	to 7 00
Hogs "	5 00	to 5 50

Belleville Markets.

Wheat, per bushel	$1 00	to $1 10
Barley, "	0 65	to 0 00
Rye, "	0 55	to 0 00
Oats, "	0 35	to 0 40
Peas, "	0 70	to 0 75
Potatoes, "	0 00	to 0 00
Potatoes, per bag	0 65	to 0 75
Butter, per lb	0 20	to 0 25
Eggs, per doz	0 17	to 0 20
Flour, per bbl	4 50	to 5 00
Sheepskins,	0 50	to 0 60
Hides, per cwt	5 00	to 7 00
Wool, per lb	0 18	to 0 20

Servant Girl Wanted.

FOR general housework in small family. Apply at THIS OFFICE.

ESTRAY.

STRAYED from the premises of the undersigned, lot 7, 7th con. Madoc, about the 1st of October, SIX SHEEP—five white and one black, each marked with a "W" in one ear and the other ear cut square. Any person giving such information as will lead to their recovery will be suitably rewarded.

LUTHER HARRIS.

Madoc, Oct. 30, 1883. 340-4w

St. Lawrence Canals.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

THE letting of the works at the upper entrance of the CORNWALL CANAL, and those at the upper entrance of the RAPIDE PLAT CANAL, advertised to take place on the 13th day of November next, are unavoidably postponed to the following dates:—

Tenders will be received until TUESDAY, the 4th day of DECEMBER next.

Plans, specifications, &c., will be ready for examination at the places previously mentioned, on and after Tuesday the 20th day of November.

For the works at the head of Galops Canal, tenders will be received until Tuesday the 18th day of December. Plans specifications, &c., can be seen at the places before mentioned on and after Tuesday the 4th day of Dec.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 25th Oct., 1883. 340d

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BERT'S L. OF L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Saturday in each month.
D. LUMMISS, JR., Sec'y, GlanmireP. O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O.
B. H. SWEET, W. M.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Elderado P. O.

ALDEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
S. C. RANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P.O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4
J. F. MORRILL, D.M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

MADOC LODGE

No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on

Monday Evening, Nov'r 19th,

At 8 o'clock.

LESTER O'HARA, Rec. Secretary

325 Acres. FONTHILL NURSERIES. 325 Acres.

The largest in the Dominion.

Salesmen Wanted

Steady employment, salary or liberal salaries to all willing to work. MEN AND WOMEN can have pleasant

Work the Year Round

Good Agents are earning from $40 to $75 per month and expenses. Terms and outfit free. Address

STONE & WELLINGTON,
Nurserymen, Toronto, Ont.

THERMOMETERS

Croquet, and

HAMMOCKS

—AT—

C. G. WILSON'S

DRUG STORE,

MADOC, - ONT.

BOWEN & ELLIS

REMOVED! REMOVED!

—TO—

DALE'S BLOCK,

in the premises lately occupied by Peter Sinclair,

where will be found a larger and better assortment of

Groceries.
Crockery,
Glassware,
&c., &c.,

than we have heretofore shown in Madoc.

FARM PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.

Call and see for yourselves.

BOWEN & ELLIS.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,

O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK!

MADOC.

Banking House!

—OF—

E. D. O'FLYNN,

"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc August 6th, 1879.

1883

NORTH HASTINGS WAREHOUSE.

I AM prepared to purchase all kinds of grain delivered at the North Hastings Warehouse, and for which the highest prices will be paid.

Mr. Alex. Miller is again engaged as warehouseman.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, Aug. 14, 1883. 281.

Just Received

RUBBERS,
OVER-SHOES,
SHOEPACKS,
MOCCASSINS,
—ALSO—
FELT BOOTS,
and RUBBER BOOTS,
—AT—

THOS. ROBERTS'

BOOT and SHOE STORE.

Madoc, Oct. 15, 1883. 332.

FRESH OYSTERS

NOW ARRIVING.

Prices will decline as the season advances.

We are also receiving Fresh New Green and Dried Foreign Fruits, such as

FIGS, DATES, ALMERIA GRAPES,
LEMONS, TARRAGONA
ALMONDS, ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.

We have a nice assortment of

CANNED GOODS

suitable to our trade.

Also a fresh consignment of

Crawford's Pure Package Teas,

which are giving such good satisfaction to our customers.

Luncheons as usual.

Madoc, Oct. 17, 1883. S. A. DAVIS.

Gray & McGregor,

GENERAL

GROCERS,

—AND—

LIQUOR

MERCHANTS,

Madoc, - Ont.

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Conveyancer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT,

GRADUATE of the University of Toronto, Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon, &c. Office—Queensboro, Ont.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,

BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.

A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

NORTHRUP & DENMARK,

BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.

GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

DENTIST.

JOHN McCULLOCH, L. D. S., Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, of Ontario, office in Dale's Block, Durham St., Madoc. Office hours from 8 to 5 o'clock.

FARMERS!

I LOAN at 6, 6½, and 7 per cent. Change your mortgages. Straight loan, no commission.

J. J. B. FLINT, Belleville. 341

W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, &c., Madoc, Ont. OFFICE—O'Flynn Block.

A. F. WOOD,

Land, Loan, & Commission Agency

OFFICE—Second Door South from asonic Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

Madoc, Jan. 27th, 1879. 96

M. W. SINE, V. S.,

(Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College, Registered member of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association.)

Treats all diseases of the Domestic Animals. All calls by mail or telegram promptly attended to.

OFFICE—REVIEW BLOCK, - Madoc, Ont.

G. W. WALKER, L. D. S.

DENTAL SURGEON.

OFFICE—Front Street, Belleville, directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel, next door to the Bank of Commerce.

IF you want artificial teeth to suit you, or filling that will save the natural teeth, go to Dr. Walker's Dental Rooms, Belleville. Send a note or postal card a week if possible before going, then you will be waited on as soon as the office is reached. Thanks for liberal patronage in the past, and don't forget where to go in the future.

Belleville, Nov. 27, 1882. 293

Mining Lands.

SALE of Mining Lands effected. Mineral Properties and Ores reported on.

JOHN STEWART,
Mining Engineer, Madoc, Ont.

March, 31, 1883. 311.

MONEY TO LOAN.

THE undersigned has on hand a large amount of private money to loan on first class real estate, at low interest. Can be repaid by instalments or in one payment, to suit the borrower. Loans granted from $100 up to $4,000. Apply to

W. H. HASTINGS,
O'Flynn Block, Madoc.

Sept. 25, 1883. 335-tf

W. C. REID,

—DEALER IN—

Fruit & Ornamental Trees, Vines, Flowers, &c., &c.

CENTERVILLE, - ONTARIO.

WISHES to inform his customers and the public generally that he will call on them personally in this vicinity, and is prepared to furnish stock at reduced rates on account of having his stock secured before the advance in prices, and is offering a few new and well tested varieties which he can recommend where hardiness is required.

Madoc, Sept. 25th, 1883. 295

PONY

Flouring Mills,

MADOC.

THE undersigned having repaired the above mills, is prepared to do Gristing of all kinds on shortest possible notice, also to fill all orders for

Flour and Feed

of every description at the lowest possible prices.

Flour and Feed delivered to all parts of the village free of charge.

S. ROLLINS.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

Wisdom in the Well.

There was an old man in Birtleby-town,
Who chose to live down in a well;
But why he lived there, in Birtleby-town,
Was never a man could tell.

And the reason we had never know to this day,
Had not the old gentleman told:
He said he was cool when the weather was hot,
And warm when the weather was cold.

A bucket he had to draw himself up,
A bucket to let himself down;
So, perhaps, he was either the silliest man,
Or the wisest, in Birtleby-town.

—Phil o' Gelee, in St. Nicholas for November.

A Thanksgiving Dinner That Flew Away.

"Aunt, what makes you keep that gander, year after year?" said I, one evening, as we were sitting on the lawn before the door. "Is it because he is a kind of a watch-dog, and keeps troublesome people away?"

"No, child, no; I do not wish to keep most people away, not well-behaved people, nor to distress nor annoy any one. The fact is, there is a story about that gander that I do not like to speak of to every one—something that makes me feel tender toward him; so that if he needs a whipping, I would rather do it. He knows something that no one else knows. You have heard me speak of Nathaniel, my oldest boy?"

"Yes."

"That is his picture in my room, you know. I loved Nathaniel—you cannot think how much I loved Nathaniel. It was on my account that he went away.

"The farm did not produce enough for us all. One year—that was ten years ago—we were sued for our taxes.

"'Nathaniel,' said I, 'I will take boarders.'

"Then he looked up to me and said (Oh, how noble and handsome he appeared to me!):

"'Mother, I will go to sea.'

"'Where?' asked I, in surprise.

"'In a coaster.'

"'You and John can manage the place,' he continued. 'One of the vessels sails next week—Uncle Aaron's; he offers to take me.'

"It seemed best, and he made preparations to go.

"The spring before, Skipper Ben—you have met Skipper Ben—had given me some goose eggs; he had brought them from Canada, and said they were wild-goose eggs.

"I set them under hens. In four weeks I had three goslings and one of those goslings is that gander.

"Skipper Ben came over to see me, the day before Nathaniel was to sail. Aaron came with him.

"I said to Aaron:

"'What can I give to Nathaniel to carry to sea with him to make him think of home? Cake, preserves, apples? I have't got much; I have done all I can for him, poor boy.'

"Brother looked at me curiously, and said:

"'Give him one of those wild geese, and we will fatten it on shipboard and will have it for Thanksgiving dinner.'

"What brother Aaron said pleased me. The young gander was a noble bird, the handsomest of the lot; and I resolved to keep the geese to kill for my own use and to give *him* to Nathaniel.

"The next morning—it was late in September—I took leave of Nathaniel. I tried to be calm and cheerful and hopeful. I watched him as he went down the walk with the gander struggling under his arms. A stranger would have laughed, but I did not feel like laughing; although the boys who went coasting were usually gone but a few months and came home hardy and happy.

"I saw him go over the hill. On the top he stopped and held up the gander. He disappeared; yes, my own Nathaniel disappeared. I think of him now as one who disappeared.

"November came—it was a terrible month on the coast that year. Storm followed storm; the sea-faring people talked constantly of wrecks and losses. I could not sleep on the nights of those high winds. I used to lie awake thinking all over the happy hours I had lived with Nathaniel.

"Thanksgiving week came.

"It was full of an Indian-summer brightness after the long storms. The nights were frosty, bright, and calm.

"I could sleep on those nights.

"One morning, I thought I heard a strange sound in the woodland pasture. It was like a wild goose. I listened; it was repeated. I was lying in bed. I started up—I thought I had been dreaming.

"On the night before Thanksgiving I went to bed early, being very tired. The moon was full; the air was calm and still. I was thinking of Nathaniel, and I wondered if he would indeed have the gander for his Thanksgiving dinner; if it would be cooked as well as I would have cooked it, and if he would think of me that day.

"I was going to sleep, when suddenly I heard a sound that made me start up and hold my breath.

"'*Honk!*'

"I thought it was a dream followed by a nervous shock.

"'*Honk! Honk!*'

"There it was again, in the yard. I was surely awake and in my senses.

"I heard the geese cackle.

"'*Honk! honk! honk!*'

"I got out of bed and lifted the curtain. It was almost as light as day. Instead of two geese there were three. Had one of the neighbor's geese stolen away?

"I should have thought so, and should not have felt disturbed, but for the reason that none of the neighbors' geese had that peculiar call—that horn like tone that I had noticed in mine.

"I went out of the door.

"The *third* goose looked like the very gander I had given Nathaniel. Could it be?

"I did not sleep. I rose early and went to the crib for some corn.

"It was a gander—a 'wild' gander—that had come in the night. He seemed to know me.

"I trembled all over as though I had seen a ghost. I was so faint that I sat down on the meal-chest.

"As I was in that place, a bill pecked against the door. The door opened. The strange gander came hobbling over the cribstone and went to the corn-bin. He stopped there, looked at me, and gave a sort of glad "honk," as though he knew me and was glad to see me.

"I was certain that he was the gander I had raised, and that Nathaniel had lifted into the air when he gave me his last recognition from the top of the hill.

"It overcame me. It was Thanksgiving. The church bell would soon be ringing as on Sunday. And here was Nathaniel's Thanksgiving dinner; and Brother Aaron's—had it flown away? Where was the vessel?

"Years have passed—ten. You know I waited and waited for my boy to come back. December grew dark with its rainy seas; the snow fell; May lighted up the hills, but the vessel never came back. Nathaniel—my Nathaniel—never returned.

"That gander knows something he could tell me if he could talk. Birds have memories. *He* remembered the corn-crib—he remembered something else. I wish he *could* talk, poor bird! I wish he could talk. I will never sell him, nor kill him, nor have him abused. *He knows!*"—*Hezekiah Butterworth, in November St. Nicholas.*

How a Mouse Built a House.

A few years ago a rich man built a great schoolhouse for girls. He built it only for girls, so their brothers had to stay at home, or go to one of the great schools for boys. But the mice did not care whether they were invited or not, and came in families to the warm, cozy rooms that were built expressly for the girls. They even disputed the ownership with the rightful occupants; and one young lady spent the first night there in deciding which should stay in the room, she or the mice.

One mouse was in need of a house. She was very preserving and smart, and had a good deal of taste, too, and she could not be satisfied with a house made of common materials. She watched her chance when the young lady was away reciting her lessons, and crept carefully into her room, and up to her closet shelf; and there she found what was better for her than a whole forest of blackwalnut, or a quarry of marble. It was the school girl's Sunday hat—a very palace for Mrs. Mouse. It was winter time, and the velvet hat had a lining of soft silk, and trimmings of beautiful soft feathers. You can imagine the joy with which mother saw this wealth of delicate building stuffs. She went quietly to work to literally turn the hat outside in, for with her little white teeth she bit off pieces of feather and bits of velvet, until her house was entirely plain without, but lined and relined within with these tempting furnishings. Like your mother, little child, she was not working for her own comfort, but when her beautiful house was done she tucked into it her six dear little mice, and hoped to bring them up safely in the luxury of feathers and velvets.

When next Sunday came, the young lady went to her wardrobe for her hat, and found, instead, the house that mother mouse had built.—*Youth's Helper.*

Lazy People.

Lazy people are more to be pitied than condemned. I take it that laziness is a disease, an incurable disease, I may say, and the person cursed with it might as well put himself down on the invalid list with a come-to-stay resignation. A constitutionally lazy man is worse than a periodical drunkard, for the latter is at times a useful citizen, while the former never is. He may hold a position, but he does it through charity or influence, but never by ability, and all his surroundings, from his clothes to his desk, or his store, are disagreeable evidences of his weakness. A lazy woman is even worse than a lazy man, for, somehow or other, she is expected to be neat and clean and industrious under all circumstances. A lazy woman's home can be told at a glance by any person on the street. The door-yard is weedy, the fence is dingy and broken down, the windows are dirty, and on the inside—well, the Lord needs a full supply of pity to meet the demand necessary for the husband of such a woman. I have been in their house, slept in their beds, eaten at their tables, and am still alive, thanks to a good constitution. By a wise provision of natural selection, a lazy man seldom marries a lazy woman and *vice versa*. If it were not for this, there is no telling what the result would be in some cases.

Disappearance of a Lake.

Red Fish Lake above Sawtooth City on the summit of the Sawtooth range of mountains, in the Wood River region, Idaho, has dropped through the bottom. The lake had an area of several miles, and was many fathoms in depth. It was on the summit of one of the peaks of the range, some 11,000 feet elevation above the sea, and surrounded by heavy timber, which rendered it a delightful place of resort in summer for camping, fishing, and boating parties. The lake has been there since the white man has known the country, but lately—the day of the occurrence is not known—the bottom fell out. The country formation is granite and limestone, and an immense fissure has opened, whether caused by separation or settling of the earth's surface or from volcanic action is not known. At present the bed of the lake is dry, and presents the appearance of a deep gorge or valley on the summit of the mountains. This lake has always contained millions of red fish, and been a favorite resort for bear, deer, and other game. Where the fish went to is as much a mystery as where the water went.—*Hailey Times.*

Memory.

A man's memory is like his stomach. To do its best work it must have good treatment. It must neither be neglected nor overloaded. It can easily be so abused by neglect, or by irregular and unsystematic employment, as to become chiefly a cause of annoyance and discomfort; or, again, it can be so overworked and heavily taxed that it becomes practically the chief organ or agent of the entire system, every other portion dwindling in comparison. The latter course is the great danger of those who value the help of a tenacious memory.

Both memory and stomach are valuable, not in proportion to the burdens they can carry, but in proportion to their training for their part in the work of the system as a whole; and either of them is made effective as much by what is kept from it as by what is packed into it.

Why is a leaky tub like a poor rule? Because it doesn't hold good.

FARMER'S CORNER.

Polled Cattle.

There was a fine exhibition of Polled Angus cattle at the show of the New York State Society this year at Rochester. In previous years, the Red Polled Norfolks and Suffolks have been exhibited. The former are essentially a beef-breed, while the latter combines milk and flesh. Within a few years past, the Angus, which are a black, Scottish breed, occasionally marked with white, have been introduced upon the plains with most excellent results. As we have before stated, the grade animals are almost uniformly hornless, and of a tractability and docility which surprises the cow-boys. A few lots of steers, which have come to market, delight the drovers and butchers by keeping up in weight. They are less nervous, less given to bullying, and can hardly do one another any harm if they wish to. The shrinkage of beef is due largely to the horns, which are uncomfortable to the wearers in crowded cars, dangerous to drivers, and to the other animals carried. It is bad enough for fat steers to be so crowded and jammed for a journey across the Continent in narrow cars, but if they are not crowded, so they can hardly move, they would soon use their liberty to punish their neighbors for being in their way. The Polled cattle pack closely, travel quietly, and shrink but little.

Bee Notes for November.

If the bees are to remain on their summer stands, either in chaff hives or in packing, they need but little attention this month, or until next April. Do not let the entrance become closed with ice or snow. If the swarms are to be wintered in the cellar or bee-house, they should be carried in early this month, before severe weather comes. The bees should be disturbed as little as possible while they are carried in-doors. Leave the entrance of the cellar open, and the covers off the hives. We prefer to place a piece of carpet or other heavy material over the hives, that will retain heat, but allow the free passage of moisture. Once in a dark and well-ventilated cellar that maintains a uniform temperature of from thirty-eight to forty-eight degrees Fahrenheit, the bees will need no further care until April. If they remain quiet in the cellar, we may know that all is right: but if they become restless and loud buzzing is heard, and the hives are soiled about the entrance, they should be allowed a flight the first warm, pleasant day. It is better to arrange the cellar for sub-earth ventilation and avoid removing the bees to the open air for a flight. If they are carried out, they should be returned at night-fall, where they will remain quiet for the winter.

HONEY—MARKETING.

The autumn is a leisure time in the apiary, and affords an opportunity to look after the honey. In October and November the extracted honey should be placed in kegs, bottles, cans or pails, ready for market. The tin pails now used and sold with the honey are cheap and satisfactory. By use of these vessels and elegant labels, now in the market, it is easy to sell all the extracted honey that is made. The label should give the kind of honey, and tell how to reliquify it when candied. It is well to state that granulation is the best test of purity, and causes no damage if the honey is not overheated in reliquifying it. The name of the apiarist should not be omitted from the label—if he is not in bad repute.

In selling comb honey the sections should be cleaned of all propolis, or bee glue, and if the market will warrant it, each section should be glassed.

STIMULATING THE HOME MARKET.

Bee-keepers are often unwise in not working up their home markets. Very few groceries have honey to sell for any considerable part of the year, and when they do have it, it is rarely arranged in an attractive manner or in a conspicuous place. If all grocers exhibited honey in a neat case, which would keep flies and fingers out, we should find that, overstocking the market, is well-nigh impossible.

Weeding out and Sheltering Stock.

To the stockman the idea of weeding out stock is nothing new, since he makes an annual practice of doing it. The successful stock-grower is aware that it pays to weed out the poor and worthless stock and give that which remains improved feed and better care. He does not sell the best; he keeps that to breed from, or to sell at the season of the year when it commands the highest market price. The winter feeding of scrub stock rarely pays.

Another important matter is shelter. Sheds should be built at once, so that the stock can have their "Thanksgiving" as well as we, who take good care to shelter ourselves from the sleet and rain storms so common in this latitude. A timber range is not shelter enough. Whoever depends upon leafless trees for shelter for his stock will lose fully one year's growth out of three. His cattle will be no larger at three years old than those of his more humane neighbors at two. Temporary sheds answer a good purpose. They can be built on the south side of a high plank fence and covered with rough planks, straw, coarse grass, corn stalks, or any other material that will turn off or shed the rain. Open sheds that are of a temporary character should be much larger than permenent, well-built ones. In the latter, cattle can be tied to stanchions, and thus be packed closer than they would arrange themselves in an open shed.

He Looked Honest.

The black man has a growing confidence in the general integrity of his white brother, which it is pleasant to contemplate. This is well illustrated by an incident which took place in Tennessee the other day.

A gentleman went into a little store, and remarking that he wanted ten cents' worth of tobacco, handed the colored proprietor a twenty-dollar gold piece.

"Ain't yer got nothin' smaller den dis?"

"Nothing smaller."

"All right, boss," throwing the twenty dollars into the drawer; "I'll let yer take de terbacker, bein's as yer look sorter hones' an' yer kin drap in some time when yer's passin' an' can git yoer nineteen dollars an' ninety cents."

The annual yield of the mussel-fishery on all the French coasts is said to be 1,750,000 bushels.

"WITH GRATEFUL FEELINGS."

Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—Your "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Purgative Pellets" have cured my daughter of Scrofulous Swellings and Open Sores about the Neck: and your "Favorite Prescription" has accomplished wonders in restoring to health my wife who had been bedfast for eight months from Female Weakness. I am, with grateful feelings, Yours truly,

T. H. LONG, Galveston, Texas.

The horse prefers to dine at the table d'oat.

"Golden Medical Discovery" is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Sores of all kinds, Skin and Blood Diseases, its effects are marvelous. Thousands of Testimonials from all parts. Send stamp for pamphlet on Skin Diseases. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y.

A man breathes about thirteen times a minute, and uses three thousand cubic feet of air per hour.

"FAIR GIRL GRADUATES,"

whose sedentary lives increase those troubles peculiar to women, should use Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which is an unfailing remedy. Sold by druggists.

One of the most historic buildings in Paris has disappeared forever. The last stone of the Tuileries has now been removed.

If you have a faded cloak or mantle make it new by using a package of the Triangle Dyes. All the popular colors. Always certain. 10c.

The man with the single English eye-glass looks as if he had a pain in his eye. And therefore presents a singular spectacle.

Importations of Percheron-Norman Horses.—More than 500 stallions are now annually being imported from France to the United States. The immense wealth they are adding to the nation will be better understood from the estimate that the first cross of a Percheron stallion with a native mare doubles the selling value of the colt when mature. The greatest importer of this breed is M. W. Dunham, of Wayne, Ill., who has imported this year 390; the next largest importers are the Dillons, of Normal, Ill., who have imported 33 this year.

How much more we might make of our family life and our friendships if every secret thought of love blossomed into a deed.

The use of Pills, Salts, Castor Oil, &c. and other nauseous, griping Cathartics is unnecessary, as a pleasant substitute is found in Dr. Carson's Bitters, which act as a Cathartic without griping or causing nausea. All druggists sell it. 50 cents a bottle.

Europeans, it appears, are never thoroughly acclimatised in Cochin China, and most white children born there die shortly after birth.

Catarrh—A New Treatment whereby Permanent Cure is effected in from one to three applications. Particulars and testies free on receipt of stamp. A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King-st. West, Toronto, Canada

From MR. WILLIAM MAGRATH.

Erindale, Credit P. O., Jan. 8th, 1883.

My Dear Sutherland: Some two months since I became so afflicted with Rheumatism of the neck and right shoulder as to render my right arm nearly powerless. I determined to try your "Rheumatine" and the result is that I am now *free from pain*, and enjoy the *full use of my arm*. My general health is also much improved by the use of the medicine. The first two bottles *relieved me*—the third bottle *freed me from all pain*

Wm. Magrath

J. N. Sutherland, St. Catharines.

If a man is very ill and needs immediate attention, what kind of a physician do people send for?—Why, a nigh an i near doctor, of course!

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage, Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot. 450 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

A.P. 150

AGENTS,

You can easily earn $100 to $150 a month in any locality. No capital required. Enclose stamp for reply. Address E. A. SPARLING, Toronto, Ont.

Roofing.—Cheap, durable, fire proof, easily put on composed of 3 pl Felt cemented together for Flat or steep roofs H. Williams, Manufacturer and dealer in Felt roofing materials, 4 Adelaide Street East Toronto.

Artificial Limbs of prepared leather. Durable, Light, Elastic, and Cheap. First prize at Provincial Exhibition, London. Testimonials on application. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address. J. Doan & Son, Drayton, Ont.

195 acres—48 cleared; 40 for hay; clay loam; no stone or rock; nearly level; well watered; large frame barn, with granary, log stable, and foreman's house, all nearly new; immediate possession; $2,300 cash; also 212 acres, 175 cleared, 15 pasture; clay and black loam; situated on Mary Lake, Stephenson township, large new two-story frame house, 24 x 28 and 16 x 16; stone cellar 24 x 28; pantry, w.c., store-room, and woodshed; new frame stable, with loft, price of 407 acres, $5,000 cash, these prices if sold at once. Capt. Openshaw, Port Sydney, Muskoka.

An Enterprising Firm.

Among the many enterprising business men of Montreal few are more enterprising in their own way than the well-known firm of James Lee & Co., of 517 Lagauchetiere St., whose advertisement appears elsewhere. Their stock embraces a very large range of goods of all kinds, and the figure at which they are sold are something astonishing. A printing office for $1.25, such as will enable many a school boy to turn an honest penny by printing his friends' cards for them. A barometer and thermometer combined, for $1, which will be found invaluable to farmers and others; spy-glasses at the same price, which will be found just the thing for tourists and travellers generally. The Family Record, for 25 cents, will recommend itself to all families as a useful and ornamental adjunct to the home pictures. The Harpette, a new musical instrument, which is becoming very popular indeed, from the ease with which it can be learned, $1.50 to $2 50 according to size; these are among the latest offers of the firm. Then there are any number of songs—good songs, which have long since become popular—to be had at a cent each; while the "Gold Watch Stationery Package" is an attractive feature in the business, for the particulars of which we refer our readers to the advertisement. The firm is a thoroughly reliable one, and all their offers are bona fide, while the articles offered are in every case first class, and can be depended on to fill the bill in every particular.

Of all the actions of a man's life, his marriage least concerns other people; yet, of all actions of his life, it is most meddled with by other people.

Mrs. J. McPhee, Appin, writes:—During the last eight years I have used almost every medicine recommended for Biliousness, but found nothing equal to Carson's Bitters. If you suffer try it. Price 50 cents.

The Mutual Marriage Endowment Association of Ontario. Head Office London, Ont. Issues certificates from $250 to $3,000 payable upon marriage. A good investment for young people of either sex. Send for particulars. W. L. IMLACH, Secretary, Albion Block, London.

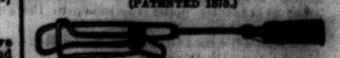
Do not allow your children to grow up deformed or crippled, but call and examine our appliances for the treatment of Club Feet, and Diseases of the Spine, Hip, Knee and Ankle. Remember the world is progressing, and more can be done to-day than at any former period. We also manufacture Artificial Limbs, Trusses, and appliances for the relief and cure of all kinds of deformities. Will show at Toronto, Guelph and London Exhibitions. AUTHORS & COX, 21 Church St., Toronto.

Wanted—Steady employment and good pay given to every lady owning a sewing machine. Material sent and returned by mail. Send one dollar with your application as a guarantee that the material we furnish will be returned when finished. FINDLAY & CO. Manufacturers, Detroit, Mich.

Beaver S. S. Line.
WEEKLY BETWEEN
QUEBEC, MONTREAL, AND LIVERPOOL
CALLING AT
QUEENSTOWN AND BELFAST.
For lowest rates and all particulars apply to
Sam, Osborne & Co., 40 Yonge street, Toronto.

The Lily
is a perfect form, equal to an imported French Corset; fits like a glove to the figure; very stylish, elegant in appearance, and approved of by the most fastidious. Manufactured only by
The Crompton Corset Co.
78 York Street, Toronto.

Wells' Window Shade Clasp
(Patented 1878.)



Used for holding Window Blind Shades without rollers, pins, or cords. Saves blinds, money and patience. Looks orderly and neat. Is durable and Cheap. Retailed by all dealers everywhere. Trade supplied wholesale by the manufacturers. The Toronto Industrial Works Co., 66 Church street, Toronto.

Tinsmiths' Goods.

Tin Plate—Different Brands and Sizes.
Tinned Sheets— do do
Canada Plate—Pen and other Brands.
Ingot Tin—Lamb and Flag and Straits.
Galvanized Iron—"Davies," "Avon," &c:
And Stamped Goods, Cheap.
For Sale by Copland & McLaren, Montreal.

Dominion Line of Steamships.

Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday during the summer months, and from Portland every alternate Thursday during the winter months. Sailing dates from Quebec:—

"Sarnia,	Oct. 20	"Oregon,	Nov. 10
Montreal,	" 27	Dominion,	" 17
Ontario,	Nov. 3	" Toronto,	" 24

Rates of passage: Cabin, Quebec to Liverpool $60, $70, $80, $90; return, $90, $105, $117, $135, according to steamer and berth selected. Intermediate, $40. Steerage, $24. The saloons and staterooms in steamers marked thus: * are amidships, where but little motion is felt, and no cattle or sheep are carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent, or local agent of the Company, or to
DAVID TORRANCE & Co.,
General Agents, Montreal.

Rheumatine

An Internal Remedy and a SURE CURE for all kinds of

Rheumatic Complaints!

If you are suffering from

Kidney Complaints

NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

FIVE MINUTES SELECT READING.

Summary of the Most Important Items of the Week.

Since the outbreak of trichinosis at Ermelabon over 400 persons have been attacked by the disease of whom eighteen have died.

A Glasgow despatch says the ringleader of the Orange riots at Castbridge last summer has been sentenced to two years, and another active participator to nine months.

It is reported that the Orleans Princes have sounded Germany with reference to their asserting their claims to the French throne. Bismarck gave them no hope.

A Berlin despatch says:—It is asserted that Bismarck and Kalnoky favour the re-establishment of the Kingdom of Poland.

An Alexandria despatch says the re-appearance of cholera has revived the panic. Passengers on European vessels have returned without landing. The best authorities say the epidemic will not last long.

Great disorders have occurred in the penal colonies in Siberia owing to official corruption. A large number of exiles attempted to escape, but were re-captured, except those who fled from the island of Saghalien.

A Rome despatch states it is asserted on good authority that the Pope does not oppose the erection of the statue of Victor Emanuel in the Pantheon. Victor Emanuel died within the pale of the Church.

A quantity of dynamite was maliciously exploded in the office of the chief of police at Frankfort-on-the Main recently. The building was badly damaged. There were many officials in it, but none were injured.

Unknown parties fired a volley into a circus tent during a performance at Kingsland, Ark. C. De Cillenburg, a contortionist, was killed, and bullets passed through all sections of the audience. The miscreants escaped.

A war with France and China would so seriously imperil British interests that it is feared England will intervene. France will not provoke a rupture with China, but negotiations will not be closed until the French are firmly seated in Tonquin.

The correspondent of Reuter's Telegram Company has received information from authentic sources that the Black Flags occupy Sontay, and the Chinese possess Bac Ninh. If therefore the French attack the latter place, war with China will be inevitable.

A Bombay despatch says:—Muscat is being besieged by the brother of the present ruler. The British gunboat Philomel is shelling the camp of the besiegers. The siege has already lasted four days. All British subjects have left town and gone on board the Philomel.

Two very destructive cyclones occured at Paris, Ky., recently. The first demolished a house, killing four negroes. The second caused destruction of property, but no loss of life. In Paris a great number of buildings were damaged, also throughout the path of the cyclone in the country.

A Cairo despatch says:—Hicks Pasha, after two battles, entered El Obeid, which he found abandoned, many of the False Prophet's men killed, and his forces broken up. The Prophet's fate is unknown. Communications between Khartoum and the Egyptian army are now completely cut off.

London has had a startling sensation. Two explosions took place almost simultaneously. Two tunnels of underground railway fell in. In one many people were injured. In the other great damage was caused. The wildest rumors are afloat. The English papers do not hesitate to attribute the explosion to Fenians.

It is believed in diplomatic circles that the German Government shows so much annoyance at the massing of Cossacks on the frontier that it will make an official demand for an explanation from St. Petersburg, asking directly the meaning of what seems to have been a preconcerted movement.

A gentleman was attacked recently by a lunatic in the compartment of a car on a London suburban railway, and beaten until insensible. The only other occupant was a lady, who was unable to help the gentleman. When the train arrived at the station she gave the alarm, and the lunatic was secured.

The Dublin *Freeman's Journal* declares that the Government circular just issued proposes the wholesale shipment of Irish people to Canada. Every facility is to be offered boards of guardians and clerks of unions to promote emigration. No workhouse paupers will be sent. Large contracts have been made with shipping companies for the conveyance of emigrants. The Canadian Government is a party to the scheme, against which the *Freeman's Journal* warns all Irishmen.

A cyclone passed over Cathoula and Texas parishes, Waterproof, La., recently. Eight houses on one plantation were blown down and four negroes wounded on another. One house was lifted and carried half a mile into the woods. The negro church was turned half around. Houses and cabins on several other plantations are reported demolished. Many negroes were injured. Mrs. Bowman's house in Catahoula parish was blown down. She escaped, but her three children have not been found since.

The London explosions have caused an intense excitement in Irish circles. The Irish almost unanimously think the outrages were due to the deliberately planned machinations of enemies of the National party of Ireland, who intend to create an anti-Irish feeling in England. It will be next to impossible, they think, to have a perfectly impartial jury to try O'Donnell now. It is also remarked that the explosions occurred at about the moment Davitt was opening his address in St. James' hall.

The Dublin Steam Company's steamer *Holyhead* has sunk with all hands. She left Dublin for Holyhead with a cargo of pigs and horses. Sixty persons besides the crew were aboard. She was a new vessel. A pilot arrived at Dublin confirms the report. He says the steamer capsized in mid channel. There were sixty passengers aboard, including a number of cattle dealers and drovers. A later despatch says:—The *Holyhead* came in collision with the German ship *Alhambra*, bound from Liverpool to New York, when twenty-five miles off Holyhead. Both vessels sank. Thirteen of the *Alhambra's* crew and two of the *Holyhead's* were drowned. The remainder were rescued.

The Origin of Coffee.

It is well known that the coffee plant is not indigenous to Arabia, but was imported from Abyssinia at a date which cannot be accurately given. The taste of coffee itself had a hard struggle at first to find a general welcome among the more select circles. Apart from the oldest legend concerning Shadeh's drink, the Medina Sheikh Abdel-Kader is the oldest historical authority on the use of the "blood red Kawweh," as the Tunisian Ibn Wakil named the beverage. In the year 1588, not three hundred years ago, he tells us that in Yemen people made use of a drink which so frightened the night visitors that the faithful of the place were able to sing the praises of God more fervently and cheerful than could be done anywhere else. According to him, the Mufti Dhabani was the first to introduce the insignificant little bean on Arabian soil, having brought it with them from Africa. Certain it is that the districts of Saca, Esarara and Kaffa (whence the name), in the south of Abyssinian highlands, form the original home of the coffee plant. Dhabani was of a sickly nature, and since he belonged to the order of the Sufi (Ultra-Pantheists), who believed that everything on earth and all being emanated from the Godhead, he regarded a means of excitement of his kind a providential gift.

The Medinese and faithful Meccans laid their turbaned heads together in the public places when first they heard the news; a pious sheik in Anen was the first to drink the "black juice" as a sort of public spectacle. In Mecca itself, violent strife arose soon after its introduction as to the propriety of using it. There were great meetings of learned and pious men, who at last, probably after extreme pressure from the Mameluke governor, Khair Beg, declared that coffee "disturbed the brain and intoxicated like wine." But their opponents were of another opinion, and adduced the authority of the celebrated Bagdad physician, Avicenna, in their defence, which, however, did not prevent the transgressor of the edict forbidding the use of coffee from being publicly whipped. At the same time the zealots of the Hedjas proclaimed that all coffee drinkers would appear before the All-Merciful on the resurrection day with black faces. While the great anathema was being pronounced at Mecca, the brothers of the order at Cairo, the very Mamelukes themselves, were already revelling in the newly-discovered luxury. A confirmation of the Mecca decree was, therefore, not to be expected from the sultan, and he, Kanfu Algauris, quashed the ordinance of his governor and sent the latter into exile. Then many holy sheikins (for example, the celebrated Mohammed Harife, founder of one of four orthodox schools of Islam), took the side of the coffee drinkers. Thus was the precious bean fully rehabilitated, in Western Arabia at least.

A Wonderful Lake.

A wonderful subterranean lake has just been discovered in the Allegheny valley, near the town of Freeport. It lies dependent a large hill, which has been honeycombed with the old coal pits and salt wells. The hill is back from the Allegheny river about 200 yards, and it was by the merest accident that the existence of the vast body of water beneath it was discovered in time to avert a terrible disaster to life and property. Recently a coal mine was opened on the side of the hill, and for several weeks miners have been digging out tons of black diamonds. The other day they were driving a room eastward 100 yards from the main entry, when they came near blasting through a thin wall into an old coal-pit which was abandoned fifty years ago, and whose existence was forgotten. A tiny stream of water gurgled out, and an opening being made, the lake was revealed to the astonished workmen. The full extent of the sheet of water can not yet be definitely estimated, but it is of remarkable size. The old pit, which is part of its bed, has not been worked since 1836, and long before and up to that time all the territory was drilled and mined for salt and coal. Immense quantities of both had been taken out, leaving acres upon acres of cavity under the hill, which since then has been closed up and filling in with water that had no means of egress, all the pits having originally been reached by shafts. The largest of these old pits was the one that the miners encountered. It is several yards above the present mine, and had the blast broken the wall or floor all the men would have been drowned, and the water, rushing in a flood out of the new pit, would have washed away the railroad and dwellings. It has already submerged them to some extent. After tapping the lake the workmen made the opening larger by degrees, so that they could see in. Blazing torches were thrown in, and small rafts with fires built upon them were sent far across the underground waters. The eye was incapable of fathoming the limits of the interior, but by sounding and geological calculations it is pretty well settled that the water underlies the greater part of the hill, and the hill is about two miles long and half a mile wide. Navigation upon the lake by means of a skiff is as yet impossible, the water being within a few feet of the roof of the pit. As the hole is gradually enlarged the volume of water allowed to escape grows in volume. It is now pouring out in a stream five feet in diameter, and has a rushing cataract roar like Niagara. The owners of the mine hope to drawn all the water off in a month or two, but it is believed by some that the lake is fed by underground springs, and cannot be exhausted.

Discovery of a Soldier's Skeleton.

An interesting discovery took place recently at Andermatt, in the Canton of Uri, by some workmen who were excavating near the old church, well known to tourists. While digging they suddenly came upon several skeletons, and, on disturbing them, there fell from the lower jaw of one two gold coins of the reign of Charles VIII. of France at the end of the fifteenth century. Further search revealed the presence in the bony hand of the skeleton a piece of linen rag in excellent preservation, and on unfolding the rag the men brought to light ten silver coins of the sixteenth century, of the time of Francis I. of France. It is supposed that the skeleton is that of a soldier who fought at the battle of Marignan, and that, having stolen some money and put the gold coins in his mouth for safety, he was immediately after killed on the field.

Horribly Polite.

Mr. Baron Graham was one of the Judges who sat on the English Bench in the early part of this century. He was distinguished for his remarkable politeness, and for having sentenced more unfortunate human beings to death than any other Judge who ever presided at the County Assizes. He invariably exemplified his peculiar notions of politeness even in the very act of sentencing poor creatures to death. His manners on such occasions would often have been laughable but for the deeply affecting situation in which the unhappy prisoners stood. A very singular instance of the Baron's excessive and ill-timed politeness occurred on one occasion after the close of the trials at a County Assizes. Nine unhappy men were all appointed to receive sentence of death for burglary, highway robberies, and other offences. It so happened, however, that on entering the names of the unfortunate parties, after being convicted, on his own slip of paper, Baron Graham omitted the name of one prisoner. The nine men were brought up to receive judgment, and the eight whose names were on his paper were severally sentenced to death. They then quitted the bar. The ninth stood in mute astonishment at the circumstance that no sentence was passed on him. The Clerk of the Court perceiving the mistake, immediately called aloud to his Lordship just as he was opening the door to leave the Court that he had committed to pass sentence on one unfortunate man. Turning about, and casting a look of surprise at the unhappy prisoner, he hurried back to the seat he had just vacated, took a pinch of snuff—he was one of the most inveterate snuff takers that ever lived—and, putting on the black cap, he addressed the prisoner in the following strain, making at the same time, a profusion of bows,—"My good man, I really beg your pardon for the mistake—altogether a mistake, I assure you. The sentence of the Court on you is that you be taken to the place whence you came, thence to the place of execution, and there hanged until you are dead. And the Lord have mercy on your soul. I do beg your pardon. I'm very sorry for the mistake, I assure you." So saying, he made another bow to the unhappy man, and then quitted the Court.

A Help for the Deaf.

A young lady of Millford, Mass., whose auricular nerves are so imperfect as to make the aid of an audiphone, the dentiphone, and similar instruments, of no practical benefit, has discovered a method of hearing by communication with the muscles of the throat of the person talking. She has ascertained, by placing a yardstick upon the keyboard of a piano and bringing it in contact with her teeth, that she can hear music through the dental nerves communicating with the inner ear, and it occured to her that she might hear speech in the same way from the vibrations of the throat. She takes a slender stick at a length convenient for ordinary contiguity, and slightly curved so as to fit a larger portion of the throat than the point, and, holding it between her teeth, is able to hear conversation with ease, and even, with a little help in explanation, to understand a general conversation in which her communicant is taking part. It is much more grateful than the ear trumpet, which is unpleasant in various ways, by the concussion upon the nerve of the ear from too loud speech, from its clumsiness, and other difficulties, and persons beyond the help of the audiphone might find this experiment worth trying.

Home the Best Place for Invalids.

The New York *Sun* compiles from the *Continent* the opinions of a physician about the curative powers of nature. The physican concludes that it is better for a consumptive to stay at home, where he can be comfortable, than subject himself to the discomfort of hotel life, or to the greater inconvenience of a camp. He says that camp cure may be fairly treated by sleeping on one's own house top. Another medical man replies that the summer conditions of spruce forests are eminently favorable, and consumptives have recovered in the most surprising way living under canvas in them, where the air is impregnated with the healing emanations peculiar to the non deciduous tree growths. There are consumptives whose lungs crave the salt air of the ocean; others to whom the dry atmosphere of Colorado is infinitely soothing; and others again who are benefited by the climate of Florida or Southern California. "To prescribe Florida for one person might mean death, while if he went among the northern paradise of spruce, recovery might follow."

Fish Eating Quadrupeds.

In all the colder regions of Europe, says a French writer, cows and horses near the sea coast occasionally vary their diet by eating fish. Some horses which about a century ago were taken from Iceland to Dunkerque were fed during the voyage, as well as during their stay at Dunkerque, on nothing but salt fish. At Saint Waast-la-Hongue fish is given to domestic animals, which eat it with great relish. According to M. Valenciennes, a certain kind of fish which is found in great abundance on some parts of the Indian coast serves both fresh and salted as food for the horses. Kamschatka dogs, of course, are notorious fish eaters, but not even the authority of Philostrates can induce us to believe in his fish-eating sheep, although Elien backs him up in guaranteeing that their flesh acquires the fishy taste of marine birds. In Lydia and Macedonia sheep were said to be fattened with fish, greatly to the detriment of their mutton, but it must be admitted that the whole story has a very ancient and fish-like smell.

London City, Ill., has a little heroine sixteen years of age. A family named Baldo of that place have a sixteen year old daughter who was left with three other children at home while the father and mother went out to spend the evening. During the absence of the parents the children were startled to see three rough looking men, evidently tramps walk into the house. The girl ordered them to leave which they declined to do. She then got her father's shot gun and blazed away at the gang the shot taking effect on one of the men who fell but was carried away by his companions who left in a hurry. That girl is entitled to a medal for her bravery. She is the kind of girl that generally grows up to be a self reliant, independent, first-class woman.

Advice to Barbers.

Don't talk.
Refrain from colloquializing.
If you have anything to say, don't say it.
Do not talk.
Keep your mouth shut.
Do not indulge in conversation.
Say nothing.
Exercise measures of repression to the extent of suppression with relation to your colloquial predilections.
Stick a towel in your mouth.
Gag yourselves.
Stop your conversation before you begin.
Sew buttons on your lips.
The tongue is an unruly member. Stick a pin through it.
Cease your speech.
Do not converse.
Have nothing to say and say it.
Let somebody else do the talking.
Don't talk.
P. S. Barbers will please hang this up in their shops and have it enforced.

Asia's Floating Garden.

Among the most remarkable illustrations of human energy are certainly the floating gardens of Kashmir, in Eastern Asia, the more so that they are the work of an essentially indolent population. For their creation an expanse of water about nine miles in circumference had been utilized, on which masses of weeds, grasses and aquatic plants grow and become intertwined and entangled. These form the soil, as it were, on which cultivation is carried on. Divisions are made in them, they are cut level with the surface of the water and then banked over with river mud. Properly prepared for this purpose this soil is sown with melons and cucumber plants, and a crop is raised which is unequalled in any country for quantity and quality. These melons and cucumbers are sold in a good season at the rate of ten or twenty for two cents; in dear seasons they bring two cents a piece. Floating gardens in Mexico are upon the same plan, but are usually devoted to the cultivation of flowers.

The Girl for Your Money.

A physician writes to young men as follows: My profession has thrown me among women of all classes, and my experience teaches me that the Creator never gave man a greater proof of His love than to place woman here with him. My advice is—go and propose to the most sensible girl you know. If she accepts you, tell her how much your income is and from what source derived, and tell her that you will divide the last shilling with her, and that you will love her with all your heart into the bargain; and then keep your promise. My word for it, she will live within your income, and to your last hour you will regret you did not marry sooner. Stop worrying about feminine extravagance and feminine untruth. Just you be true to her—love her sincerely, and a more fond, faithful, foolish slave you will never meet anywhere. You will not deserve her, I know; but she will never know it.

A Very Wise Woman.

Two ladies *tete-a tete*.

"That Mrs. Brown is just as mean as she can be! Why, would you believe it, she told me right to my face that I dressed too young for a woman of my years! The idea!"

"She did? Well, if she talked to me that way, I believe I'd told her just what I thought of her."

"Oh, no, dear, that would be rude."

"Possibly."

"But I did better. I told Mrs. Smith what my opinion of Mrs. Brown was, and Mrs. Brown will hear it soon enough. And then you know it won't lose anything in Mrs. Smith's mouth. It is one of my principles, love, never to do anything disagreeable when I can get anybody else to do it for me as well."

"An excellent way, my dear."

Waiting for the Cow.

A boy was sent to milk the cow, and after he had been gone something over two hours his father started out to look him up. He found him sitting patiently on a three-legged stool in the corner of a ten acre lot.

"What the mischief are you sitting there for?" demanded the irate father. "Why don't you do your work and get back to the house?"

"Because," answered the boy, "the teacher said to-day that all things come to him who waits, and I am waiting for the cow."—*Philadelphia Call.*

The Ex-Viceroy of Egypt.

The Viceroy of Egypt intends, it is said, to settle in London. He has an income not far short of £100,000 a year, and a number of young and beautiful wives. As he is personally a most amiable man, and has made a great many friends, there is every reason why he should, if he chooses, be perfectly comfortable in the British Metropolis. There is no cause to doubt that in repudiating the idea that he has any hope of governing, or attempting to govern, Egypt he is quite sincere. He appears, in fact, to have had quite enough of the land of the Pharaohs.

From St. Petersburg it is learned that owing to the spread of Nihilism the Ministers have recommended to the Czar that the heads of the universities hereafter be appointed by the Government.

Mr. Edward Solomon, the well-known composer of comic operas, has found his sudden fame eclipsed. He has petitioned in London for the liquidation of his affairs, his assets being $375 and his debts $7,000.

The girl from St. Louis read: "There is a destiny that shapes our ends, rough—" and here she paused and exclaimed; "Rough! Well, I should say so. Rough is no name for it. It's just too mean for anything!" and catching up a table cloth she threw it over her feet, and burst into tears—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

"Are we going to have a hard winter?" asks an exchange. Well, it depends a great deal on circumstances. If your credit is bad with your local coal dealers and your wife has traded away your only overcoat for a chromo of a "Midsummer Reverie," the outlook for you is pretty frosty.—*Middletown Transcript.*

ALL SORTS.

Barbed wire fencing has fallen ten per cent. in price within the last three months. Cows have got so they use it for a hair brush.

In a Livingston, Montana, court a defendant in a case of assault and battery said: "Yes, I licked him, and I'll lick him again!" And the jury rendered a verdict of not guilty.

It is solemnly asserted by a Southern newspaper that there is a calf in Virginia which "eats chickens carnivorously." This, however, even if true, is less remarkable than if the calf were to eat chickens herbivorously.

Near Bismarck, Dakota, three thousand buffalos were slain in one day recently by one thousand Sioux Indians. The red man occasionally equals the English hunting tourists in the wanton destruction of game; but it can be said of them in extenuation that they are untutored.

It having been printed in an English journal that many rich families in London prefer boarding in hotels to keeping house, an American newspaper adds, "No wonder; it gives them opportunities to converse with the clerks."

More than seventy-five million copies of a certain spelling book have been sold in America, it is asserted, and all of them contained that absurd monosyllable of six letters which becomes a word of two syllables when one-third of its letters are taken away—*plague.*

Pittsburgh has a two-headed cow. The heads are both at one end of the "critter," hence ladies need not fear meeting it if it should get on a rampage. There will be no trouble to tell which way it is going to run. If the heads had been put on, one at each end, it would be a plaguey uncertain piece of furniture on a raid. All this cow lacks to make her perfect is an ice cream freezer for summer use.

A young lady stepped into the office of a Cincinnati newspaper and said:

"I would like to subscribe for your paper."

"Certainly, miss," was the polite response. "For a year or six months?"

"Oh, no! only for a week," she replied. And then she exclaimed:

"I only use them for bustles, and a week's papers last a long time."—*Philadelphia Call*

M. Mignot, Mayor of Roifficux, one of the few remaining survivors of the "Grande Armee," has just died at Annonay, in France. He was born in 1790, and in 1830 was Lieutenant of cuirassiers, taking part in the campaign in Germany after the terrible retreat from Moscow. He followed the decaying fortunes of Napoleon until the restoration of the Bourbons, when he entered, retaining his rank, into the Royal Guard. He died worth several millions of francs.

A family living near De Soto, Ill., have a coon, three years old, which was caught when still blind. An old cat at once took charge of and cared for it as if it were one of its own little ones. Now the coon takes care of itself, although the cat continues to feed it with mouse and rat dainties. The children in the house have taught the coon any number of little tricks, such as begging for a biscuit, putting its paws about one's neck. Her couch at night is on the dining room lounge, and she shares that with the dog, who allows none of his kind to approach or annoy her, and is almost as fond of her as the cat.

It is charged that the Chinese government does not act wholly conscientiously in respect to the law of the United States restricting Chinese immigration. Of 132 Chinese who arrived in San Francisco recently, nearly half had certificates setting forth that they were tradesmen, and therefore not "laborers." The ratio was about the same in another ship-load. It is claimed that fully ninety per cent. of both lots were laborers within the meaning of the restrictive law.

Murphy heard the cows in the orchard the other night, and slipping out the back way, appeared suddenly near the front steps, and yelled, "He-ah, Tige! He-ah, Tige! He-ah, Tige!" Just then a figure rushed past cleared two fences, and vanished in the gloom. "Take 'im, take 'im," screamed the old man; but his daughter Minnie, who had unaccountably arrived on the scene, secured the dog by the collar and refused to let go. "What ye doin," yelled the old man, "don't ye know them cows has been in here three or four times?" "Oh, pa," was the answer, "but this was only a calf." The old man was pacified, but Adolphus, who was standing out in the road waiting developments, wasn't and Miranda will never understand the coldness that has sprung up between them.

Both Bills were Paid.

A good story is told of the well known engineer William A. Sweet, of Syracuse. Casually meeting a prominent lawyer one day a brief conversation ensued, in the course of which Mr. Sweet happened to ask "the Judge" what he thought of some question they were discussing, without really meaning to ask legal advice in the usual way. Soon afterward Mr. Sweet received bill from the Judge. "for legal advice, $1,000," which he had paid promptly without a word of complaint. The time passed on, and one day the Judge, who was also heavily interested in salt manfacture, needed some mechanical advice about some machinery which was not running satisfactorily, and asked Mr. Sweet to look at the machines and tell him what was needed. Mr. Sweet looked them over for two or three hours, and indicated the cause of the trouble. When he went home he promptly made out a bill against the Judge, for "mechanical advice, $1 500," and the bill was duly paid, furnishing probably one of the few instances on record in which mechanics ever got ahead of the law.

Watchmakers' Tricks.

A New Yorker had a fine watch cleaned and thoroughly repaired. A week later it stopped. He then interviewed about twenty jewellers. He learned from them that it had a broken mainspring, was dirty, had broken jewels, a cog wheel was gone, he had dropped it, it had bent pinions, &c. Thoroughly disgusted, he took it to the jeweller who had warranted it for one year, and learned that it was in perfect order, but he had forgotten to wind it up the night before.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, NOVEMBER 15, 1883.

To Subscribers of the Review.

We need money very badly, and would feel obliged if EVERY subscriber in arrears would make an effort to pay us the small amount they are separately owing, within the next week or two. Will all please respond.

J. R. ORR,
Proprietor REVIEW.

THE OLD COMPLAINT.

Periodically, we are compelled to return to the old question: What about a Registry Office in this village? Surely the time has come for action. Latterly we have said but little about it, having almost exhausted ourselves on the subject some time ago, and have been awaiting the action of parties more interested. We can understand why it has not been done—what is everybody's business is nobody's. Heretofore our local representative resided in Stirling and certainly had no personal interest in question—probably he was waiting for those interested to act. There is no need for further delay. We need it. It would be but reasonable for us to get it, and there is no reason to suppose the Legislature would refuse it. It is an outrage upon common sense to expect that the people of North Hastings will go on doing their business in connection with the Registry in Belleville, where people have to go from a distance of over seventy-five miles back of us. There is nothing necessary to be done in this matter but to get up a petition, have it signed by those interested, bring it under the attention of the Government, and present it to the Legislature through our member. This gentleman is fully able to explain it on the floor of the House, and when this is all done we are fully satisfied that we will get the Registry Office, and some friend of the Government will get a good berth. Of the latter part we are not particular so long as the party is qualified and a suitable man.

Trent Valley Canal.

The following notice has been circulated in the neighborhood of Chisholm's Rapids:—

"NOTICE.—A public meeting will be held at the Armstrong House, Chisholm's Rapids, on Monday, 12th day of November, for the purpose of appointing directors to obtain a charter to run a Steamboat from the Bay of Quinte to Georgian Bay. The public are respectfully invited to attend, as this is a matter which will interest us all. Clement Armstrong, Daniel Morgan, W. J. Turley, Henry W. Brooks, J. B. McMullen."

Indian Welcome to Lansdowne.

An Ottawa despatch of the 8th says: At noon to-day Chief Annosoti Kah, chief of the Mowhawks of Deseronto, a branch of the Six Nations, and Dr. Jones, chief of the Mississangus, of New Credit, Ont., in Indian costume, both gentlemen wearing medals presented to their forefathers by King George III, and King William IV., and likewise tomahawks, with the pipe or calumnet of peace and wampum attached, presented an address of welcome and loyalty to Lord and Lady Lansdowne. The address appeared in the *Press* on Wednesday. His Lordship after accepting the address, replied, expressing the pleasure it gave him to receive the delegation, and his earnest desire to forward their prosperity in every possible way, concluding by thanking them for their kind reference to Lady Lansdowne. Lord Lansdowne then presented the members of his family to the chiefs, after which the chief of the Mohawks presented Lady Lansdowne with a cabined photo of himself in costume.

Lieut.-Col. Ross, M.P.P. for West Huron, was sworn in Provincial Treasurer and Commissioner of Agriculture, in place of Hon. Jas. Young, resigned.

A test was recently made at the Chemical Works in Deseronto, of the apparatus for producing gas from sawdust. The trial was satisfactory, the gas being pronounced of an excellent quality.

Labors Appreciated!

What Rev. Messrs. McAmmond and Baker are thought of.

Last Saturday the Rev. F. McAmmond was made the recipient of a beautiful set of single harness by the friends of the Hazzard's Corners appointment. The harness, valued at $30, was gotten up by Mr. Wm. Mullett, of this village. Accompanying the presentation was the following complimentary address:—

To the Rev. F. McAmmond.

DEAR SIR AND PASTOR,—We the members and friends of Hazzard's Church wish to avail ourselves of the opportunity of expressing our heartfelt thanks for the deep interest you have taken in our spiritual welfare, during the special services which have just come to a close. We feel that we can truthfully say, it has been one of the best meetings we ever had the privilege of attending, and believe that it has been productive of great good. To show our appreciation of your labors among us, we ask you to accept this "set of single harness" as a token of of our sincere gratitude. Permit us also to say that we hold you personally in the highest esteem, and that we feel we have in you a true friend. We tender you our best wishes, and hope that success may always crown your efforts in the ministry. To this end we pray that the Great Head of the Church may abundantly bless you in all "your work of faith and labor of love."

Signed in behalf of the congregation.
JOHN A. MCCOY.

To the above address the rev. gentleman gave a suitable reply, assuring the friends that they had his warmest thanks for their handsome and timely gift.

CARD OF THANKS.

Allow me through the columns of the REVIEW to express my thanks to the friends at Hazzard's appointment (C.M. Church), for a well filled purse, presented to me by Miss Annie Burnside and Miss Annie Farrell on behalf of the friends. This was to me a complete surprise, and coming from friends outside of my own work was most magnanimous. Thanks, kind friends, thanks.

E. N. BAKER.

TOWNSHIP COUNCIL.

Council met on Monday, 12th inst., in the Town Hall, Madoc village. All the members present. After the minutes had been read and approved, the following accounts were taken up, examined, and passed:—S. McKinnon, gravel, $5.35; A. Allen, job on road between Madoc and Elzevir, $4; H. Seymour, gravel, $2; Thos. Preston, gravel, $14.75; White Bros., scrapers, $19.50; J. R. Orr, printing, $4.50; C. G. Wilson, stationery for 1883, $5.43; Clerk, postage, $3.87; Clerk, making out School rate bills, $15.

On motion the account of R. T. Ferguson was not paid.

The petition of Allen McLeod was again laid over.

Messrs. Mark, William and James Robinson addressed the Council at considerable length in reference to some changes they desired on the roads in their neighborhood. No action was taken.

On account of some road jobs not being completed and other business unfinished it was decided to hold another meeting this year, and the Council therefore adjourned to the second Saturday in December, the 8th.

DUNGANNON AND FARADAY.

The weather has been remarkably fine and genial for some time back, and a considerable amount of ploughing has been done.

Our local nimrods are having a good time of it and a great many deer have fallen before their rifles. Mr. S. Vance, of Bancroft, shot two last Tuesday and wounded a third which he followed up and got next morning. Not so fortunate was Mr. W. Allcock of the 9th con. Faraday, who was out during the last cold snap hunting deer in a bark canoe, on Long Lake. The canoe capsized, and having on a heavy coat he had a long and desperate struggle before he could reach his craft, having done so he pushed it ahead of him to a log on to which he climbed and then got into the canoe. By this time he was completely chilled, but the shore being at no great distance he made one more effort and managed to paddle to land with his hands, where he arrived so exhausted that it was some time before he could walk home.

The L'Amable lodge celebrated the 5th of November at L'Amable by a supper and ball at the house of the W. M., Mr. J. R. Tait. Everything passed off well. The supper was first class, and praise is due Mrs. Tait for the excellence of the cooking and other arrangements.

Mr. H. Jarman has put a new run of stones into his grist mill at L'Amable; the flume has also been rebuilt and other improvements made.

The Surveyors, I am glad to say, have found an excellent route for the B. & N. H. railway. The track will be on the east side of the Hastings Road as far as L.Amable. Passing Salmon Lake and then curving north west through the township of Limerick it enters Dungannon about four miles east of the Hastings Road, it then keeps northward running through the McPhee and Easton Settlements to Kelly's Creek, about three miles south east of L'Amable. From here an excellent level route was found to L'Amable, just below Mr. Tait's house, and thence to L'Amable Creek, which will be bridged about a hundred yards above the mill; from this the route will be north to Bancroft, and probably parallel to the Hastings Road.

SYLVANUS.

Faraday, Nov. 10, '83.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

GREAM & McDONALD.

SOLICITORS, Supreme Court, Notaries Public, and Conveyancers. Money to loan on Real Estate Security. Office in the Victoria Block, Madoc.

CHARLES GREAM. ALEX. A. McDONALD.

Box Stove for Sale.

SECOND HAND Box Stove, and also a quantity of stove pipe for sale. Apply at the REVIEW OFFICE.

LOST.

ON Saturday evening, 10th inst., 1 roll grey flannel, between Madoc Village and Pringle's mill. The finder will please leave it at O'Flynn & O'Hara's store or at Pringle's mill.

Madoc, Nov. 13, '83. 342

Annual Meeting.

THE annual meeting of the shareholders of the Allen Settlement Cheese Factory will be held at the factory on Saturday, 17th inst, at the hour of 1 o'clock P. M., for selling milk routes, paying dividends, election of officers, and general business.

WM. J. ALLEN,
Madoc, Nov. 12, '83. President.

Annual Meeting.

THE annual meeting of the Bay State Cheese Manufacturing Co'y will be held in the factory on Thursday, November 22nd, at 10 o'clock A. M. for the transaction of general business.

WM. THOMPSON,
Madoc, Nov. 12, '83. President.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale lot 22, on the Cross Estate in the Village of Madoc, south side of St. Lawrence street, containing half an acre of land, on which is a good frame house, 24x30, well finished, good frame barn, 12x18, and a good well of water. Terms to suit the purchaser. Possession given at any time. Apply to

JOSEPH MOXLEY,
Holloway P. O.
July 25th, 1883. 327-6m

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Council for the Municipality of Carlow & Mayo will pass a By-law at its next session, Dec. 8th, '83, at the Town Hall, Carlow, for the purpose of establishing a road to be known as McArthur's Road, commencing at Town Hall, Carlow, and running south by east to McArthur's Mills, 10th con. Mayo. Also a road to be known as Stringer's Road, commencing at Lot No. 3, in 12 con. Mayo, running west by south, to the boundary line between Mayo and Dungannon, four chains from where it crosses the Snows Road; said roads to be 66 feet wide.

WM. J. HUGHES,
Clerk of said Municipality.
Clerk's Office,
Mayo, Oct. 30, 1883. 341-4w

CREDIT SALE.

THERE will be sold by public Auction, on *Lot 5*, 4th concession of Madoc, near the village of Madoc, on

Thursday, November 29th, 1883,

at the hour of half past ten o'clock, a. m., sharp, the following valuable property:—

12 cows, 2 two-year-old heifers, 2 bulls, 1 yearling heifer, 3 horses, 1 lumber waggon, 1 sleigh, 1 bob-sleigh, 1 buggy, 1 mower, 1 horse rake, 1 spring tooth harrow, 1 square harrow, 2 ploughs, 1 corn plough, 1 fanning-mill, 1 roller, 1 cooking stove, with furniture, 1 box stove, about 100 sap buckets, milk cans, pails, pans, etc., a quantity of hay, together with other useful articles too numerous to mention; also farm implements.

TERMS:—$10, and under, cash; over that amount 12 months' credit, by furnishing approved joint notes, with interest at 7 per cent. Six per cent. off for cash.

THOS. SCOTT, Auctioneer. WM. STEPHENSON, Proprietor.
Madoc, Nov. 6, '83. 341-3t

—IN THE—

HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE

(CHANCERY DIVISION.)

RE. CAMERON.

O'Flynn vs. Cameron.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice made in the matter of the Estate of Hugh Cameron, late of the Township of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, who died on or about the 24th day of February, 1883, are, on or before the

19th day of November, 1883,

to send by post prepaid to Samuel Barton Burdett, of Belleville, Solicitor for Plaintiff, their christian and surnames, addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their claims, a statement of their accounts, and the nature of the securities (if any) held by them; or in default thereof, they will be peremtorily excluded from the benefit of said decree. Every creditor holding any security is to produce the same before me at my chambers, Shire Hall, in the City of Belleville, on the 22nd day of November, 1883, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, being the time appointed for adjudication on the claims.

Dated this 24th day of October.

S. B. BURDETT, Pltffs. Solicitor. S. S. LAZIER, Master.
340-4w

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GROCERY, PROVISION, WINE AND LIQUOR STORE.

A full assortment of

Grockery, China, Majolica & Glassware

always on hand.

CHINA SETS IN 3 PIECES—PLATE, CUP AND SAUCER.

Coffee Cups to match. Call and see them. My stock of Groceries is complete.

JANE WRIGHT.

Madoc, Nov. 7th, 1883.

"THE RIGHT HOUSE."

We have just opened out a large and well assorted stock of

L|A|D|I|E|S'| |M|A|N|T|L|E|S,

which will be

OFFERED AT A BARGAIN.

D. C. CLARKE.

Madoc, Nov. 1st, 1883.

1883. FALL and WINTER. 1884.

Our stock of Fall and Winter Goods is now complete. An inspection solicited from intending purchasers. A large stock of Ready-made Clothing at lowest prices, and all other goods suitable for the season.

SPECIAL.

See our stock of China, Stone and Glassware.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

HARDWARE. - HARDWARE.

We have the following Brands of Axes and Saws in stock at lowest pri :

AXES.

CHOPPERS' TRUST,
SOLID STEEL,
SILVER STEEL,
BLACK PRINCE,
BURRELL'S DIFFERENT BRANDS,
BROAD AXES.

SAWS.

LANCE SAWS,
SHIRLEY & DIETRICH,
MAPLE LEAF,
SMITH'S CHAMPION.

Also a full stock of all other Lumbermen's supplies.

JOHN DALE & SON.

Madoc, Oct. 25, 1883.

THE BIG T POT SIGN.

J. A. CHAMBERS,

(SUCCESSOR TO CHAMBERS & McKINNEY.)

Has removed to the

O'FLYNN BLOCK,

NEXT DOOR TO R. R. CASEMENT & CO'S

HARDWARE STORE.

Where will be found a NEW and choice stock of

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,
CROCKERY, GLASSWARE,
ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.,

also a fine assortment of

FANCY | CHINA | WARE,

including the latest designs in matched Cups and Saucers. Call and see my stock before purchasing.

J. A. CHAMBERS.

Madoc, Oct. 11th, 1883. 337

Millinery. - FALL. - Millinery.

We are showing a complete and splendid assortment of

PATTERN HATS AND BONNETS,

FLOWERS, FEATHERS, ETC.,

of the latest New York, London, and Paris styles and designs. Our stock will be complete in all departments with the choicest goods ever shown in Madoc.

M. McLEAN.

Madoc, October 8th 1183. 329

Latest Local News.

County Council.

The last session of the County Council for 1883, will be held at Belleville, commencing on Tuesday, 27th inst.

Home Again.

Mr. Wellington Bristol and family returned to this village last week, from their summer home in the North West Tereitory. We understand Mr. B. goes back himself after Christmas.

Sale Register.

Mr. Wm. Stephenson will sell his stock, implements, etc., on Thursday, Nov. 20th, on lot 5, 4th con., near Madoc village. Sale at 10 a. m.

Mr. Laughlin McKinnon, lot 12, 11th con., on Monday Nov. 26th. Farm stock, hay, straw, etc. Sale at 1 p. m.

Keeping Thanksgiving Day.

On Thursday last, Thanksgiving Day, the churches in this village were poorly attended considering the occasion. The woods, however, in the neighborhood of the village were swarming with amateur hunters, every one who had a gun or could borrow one being out, and peppering away. Game, however, of any kind, did not suffer greatly.

A Horrible Story.

A fearful story comes to us from the Hastings Road, to the effect that a woman whose husband had gone to the shanties to work, a few nights ago attempted to eat her youngest child. An older child alarmed some neighbors in the night, but before they got to the house the mother had badly bitten and torn the young one. The unfortunate woman was, no doubt, temporarily insane.

New Law Firm.

Mr. Alex. A. McDonald, Solicitor, &c., of Belleville, has entered in partnership in the law business with Mr. Chas. Gream, in this village, the new firm to be known as Gream & McDonald. Mr. McDonald was a resident of Madoc in former years, having been a student in a law office here during the gold excitement, since which time he has been doing a large practice in the West.

Who's to Blame?

We are informed that some of our subscribers in the village of Marmora do not receive their copy of the REVIEW until the following week after it is issued. This being the case there must be some tampering with the mail matter, as the Marmora package leaves this office every Friday regularly, and there being a direct and daily mail, ought to be in Marmora that evening. *Somebody* must be to blame, but we hope we will not be obliged to call attention to this matter again.

Resuming Work.

Mr. Blount informs us that Gilmour & Co's suspension of the past few weeks was only temporary, and they are again going on with work both at headquarters and in the woods. Large gangs have gone to the shanties during the past day or two, many men having never come out when work stopped, expecting to go to work again shortly. The firm's operations this year will be quite as large as usual. This will be very gratifying news. We regret, however, losing Mr. Blount and the company's office from Madoc, both of which will be severely felt.

The "Royal" Readers.

We beg to thank Messrs. James Campbell & Sons, publishers, of Toronto, for a complete set of their new School Readers, called the "Royal." This series has been authorized by the Education Department of Ontario, and has also been adopted for exclusive use in the Provincial Normal and Model Schools of Ontario. From a literary point of view the "Royals" comprise a handsome set of books, the typography, engravings, paper, and binding, being all that could be desired, while the selections are interesting and generally national in their character. They are highly creditable to the enterprising publishers.

"Cornering" the Review.

A friend in Bridgewater writes to say that he "never knew Martin Luther was a martyr till he saw it in last week's REVIEW," and advising us to "furbish up" our "historical knowledge." We bow to the superior knowledge of our esteemed friend. Luther did *not* die at the stake, nor was he ever subjected to the rack or any other species of torture, but what would our learned critic call it if he himself were subjected to the persecutions imposed upon the great reformer, not only by his fellow monks, the Catholic Church, but even by the Pope himself, and which would have crushed any other man than Martin Luther? Our friend has simply discovered "a distinction without a difference."

Complimentary Supper.

A number of the personal friends of Messrs. James Whytock, R. J. McNeill, and Archie Harvey, who have lately returned from a pleasure trip to the "old country," have decided to give an oyster supper in their honor, at the Madoc House, on the evening of Friday, November 23rd. Those who attend are assured of hearing interesting speeches from these gentlemen, in recounting the sights they witnessed and pleasures they enjoyed, on their trip. The tickets are 50 cents each, and a number have been left at the REVIEW office to accommodate those who wish to obtain them, or they may be obtained from the Committee:—Messrs. John Caskey, William Thompson, Hugh Ketcheson, and James White.

This is About the Time of the Year

WHEN—The stove-pipe goes up, and the oyster goes down.

WHEN—The 'orn of the 'unter is drank on the 'ills.

WHEN—The man with the double-barrelled dawg and gun is much sought after.

WHEN—The street loafers swear their heavy fall and winter oaths.

WHEN—The country parsons sighs for the future welfare of his flock and cord-wood.

WHEN—The Editor of the "Weakly" looks over his ledger for names of eligible farmers with wood.

WHEN—The young man with the tight pants and No. 9 boots wonders what his feet will look like in overshoes next winter.

WHEN—The man with the bunion and hole in his boot thinks of banking his feet for the winter.

WHEN—The Farmer man drives into town on a load of wood, and drives home on a load of money.

Madoc Model School.

Monthly Report for October, 1883:—

	Mr. Clark.	Miss McDermid.	Miss Bollins.	Miss Jones.	Total.
No. Enrolled	51	47	61	104	243
Aggre. Attend.	553	524	1051	1721	3139
Aver. "	24	23.8	45.7	74.8	170.3
Percent of "	77.5	75.2	74.8	71.9	74.9
Aggregate Lates	40	34	52	41	167
Average "	1.8	1.5	2.7	0.4	1.5
Percent of "	1.4	1.4	1.2	.59	1.39
No. of Reg. Att's	20	13	27	21	81
" Punc. "	11	23	50	71	155
Least No. Present	21	32	46	71	170
Greatest "	39	41	54	91	214

HONOR ROLL, FOURTH DIVISION.

Only the names of pupils who have made 50 per cent. of the nmber of marks which may be obtained are placed on the honor roll.

Sixth Class—Three pupils, but one has been absent on account of sickness most of the time to which this report relates. No. of possible marks, 586. Names of pupils in order of merit, Jennie Sinclair 314, Beattie Cross 278

Fifth Class—Seven pupils. No. of possible marks, 286. In order of merit are A. Love 525, Jennie Carscallen 325, B. Connell 305, Alice Robertson 202, Alice Ross 201.

Fourth Class—Eighteen pupils. No. of possible marks, 411. The names in order of merit are Gussie Grier 358, Minnie Gray 353, W. D. Davis 341, May Jenkins 339, Martha Whytock 339, Lizzie Brown 322, Maud Guffin 321, Annie McLean 310, Jennie Dafoe 290, Emma O'Flynn 282, James Burns 274, Alice Wood 267, Annie McCoy 261, Wm. Moore 220.

Everythings.

—Only five weeks and five days to 'Xmas.

—The new Opera House in Belleville is nearly plastered.

—Two wedding parties have been in town during the past week.

—The new post office in Belleville has 1000 lock boxes and 96 drawers.

—Muir's store in Belleville was relieved of $500 worth of furs on Thursday night last.

—There was quite a rush of grain in this village last Saturday, on account of a further fall of prices.

—Mr. Æ. A. Halliwell, of Belleville, has entered Mr. Hastings' law office in this village as student.

—The new Marmora Brass Band is to have a concert shortly. We are informed that the members are rapidly getting proficient.

—A Prince Edward County minister realized from one of his appointments last year the magnificent sum of $13. It was well he got that.

—A social tea and entertainment will be held in the M. E. Church, next Tuesday evening. A good tea and splendid programme will be given. Admission 15 cents.

—The Robertson Block, Belleville, was struck by lightning during Sunday night's storm, and partly unroofed. Considerable other damage was done in that city.

—A young man named Diamond, near Queensboro, was kicked in the face by a horse, a few days ago. Several teeth were knocked out, and the face otherwise hurt.

—Over a dozen residences in Belleville have been burglarized within the past week or two, the last attempt being made at the residence of Nathan Jones on Sunday morning.

—The merry jingle of the sleigh bells enlivened the streets of our village on Tuesday for the first time this season. Thirty-six hours before we were treated to rain, thunder and lightning.

—Track-laying on the Ontario and Quebec railway was completed last week from the west to the village of Tweed. The road is ready for traffic from Perth to Sharbot Lake, as soon as the Government inspector goes over it.

—Mr. Wm. Stephenson, of this township, who has advertised his stock, implements, &c., for sale on the 29th inst., contemplates taking a trip to Dakota for inspection. If favorably impressed with that country he will probably remove his family there.

—The *Daily Intelligencer* surprised us on Saturday by appearing in a handsome dress of new type, and a generally improved "get up." The *Intelligencer* has always been noted for good print, but the new type adds much to its appearance in this respect.

—The N.P. must be affecting the *Ontario*, as our exchange copy of the daily has been cut off, and the weekly substituted! If times are really so hard, dear friend, we will gladly go without even the weekly. We sincerely hope our cotem. will not be embarrassed on our account.

—This is about the time of year when—

A baptism in hades depth
As hot as boiling tar
Awaits the man who quits the room
And leaves the door ajar
But he who softly shuts the door
Shall dwell among the blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling
And the weary are at rest.

—The Trenton *Advocate* says that Mrs. Lawdon, of Huntingdon, who was injured by the collision on the Grand Junction, is stopping at the residence of her brother Mr. John Potter, in that town. Dr. McLellan is attending her, and she has turned out to be much more seriously hurt than at first supposed. Several of her ribs are broken, and she is otherwise seriously hurt. Her recovery is very doubtful.

—A full stock of Goat Robes at reduced prices at J. DALE & SON'S.

Married.

BOND—GLEESON.—On Nov. 7th, by the Rev. F. McAmmond, B. A., at the residence of the groom's mother, Wm. Bond to Miss Rhoda Ann Gleeson, both of the township of Madoc.

—We have a very fine uncolored Japan Tea, put up in Japan in 1 lb. papers, at 50c. per pound. Extra value. JOHN DALE & SON.

—The 19th inst. is fixed for nomination day in Lennox, and the election will take place on the 26th.

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

:oxo:

NEW TINSHOP!

Stoves and Tinware,

House Furnishings & Hardware,

PAINTS, OILS, GLASS and PUTTY.

Please give me a call.

(3 DOORS NORTH OF MRS. WRIGHT'S.)

Wood Yard.

The undersigned beg to inform the public that they have opened a

WOOD YARD IN MADOC VILLAGE

and will keep on hand a full supply of

HARD AND SOFT WOOD.

Hardwood, dry, $3.50 per Cord.
Softwood, " 2.50 "

All kinds of wood bought and sold. Wood delivered free to all parts of the town. Yard on St. Lawrence street.

Lester McTaggart and J. Whytock,
Proprietors.

Madoc, Oct. 15th, 1883.

BEST VALUE IN

AXES,

AXE HANDLES,
BUCKSAWS,
CROSS-CUT SAWS,

and all other seasonable Hardware.

SPECIAL VALUE IN

STOVES, STOVEPIPES,
DRUM STOVES and TINWARE,

FULL LINES OF

PAINTS AND OILS,
STOVE & BLACKSMITH COAL.

R. R. CASEMENT & CO.

BUFFALO ROBES!

BUFFALO ROBES!

A large stock just to hand at

BOTTOM PRICES. EXAMINE THEM.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA,

POST OFFICE BLOCK,
Madoc, Oct. 16, 1883.

KEN'S MYSTERY.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

It was situated on the spur of a hill, and there was no fence around it, nor anything to protect it from the incursions of passers-by. There was something in the general appearance of this spot that made me half fancy I had seen it before; and I should have taken it to be the same that I had often noticed on my way to the fort, but that the latter was only a few hundred yards distant therefrom, whereas I must have traversed several miles at least. As I drew near, moreover, I observed that the headstones did not appear so ancient and decayed as those of the other. But what chiefly attracted my attention was the figure that was leaning or half sitting upon one of the largest of the upright slabs near the road. It was a female figure draped in black, and a closer inspection—for I was soon within a few yards of her—showed that she wore the calla, or long hooded cloak, the most common as well as the most ancient garment of Irish women, and doubtless of Spanish origin.

"I was a trifle startled by this appparition, so unexpected as it was, and so strange did it seem that any human creature should be at that hour of the night in so desolate and sinister a place. Involuntarily I paused as I came opposite her, and gazed at her intently. But the moonlight fell behind her, and the deep hood of her cloak so completely shadowed her face that I was unable to discern anything but the sparkle of a pair of eyes, which appeared to be returning my gaze with much vivacity.

"'You seem to be at home here,' I said at length. 'Can you tell me where I am?'

"Hereupon the mysterious personage broke into a light laugh, which, though in itself musical and agreeable, was of a timbre intonation that caused my heart to beat rather faster than my late pedestrian exertions warranted; for it was the identical laugh (or so my imagination persuaded me) that had echoed in my ears as I arose from my trance an hour or two ago. For the rest, if was the laugh of a young woman, and presumably of a pretty one; and yet it had a wild, airy, mocking quality, that seemed hardly human at all, or not, at any rate to be characteristic of a being of affections and limitations like unto ours. But this impression of mine was fostered, no doubt, by the unusual and uncanny circumstance of the occasion.

"'Sure, sir,' she said, 'you're at the grave of Ethelind Fionguala.'

"As she spoke she rose to her feet, and pointed to the inscription on the stone. I bent forward, and was able, without much difficulty, to decipher the name, and a date which indicated that the occupant of the grave must have entered the disembodied state between two and three centuries ago.

"'And who are you?' was my next question.

"'I'm called Elsie,' she replied. 'But where would your honor be going November-eve?'

"I mentioned my destination, and asked her whether she could direct me thither.

"'Indeed, then, 'tis there I'm going myself,' Elsie replied; 'and if your honor 'ill follow me, and play me a tune on the pretty instrument, 'tisn't long we'll be on the road.'

"She pointed to the banjo which I carried wrapped up under my arm. How she knew that it was a musical instrument I could not imagine; possibly, I thought, she may have seen me playing on it as I strolled about the environs of the town. Be that as it may, I offered no opposition to the bargain, and further intimated that I would reward her more substantially on our arrival. At that she laughed again, and made a peculiar gesture with her hand above her head. I uncovered my banjo, swept my fingers across the strings, and struck into a fantastic dance measure, to the music of which we proceeded along the path, Elsie slightly in advance, her feet keeping time to the airy measure. In fact, she trod so lightly, with an elastic, undulating movement, that with a little more it seemed as if she might float onward like a spirit. The extreme whiteness of her feet attracted my eyes, and I was surprised to find that instead of being bare, as I had supposed, these were incased in white satin slippers quaintly embroidered in gold thread.

"'Elsie,' said I, lengthening my steps so as to come up with her, 'where do you live, and what do you do for a living?'

"'Sure, I live by myself,' she answered; 'and if you'd be after knowing how, you must come and see for yourself.'

"'Are you in the habit of walking over the hills in shoes like that?'

"'And why should I not?' she asked, in her turn. 'And where did your honor get the pretty gold ring on your finger?'

"The ring, which was of no great intrinsic value, had struck my eye in an old curiosity shop in Cork. It was an antique of very old-fashioned design, and might have belonged (as the vendor assured me was the case) to one of the early kings or queens of Ireland.

"'Do you like it?' said I.

"'Will your honor be after making a present of it to Elsie?' she returned, with an insinuating tone and turn of the head.

"'Maybe I will, Elsie, on one condition. I am an artist; I make pictures of people. If you will promise to come to my studio and let me paint your portrait, I'll give you the ring, and some money besides.'

"'And will you give me the ring now?' said Elsie.

"'Yes, if you'll promise.'

"'And will you play the music to me?' she continued.

"'As much as you like.'

"'But maybe I'll not be handsome enough for ye,' said she, with a glance of her eyes beneath the dark hood.

"'I'll take the risk of that,' I answered, laughing, 'though all the same I don't mind taking a peep beforehand to remember you by.' So saying, I put forth a hand to draw back the concealing hood. But Elsie eluded me, I scarce know how, and laughed a third time, with the same airy, mocking cadence.

"'Give me the ring first, and then you shall see me,' she said, coaxingly.

"'Stretch out your hand, then,' returned I, removing the ring from my finger. 'When we are better acquainted, Elsie, you won't be so suspicious.'

"She held out a slender, delicate hand, on the forefinger of which I slipped the ring. As I did so, the folds of her cloak fell a little apart, affording me a glimpse of a white shoulder and of a dress that seemed in that deceptive semi-darkness to be wrought of rich and costly material; and I caught, too, or so I fancied, the frosty sparkle of precious stones.

"'Arrah, mind where ye tread!' said Elsie, in a sudden, sharp tone.

"'I looked around, and became aware for the first time that we were standing near the middle of a ruined bridge which spanned a rapid stream that flowed at a considerable depth below. The parapet of the bridge on one side was broken down, and I must have been, in fact, in imminent danger of stepping over into empty air. I made my way cautiously across the decaying structure; but when I turned to assist Elsie, she was nowhere to be seen.

"'What had become of the girl? I called, but no answer came. I gazed about on every side, but no trace of her was visible. Unless she had plunged into the narrow abyss at my feet, there was no place where she could have concealed herself—none at least that I could discover. She had vanished, nevertheless; and since her disappearance must have been premeditated, I finally came to the conclusion that it was useless to attempt to find her. She would present herself again in her own good time, or not at all. She had given me the slip very cleverly, and I must make the best of it. The adventure was perhaps worth the ring.

"'On resuming my way, I was not a little relieved to find that I once more knew where I was. The bridge that I had just crossed was none other than the one I mentioned some time back; I was within a mile of the town, and my way lay clear before me. The moon, moreover, had now quite dispersed the clouds, and shone down with exquisite brilliancy. Whatever her other failings, Elsie had been a trustworthy guide; she had brought me out of the depth of elf-land into the material world again. It had been a singular adventure, certainly; and I mused over it with a sense of mysterious pleasure as I sauntered along, humming snatches of airs, and accompanying myself on the strings. Hark! what light step was that behind me? It sounded like Elsie's; but no, Elsie was not there. The same impression or hallucination, however, recurred several times before I reached the outskirts of the town—the tread of an airy foot behind or beside my own. The fancy did not make me nervous: on the contrary, I was pleased with the notion of being thus haunted, and gave myself up to a romantic and genial vein of rev rie.

"After passing one or two roofless and moss-grown cottages, I entered the narrow and rambling street which leads through the town. The street a short distance down widens a little, as if to afford the wayfarer space to observe a remarkable old house that stands on the northern side. The house was built of stone, and in a noble style of architecture; it reminded me somewhat of certain palaces of the old Italian nobility that I had seen on the Continent, and it may very probably have been built by one of the Italian or Spanish immigrants of the sixteenth or seventeenth century. The moulding of the projecting windows and arched doorway was richly carved, and upon the front of the building was an escutcheon wrought in high relief, though I could not make out the purport of the device. The moonlight falling upon this picturesque pile enhanced all its beauties, and at the same time made it seem like a vision that might dissolve away when the light ceased to shine. I must often have seen the house before, and yet I retained no definite recollection of it; I had never until now examined it with my eyes open, so to speak. Leaning against the wall on the opposite side of the street, contemplated it for a long while at my leisure. The window at the corner was really a very fine and massive affair. It projected over the pavement below; throwing a heavy shadow aslant; the frames of the diamond-paned lattices were heavily mullioned. How often in past ages had that lattice been pushed open by some fair hand, revealing to a lover waiting beneath in the moonlight the charming countenance of his high-born mistress! Those were brave days. They had passed away long since. The great house had stood empty for who could tell how many years; only bats and vermin were its inhabitants. Where now were those who had built it? and who were they? Probably the very name of them was forgotten.

"As I continued to stare upward, however, a conjecture presented itself to my mind which rapidly ripened into a conviction. Was not this the house that Dr. Dudeen had described that very evening as having been formerly the abode of the Kern of Guerin and his mysterious bride? There was the projecting window, the arched doorway. Yes, beyond a doubt this was the very house. I emitted a low exclamation of renewed interest and pleasure, and my speculations took a still more imaginative, but also a more definite turn.

"What had been the fate of that lovely lady after the Kern had brought her home insensible in his arms? Did she recover? and were they married and made happy ever after? or had the sequel been a tragic one? I remembered to have read that the victims of vampires generally became vampires themselves. Then my thoughts went back to that grave on the hill-side. Surely that was unconsecrated ground. Why had they buried her there? Ethelind of the white shoulder! Ah! why had not I lived in those days? or why might not some magic cause them to live again for me? Then would I seek this street at midnight, and standing here beneath her window, I would lightly touch the strings of my bandore until the casement opened cautiously and she looked down. A sweet vision indeed! And what prevented my realizing it? Only a matter of a couple of centuries or so. And was time, then, at which poets and philosophers sneer, so rigid and real a matter that a little faith and imagination might not overcome it? At all events, I had my banjo, the bandore's legitimate and lineal descendant, and the memory of Fionguala should have the love ditty.

"Hereupon, having retuned the instrument, I launched forth into an old Spanish love song, which I had met with in some mouldy library during my travels, and had set to music of my own. I sang low, for the deserted street re-echoed the lightest sound, and what I sang must reach only my lady's ears. The words were warm with the fire of the ancient Spanish chivalry, and I threw into their expression all the passion of the lovers of romance. Surely Fionguala, the white-shouldered, would hear, and awaken from her sleep of centuries, and come to the latticed casement and look down! Hist! see yonder! What light—what shadow is that that seems to flit from room to room within the abandoned house, and now approaches the mullioned window? Are my eyes dazzled by the play of the moonlight, or does the casement move—does it open? Nay, this is no delusion; there is no error of the senses here. There is simply a woman, young, beautiful, and richly attired, bending forward from the window, and silently beckoning me to approach.

"Too much amazed to be conscious of amazement, I advanced until I stood directly beneath the casement, and the lady's face, as she stooped toward me, was not more than twice a man's height from my own. She smiled and kissed her finger-tips; something white fluttered in her hand, then fell through the air to the ground at my feet. The next moment she had withdrawn, and I heard the latt ce close.

"I picked up what she had let fall; it was a delicate lace handkerchief, tied to the handle of an elaborately wrought bronze key. It was evidently the key of the house, and invited me to enter. I loosened it from the handkerchief, which bore a faint, delicious perfume, like the aroma of flowers in an ancient garden, and turned to the arched doorway. I felt no misgiving, and scarcely any sense of strangeness. All was as I had wished it to be, and as it should be; the mediæval age was alive once more, and as for myself, I almost felt the velvet coat hanging from my shoulder and the long rapier dangling at my belt. Standing in front of the door I thrust the key into the lock, turned it, and felt the bolt yield. The next instant the door was opened, apparently from within; I stepped across the threshold, the door closed again, and I was alone in the house, and in darkness.

"Not alone, however! As I extended my hand to grope my way it was met by another hand, soft, slender, and cold, which insinuated itself gently into mine and drew me forward. Forward I went, nothing loath; the darkness was impenetrable, but I could hear the light rustle of a dress close to me, and the same delicious perfume that had emanated from the handkerchief enriched the air that I breathed, while the little hand that clasped and was clasped by my own alternately tightened and half relaxed the hold of its soft cold fingers. In this manner, and treading lightly, we traversed what I presumed to be a long, irregular passage way, and ascended a staircase. Then another corridor, until finally we paused, a door opened, emitting a flood of soft light, into which we entered, still hand in hand. The darkness and the doubt were at an end.

"The room was of imposing dimensions, and was furnished and decorated in a style of antique splendor. The walls were draped with mellow hues of tapestry; clusters of candles burned in polished silver sconces, and were reflected and multiplied in tall mirrors placed in the four corners of the room. The heavy beams of the dark oaken ceiling crossed each other in squares, and were laboriously carved; the curtains and the drapery of the chairs were of heavy figured damask. At one end of the room was a broad ottoman, and in front of it a table, on which was set forth, in massive silver dishes, a sumptuous repast, with wines in crystal beakers. At the side was a deep and vast fire-place with space enough on the broad hearth to burn whole trunks of trees. No fire, however, was there, but only a great heap of dead embers; and the room, for all its magnificence, was cold—cold as a tomb, or as my lady's hand—and it sent a subtle chill creeping to my heart.

"But my lady! how fair she was! I gave one passing glance at the room; my eyes and my thoughts were all for her. She was dressed in white, like a bride; diamonds sparkled in her dark hair and on her snowy bosom; her lovely face and slender lips were pale, and all the paler for the dusky glow of her eyes. She gazed at me with a strange, elusive smile; and yet there was, in her respect and bearing, something familiar in the midst of strangeness, like the burden of a song heard long ago and recalled among other conditions and surroundings. It seemed to me that something in me recognized her and knew her, had known her always. She was the woman of whom I had dreamed, whom I had beheld in visions, whose voice and face had haunted me from my boyhood up. Whether we had ever met before, as human beings meet, I knew not; perhaps I had been blindly seeking her over the world, and she had been awaiting me in this splendid room, sitting by those dead embers until all the warmth had gone out of her blood, only to be restored by the heat with which my love might supply her.

"'I thought you had forgotten me,' she said, nodding as if in answer to my thought. 'The night was so late—our one night of the year! How my heart rejoiced when I heard your dear voice singing the song I knew so! Kiss me—my lips are cold!'

"Cold indeed they were—cold as the lips of death. But the warmth of my own seemed to revive them. They were now tinged with a faint color, and in her cheeks also appeared a delicate shade of pink. She drew fuller breath, as one who recovers from a long lethargy. Was it my life that was feeding her? I was ready to give her all. She drew me to the table and pointed to the viands and the wine.

"'Eat and drink,' she said. 'You have travelled far, and you need food.'

"'Will you eat and drink with me?' said I, pouring out the wine.

"'You are the only nourishment I want,' was her answer. 'This wine is thin and cold. Give me wine as red as your blood and as warm, and I will drain the goblet to the dregs.'

"At these words, I know not why, a slight shiver passed through me. She seemed to gain vitality and strength at every instant, but the chill of the great room struck into me more and more.

"She broke into a fantastic flow of spirits, clapping her hands, and dancing about me like a child. Who was she? And was I myself, or was she mocking me when she implied that we had belonged to each other of old? At length she stood still before me, crossing her hands over her breast. I saw upon the forefinger of her right hand the gleam of an antique ring.

"'Where did you get that ring?' I demanded.

"She shook her head and laughed. 'Have you been faithful?' she asked. 'It is my ring; it is the ring that unites us; it is the ring you gave me when you loved me first. It is the ring of the Kern—the fairy ring, and I am your Ethelind—Ethelind Fionguala.'

"'So be it,' I said, casting aside all doubt and fear, and yielding myself wholly to the spell of her inscrutable eyes and wooing lips. 'You are mine, and I am yours, and let us be happy while the hours last.'

"'You are mine, and I am yours,' she repeated, nodding her head with an elfish smile. 'Come and sit beside me, and sing that sweet song again that you sang to me so long ago. 'Ah, now I shall live a hundred years.'

"We seated ourselves on the ottoman, and while she nestled luxuriously among the cushions, I took my banjo and sang to her. The song and the music resounded through the lofty room, and came back in throbbing echoes. And before me as I sang I saw the face and form of Ethelind Fionguala, in her jewelled bridal dress, gazing at me with burning eyes. She was pale no longer, but ruddy and warm, and life was like a flame within her. It was I who had become cold and bloodless, yet with the last life that was in me I would have sung to her of love that can never die. But at length my eyes grew dim, the room seemed to darken, the form of Ethelind alternately brightened and waxed indistinct, like the last flickerings of a fire; I swayed towards her, and felt myself lapsing into unconsciousness, with my head resting on her white shoulder."

Here Keningale paused a few moments in his story, flung a fresh log upon the fire, and then continued:

"I awoke, I know not how long afterward. I was in a vast empty room in a ruined building. Rotten shreds of drapery depended from the walls, and heavy festoons of spiders' webs gray with dust covered the windows, which were destitute of glass or sash; they had been boarded up with rough planks which had themselves become rotten with age, and admitted through their holes and crevices pallid rays of light and chilly draughts of air. About, disturbed by these rays or by my own movement, detached himself from his hold on a remnant of mouldy tapestry near me, and after circling dizzily round my head, wheeled the flickering noiselessness of his flight into a darker corner. As I arose unsteadily from the heap of miscellaneous rubbish on which I had been lying, something which had been resting across my knees fell to the floor with a rattle. I picked it up, and found it to be my banjo—as you see it now.

"'Well, that is all I have to tell. My health was seriously impaired; all the blood seemed to have been drawn out of my veins; I was pale and haggard, and the chill—Ah, that chill,' murmured Keningale, drawing nearer to the fire, and spreading out his hands to catch the warmth—'I shall never get over it; I shall carry it to my grave."—*Harper's Monthly*

A GHOST STORY.

Told by a Woman in the Witness Box.

An Erie, Pa., despatch says:—Seldom has a trial in the Common Pleas possessed such a peculiar interest as that of Teresa Condron vs. James Young, which has just closed with a verdict for the plaintiff. Her history is as amusing as remarkable, and from her earnestness, it is evident she believes every word of it. Ten years ago Michael Condron, a farmer of considerable means, died in Summit township. A few days before his death he made a will, bequeathing his farm and all his estate that he could will away to the Bishop of Erie, in trust for the Catholic Church. His second wife protested against this disposition of his property, but the dying man executed the will. He died three days after and dying within thirty days of making the will he defeated its purpose, and the Church could not inherit. The wife came into sole possession, her husband having no known relatives, and in a short time she married again. Death claimed her in a few months, and she bequeathed her husband's lands to a member of her own family. This person took possession and lived on the farm without interruption until a year ago, when a little old woman, from Ireland, turned up as a claimant to the estate. This was Teresa Condron, the sister of the dead Condron, and the plaintiff in the suit just tried before Judge Galbraith. Her story, told with clearness and without the slightest consciousness of absurdity, is that a year and a half ago, while serving as housekeeper to the Adjutant General of Ireland, residing in Dublin, she was startled by an apparition wearing the form of her brother Michael, who went away to America when he was still a young man. The wraith advanced, and with a mournful air said he could not rest in his grave away off in Erie, Pa., until a great wrong had been righted. Taking her hand he told her he was her brother who had been absent so many years; that he had acquired property in the United States, and, having died, could not enjoy the peace and tranquility of the grave until his farm was wrested from the usurper and given to his own flesh and blood. He commanded her if she loved him, to proceed to America and oust Young, who, the ghost said, had enjoyed unlawful possession for eight years. The spirit exacted a solemn promise that she would carry out his request and melted away in the air before her. She thought it was a dream, but the wraith appeared again on several occasions and implored her to go to Erie and save his spirit from the inquietude that had taken possession of it. He told her frauds had been committed, and instructed her to appeal to the courts. Having convinced herself that she was really being haunted by the ghost of her dead brother, she gave up her position, sold her effects, and came to the States to carry out his wishes. Her story was received as the ravings of a crank, and it was thought that she ought to be confined as a lunatic. She commenced her suit, and by dint of untiring energy she succeeded in bringing to light certain facts that impressed the court, and resulted in convincing the jury that fraud had certainly been perpetrated. It was upon these cold facts discovered that the jury were instructed to deal without regard to the old lady's ghost story. They gave Miss Teresa a verdict, and she took formal possession of the farm, and, as she thinks, gave peace to her brother's spirit. She regards the jurors as the saviours of her poor dead brother, and proposes to publish a card of thanks in behalf of the ghost.

Worry.

The disposition to worry is partly a matter of temperament and partly a matter of habit, often partly of both temperament and habit. Some people are born to be in a worry all the time, others seem never to take anything seriously to heart; still others worry just enough to escape contingent troubles. Where worrying is a matter of temperament, the cultivation of sound philosophy with regard to the ordinary affairs of life may do much to check it. A firm and abiding sense of the wisdom and goodness of God will serve as an antidote to it, but the removal of legitimate causes of worry will not help matters at all. The bottle is to be fought in one's own soul, and it matters little how slight the precipitating cause may be. One big worry will cure many little ones, as one big sorrow swallows up all lesser ones. Where worrying is a matter of habit, the only wise thing to do is to break the habit by forming one in the opposite direction.

If we planned our lives ourselves, we might have good cause to worry. We try to plan them, but our plans are continually overruled and overborne by a power above us. We "know not what a day may bring forth," and we know that the days are full of surprises, and what we had not expected continually happens. It is right that we should daily take our bearings and see that we are steering in the proper direction; but having done this, keeping ourselves so is enough to occupy us, and we have no time to worry over dangers already passed, or such as may be waiting us. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Each one of us has just enough capital—intellectual, moral, spiritual, physical—and no more, to operate with in the life given to us. So much of this as is needed in each day's work we should invest, and allow the rest to accumulate, wasting none of it, but investing it as it is called for by the exigencies of life. As life goes on we shall have ample opportunity to invest all our surplus of whatever sort, and whatever we waste, both principals and interest will be subtracted from the sum total of our life's end. If all the time and all the spiritual and intellectual force wasted in worrying were summed up, what a grand total would it amount to! If to this all the time and power lost by the depressing effect of worrying upon the vital powers were added, how would that grand total be swelled! Hours and days are thrown away in worrying over the future trouble that never comes, and the past trouble that can never be changed; and while we thus waste our capital of vitality, instead of providing positive good for ourselves, real troubles overtake us and give us more things to worry over.

Neither worry nor repentance for sin will remove, in this life, all the consequences of its commission. These one must bear as well as he may. When we confess and forsake sin we are promised forgiveness: but we are not promised immunity from the results of our transgression, at least from some of the results in this life, and instead of worrying over this we should rather set ourselves to bearing it with fortitude, and "turning it into the nutriment of virtue." Doubtless Moses repented taking the life of that tyrannical Egyptian, and we cannot doubt but that he was forgiven, but he spent forty years in the desert because of it. We know David repented of the murder of Uriah, and was forgiven, but the "sword never departed from his house," and the lives of his four sons were required for the one life of Uriah.

St. Paul never forgot that he had once persecuted the church, and was "more abundant" in labor to establish it because he had tried to destroy it. The alcohol drunkard, the opium drunkard, the glutton, the debauchee, may never be able to repair the injuries they have done themselves, their offspring, their fellows, by their violations of the laws of life, but when they have left off their evil ways and given all that is left of them to walking in right ways, worry over the past consumed, the strength they need to live well in the present, and is purely wasteful. They must be content to take up the song of life in a lower key, perhaps in a minor key, and sing it as well as they may. They must be content to walk along the lower levels of life and leave the scaling of heights to those whose vital energies have not been sapped by indulgence in evil courses.

It is necessary that we should make precautions against evil; that we should look out and provide for contingencies; that we should make the ordinary preparations for what is in the nature of things that is likely to come to us, and having done this, the next best thing is to await the coming events with serenity and presence of mind. Worrying will only upset us, waste our powers, distort our mental vision, and put us in such a state of mind as will effectually prevent the best use of our faculties.—*Home Interest Dept. N. Y. Tribune.*

Her Wages.

Many faithful and hard-working wives earn their own livelihood over and over by their unremitting household labor, yet they receive not a penny for it. I have known a woman to do the same amount of work in a year that her neighbor across the way hired done at three dollars per week, beside caring for a large family of children. And what wages did she get? Just enough to keep her from freezing, and not a glove or collar ever found its way to her wardrobe. And yet her husband was just as well off as her neighbor, but, said he, "I never allow my money to slip through my fingers without knowing what it goes for." When there was anything needed in the house he got it, and if his wife was not suited whose fault was it? He said that cheap Johnny was his patron saint, and he was too short sighted to see that the best was the cheapest; too bigoted to believe that his wife's judgment was better than his in any such matters. I never knew her to have a dollar she could call her own. He spoken on the subject, he would say that women did not understand the use of money. I have no doubt but that many men who read this, have been in the habit of dividing the money received from the proceeds of their united labor, but there are hundreds who cram the well-filled pocket-book down into the deepest pocket with a self-satisfied air that seems to say plainer than words: "It's all mine," and long before all the plans he has been forming for its use are carried out, the poor pocket-book is entirely empty.

[illegible] Girls.

The blush of health is on the cheek of the really up-and-up fashionable girls of the metropolis, writes Clara Belle from New York. The pretension is that it was put there by rugged physical training during the summer outing—that she has played lawn tennis, pedestrianated, and equestrianated so much that the ruddy hue is truly indicative of rich, rushing blood. As a matter of fact, it may have been painted on with a brush. I am told that the sale of rouge has suddenly increased, and that pearl powder is correspondingly a drug in the market. It is not more than a year ago —nay, not so much—since ghastliness was considered desirable. Even plume and very earthly creatures whitened their cheeks and shaded with black under their eyes, to make themselves look like Camille. Now their model is the roseate milkmaid. No longre is it deplorable to be strong. Adipose tissue is despised and muscle is excelled.

"Feel that," said a friend whom I met in a parlor after her session out of doors.

She put my hand on her arm, midway between the elbow and the shoulder. The skin was as smooth and white as ever under a single thickness of lace, and the roundness was charming.

"Grip hard," she commanded.

I clasped the arm with both hands. Then she shut her fist and drew it slowly up to her shoulder. Under my hands rose such a bunch of muscles as I never felt before, except when hanging on the brawny partner in a waltz. This girl had been rowing daily all summer. The palms of her hands are calloused, and she has to wear gloves a whole size bigger than she used to, but she is elated, all the same. She doesn't lift as much as a cup of tea without managing to bring up that muscle; and I actually saw her writing a letter and making the biceps show through the sleeve of her dress at every stroke of the pen.

"And look at this," she said, as we were together in her boudoir. What she proudly called my attention to was the fact that in walking across the room, the action of the muscles in her calves was visible on the surface of her stockings!

"What a pity you're not going to dance in the ballet, instead of in the ball-room," I remarked.

"You are only envious," was her retort.

"Not a bit of it," I replied; "I haven't any desire to be an athlete. Besides, you won't be able to keep your muscle through the winter."

"Won't I, Clara Belle?" and she led me into an adjoining closet. "There's what will do it, me guyrl."

Perhaps some of my readers wish to cultivate their muscle, and so I will tell how to make the apparatus which she showed me. You can almost fix it yourself. The requirements are two pulleys, two eight-pound window weights, a strong cord, and a strip of plank with two holes in it. The cord must run through the holes in the plank and suspend the weights. The exercise is obtained by pulling at the ends of the cord. You are to assume all sorts of positions, so as to bring the whole muscular system into play. There isn't a great amount of fun in it. Indeed, I should say that rubbing a washboard would be a delightful diversion compared to it, but fashion makes slaves of us, and something or other for exercising purposes—from dumb-bells to a rowing-machine—is the thing now for my lady's chamber.

The Tiger a Model Wild Beast.

There is no nonsense about the tiger, as there is about the lion. He does not go imposing on posts. Wolves may, if they like, pretend they are only dogs gone wrong from want of a better bringing up, and the lion swaggers as if he were something more than a very large cat; but the tiger never descends to such prevarication, setting himself up for better than he is, or claiming respect for qualities which he knows he does not possess. There is no ambiguity about anything he does. All his character is on the surface. "I am," he says, "a thoroughly downright wild beast, and if you don't like me you must lump me; but in the meanwhile you had better get out of the way." There is no pompous affectation of superior "intelligence" about tigers. If they are met with in jungles, they do not make-believe for the purpose of impressing the traveller with their uncommon magnanimity, or waste time like the lion in superfluous roarings, shaking of heads, or "looking kingly." On the contrary, they behave honestly and candidly, like the wild beasts they are. They either retire precipitately with every confession of alarm, or in their own fine outspoken way "go for the stranger." Nor when they make off do they do it as if they liked it, or had any half mind about it—as the lion, that Livingstone tells us trots away slowly till it thinks itself out of sight, and then bounds off like a greyhound—wasting time in presentious attitudes or in trying to save appearances. They have no idea of showing off. If they mean to go, they go like lightning, and don't for a moment think of the figure they may be cutting. But if, on the other hand, they mean fighting, they give the stranger very little leisure for misunderstanding their intentions. The tiger, therefore, deserves to be held in respect, as a model wild beast, for he knows his station, and keeps it, doing the work that Nature has given him to do with all his might. Life has only one end for him, the enjoyment of it, and to this he gives the whole of his magnificent energies. Endowed with superb capabilities for taking lives and preserving his own, he exercises them to the utmost in this one direction, without ever forgetting for an instant that he is only a huge cat, or flying in the face of Providence by wishing to be thought anything else.—*Belgravia Magazine.*

Choked with an Oyster.

A singular fatality occurred recently at Hilligate, Stockport, to a woman named Hannah Sykes, fifty-three years of age, and wife of John Sykes, porter, living in Ridgway Lane. The unfortunate woman who was afflicted with paralysis on the right side, stopped at a stall to purchase some oysters. She swallowed the first one all right, but on attempting a second she was noticed to stagger and fall to the ground. The woman was instantly conveyed home, but before she reached there it was found that she was dead, death no doubt having occurred through suffocation.

PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

Captain Drevar's Attempt to Cross the Channel.

Captain Drevar, who left Dover recently in a miniature paddleboat to attempt to cross the Channel, and whose boat, it was thought, had been swamped during a heavy storm, was rescued by a passing vessel. This is the second time this month that Captain Drevar has been rescued under similar circumstances.

Captain Drevar, who has before tried the perilous experiment of attempting to cross the channel, in his miniature paddle-boat, was picked up on the first occasion on the Goodwin Sands by a Dover fishing-boat. He was landed in a very exhausted state at Dover. Captain Drevar gave the following account of the attempt:—At half-past twelve on Friday afternoon I left Dover with a strong north wind and high sea. I started from the west side of the Admiralty pier, and passed clear of the pier in a few minutes. On getting into the tide I drifted away eastward, but my boat did not ship the least bit of water. When about two miles out from land I found that she was leaking seriously, and I had to leave off paddling and attempt to bale, which kept me constantly at work. All this time I was going away to eastward at about four miles an hour. Finding I could not paddle and bale at the same time I took about a yard of canvas I had in my boat and hung it up on the two levers. I paddled with it as a sail. The little craft then moved along under sail at a nice pace, and I continued baling her out until about half-past three p.m., when I found, to my alarm, I was among Gull breakers about five miles from Dover. The boat did not ship one drop in this sea, but I noticed that she was down in the water considerably at the bows. On examination I found the fore part of the boat was full of water. The sea was getting more boisterous than ever, and the boat's nose now being under water she finally shipped seas right over her and myself. I managed to drag myself up and rest my body on the bottom of the boat, in which position I remained until picked up by a fishing smack, the Happy Return, of Walmer, Captain Arnold. I should have had to remain in the water all night had it not been for the fact that I had with me an old brass foghorn, by which I made the smack aware that I was in the water. The master of the smack said he had seen me previously in the water, but mistaking my craft for an empty barrel he did not deem it worth while stopping for it.

The Worth of Money.

Did the man get anything for his money who spent several thousand dollars for a team of horses, but who never drove them himself and cared nothing about driving? No, he got nothing for his money.

Did the man get anything for his money who, liking poultry, bought twelve hens and a rooster and spent much of his spare time "puttering about hen coops, making hen coops, repairing hen coops, whitewashing hen coops, planning new hen coops, studying treatises on poultry, comparing notes with his neighbor who kept hens and rejoicing every morning over truly fresh eggs, hot from his hen coop? Yes, he has got lots for his money and is still getting it.

Did the man get much for his money who, caring little or nothing for flowers, spent many thousands of dollars for keeping up his lawn and fancy flower garden, besides a fancy hothouse and a high salaried gardener, but who dared not cut a bouquet during the gardener's absence? No, he got very little for his money.

Does the woman on the fifth floor who has but a box of mignonette on the window sill, which she so carefully watches over and cultivates, get anything for her money? Yes, the mignonette has paid for itself one hundred times over.

Then what is money worth? Money is worth the amount of pleasure it brings. Some people have spent $100 on a Fourth of July spree, and got only a headache for it. Others have bought a cheaper article of the same sort for $2, and realized comfort at the rate of five cents a minute. The main point is to use wisdom with a big "W" in the expenditure of cash. The wise man seeth green apples on the stand, but avoids them and clears the colic. The simple boy passeth on. He seeth. He buyeth. He eateth, and soon he crampeth. Money is not all. Oh, no. But money and knowledge how to use it are a great deal.—*New York Graphic.*

The Discovery of Lithography.

After the first triumphant performance of Mozart's opera of *Don Juan* at Munich, the theatre was deserted by all except one man. Alois Sennefelder had still much to do. After looking around the stage to see that no sparks had ignited about the theatre, he retired to his room to stamp the theatre tickets for the following day.

As he entered the room he had in his hands a polished whetstone for razors, which he had purchased, a ticket stamp, moistened with printer's ink, and a check on the theatre treasury for a week's salary. He placed the check on a table, when a gust of wind took it, swept it high up in his room for a moment, and then deposited it in a basin filled with water.

Sennefelder took the wet paper, dried it as well as he could, and then, to make sure of it, weighted it down with the whetstone on which he had carelessly before put the printing.

Returning the following morning, he was surprised to see the letters of the stamp printed accurately on the damp paper. He gazed long at the check. A sudden thought flashed through his brain. He wondered if, by some such means, he could not save himself the weary trouble he continually had copying the songs of the chorus.

That very morning he went and purchased a large stone, and commenced to make experiments, and finally succeeded in discovering the neat and useful art of printing from stone lithography.

To a person of weak organization a little sleep in the middle of the day is beneficial. If taken after dinner it should not follow the meal immediately. It were better to adopt a late dinner hour, say three o'clock, and take the nap before eating. A debilitated nervous system will generally be benefited by such a practice.

Printing Fabrics in Japan.

The means employed for figuring fabrics would, to our mechanical manufacturers, appear so ridiculously primitive and round-about as only to produce a laugh. Yet these fabrics have the subtle charm of hand-work denied to our correctly-printed designs. No doubt our machines are marvels of scientific adjustment but in the commonest Japanese cotton the tiresome uniformity we studiously aim at is on principle avoided. Stenciling is largely employed, and in a great variety of ways and variations of manner. A painter will cut out a series of leaves in paper, and lay them on his material, then bury them by means of a trowel in a sort of thick "resist." The leaves are afterward carefully removed with a pin, and when the "resist" is dry the fabric can be put in the dye-vat and the leaves made of their natural color. One of the most curious processes to watch is when the artist employs a sort of bird-lime, instead of thread, to outline his design.

He takes a small piece of this glutinous mixture on a skewer, touches the point where he wishes to begin, and draws a thread of convenient length. Placing the middle finger of the left hand under the fabric, he can let the ductile thread drop to any part of the stuff, and so go on forming the design even to such minute details as the stamens of flowers. This sticky substance can be drawn out to any length, like candy sugar, and kept an even thickness if necessary. When it is desirable to increase the breadth of the lines, a conical tube of oiled paper filled with the mucilage is used, from which a wider thread can be gradually dropped along. When the outline is finished the colors are added. The fabric is then steamed, and the outline removed by being rinsed in fresh water. If the ground is to be dyed, the paintings are covered with a "resist" before immersion. In pieces of silk, no matter what length, and even where the pattern is repeated, the outlines are done by hand.

A Morning Paper.

Sometimes a man throws his morning paper down on the seat and leaves the car. Each man that has no paper wants it, and each man would grab it, if alone and unobserved. The one who appears to be looking out of a window in an opposite direction is the man who sees that paper more distinctly than anyone else. And he being the man who seems less interested in it is really the man who wants it most. As soon as that paper is thrown down it becomes an object of interest. The man who never buys or reads a paper wants it, and wants it badly. The man sitting next to it looks straight ahead, and doesn't seem to know anything about it. But he is just quivering with excitement. He is wrought up to the highest pitch, and is prepared to grab for that paper just as soon as the man on the other side of it makes a similar attempt. Just at this period a man sitting opposite the paper gives it a sharp exciting look, as though he has seen his name printed wrong. Then he gives another sharper look, and his eyes snap with excitement, and he reaches over and picks it up to see if he is right. You can tell by the way he handles it that he never paid for it; and he gradually gets it up in front of his face, and turns it at intervales, and is as much at home with it as though it was his own. And the other men look at him scurly, and silently condemn him as being largely porcine in his nature.—*Puck.*

Regimes in France.

Since the accession of Louis XVI., in 1774, nineteen years have never yet passed without a violent change in the Government of France. In the summer of 1774 Louis XVI., ascended the throne of France; in rather less than nineteen years after—namely, in January, 1793—he was beheaded, and France had a republic until 1804, when Napoleon I. became Emperor. The first empire lasted till 1814, when the monarchy was restored in the person of Louis XVIII. His power came to an end a few months later, on the return of Napoleon from Elbain the spring of 1815. Napoleon being defeated at Waterloo, and France overrun by the allied powers of Europe, Louis XVIII. was again restored to the throne; and he and his successor, Charles X., reigned till 1830, when another revolution occurred, and Charles X. lost his crown, which passed to the younger branch of the Bourbon family in the person of Louise Philippe. He reigned eighteen years, till 1848, when he in his turn had to fly, and the second republic was established, only to perish in December, 1851, after an existence of less than four years. The second empire lasted nearly nineteen years—from the 2nd of December, 1851, to the 4th of September, 1870—and then it, too, perished. Never for more than a hundred years has one regime in France lasted as long as nineteen years. The first and second republics and the first empire all fell short of this.

The Mother Hubbard Dress

This is the way of it: Old Mother Hubbard went to the cubbard, to get her poor dorg a bone, but when she got there the cubbard was bare, and so the poor dorg had none. She was in a great stew to know what to dew, for of money she had not a cent; so she sold her last suit to buy meet for her bruit, and up town in her nightgown she went. All the ladies who saw it and the strings for to draw it, declared it the nicest thing out; so now on the street, looking ever so "schweet," in their gowns they go racing about.

A Military Man Made Happy.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—General G. C. Kniffin, in a letter stating his wife was cured of a painful ailment by St. Jacobs Oil, writes that after witnessing its magical cure of pain he would cheerfully pay $100 for a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, if he could not get it cheaper.

It has been said that William K. Vanderbilt was in financial distress. We don't know just exactly what the report means unless it is that he has more money than he knows how to spend.

They all tell the same story. Mr. W. Thompson, Jeweller, Delhi, suffered for years from Dyspepsia, got no relief until he used Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. He says 'it was just the medicine I needed. It has cured me."

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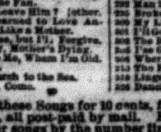
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Every owner of one or more horses can save a large amount of time and money by having on hand a good supply of Ellis's Horse Remedies, and to supply a general demand we would announce that we will send the following by express (on receipt of the money, C.O.D. and return charges): $6.50 for $5: 1 box, 12 pounds Medicated Food, $1; 2 bottles Spavin Cure, $2; 2 boxes Large Condition Powders, $1; 2 boxes Worm Powders, $1; 1 box Heave Powder, 50c.; 1 box Colic Powder, 50c.; 1 box Hoof Ointment 50c.—$6.50. J. E. Whitson & Sons, 24th St., N. Y., says: "We have used Ellis's Spavin Cure in our stables for two years, and have tried it on the following with perfect success: Splints, curbs, ring bones, bunches on the neck, swelled ankles, also quinsy, sore throat, and for general stable liniment it is the best article we have ever used." For further particulars, free books, etc., write to
ELLIS SPAVIN CURE COMPANY,
50 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.;
or 276 Fourth Avenue, New York

$8 50. $8 50.

BALLARD
RIFLES.
We have imported an immense quantity of Ballard Carbine Rifles, 44 calibre, using the long cartridge, which will kill at 600 yards. Length of barrel 22 inches, full length 47 inches; weight 6½ lbs. The barrels are made of the best steel; nothing to get out of order; excellent value, and gives every satisfaction. They cost the U. S. Government to make by the thousand twice the price we sell them for. The U. S. having replaced them with repeating rifles.
CHAS. STARK,
52 CHURCH-STREET, TORONTO,
Agent for the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. The only Store in the Dominion where a full and complete line of every description of Fire-Arms and Sporting Goods is kept.
Send for our 96-page Catalogue, containing over 600 illustrations of Firearms, Silverware Watches, Jewellery, etc.

SONGS, One Cent Each

1 Baby Mine.	121 Kiss Me, Kiss Your Darling.	241 Love Among the Roses.
2 The Old Cabin Home.	122 A Flower from Mother's Grave.	242 Old Arm Chair (to sing by Barry.)
4 The Little Ones at Home.	124 The Old Log Cabin on the Hill.	243 Poet Waiter's Revenge. (in the Garden.)
12 See That My Grave's Kept Green.	130 Coming Through the Rye.	244 Farmer's Daughter. (or Chickens)
13 Grandfather's Clock.	134 Must I Go, Then, Must I Go Strangers	245 Oh! Ever Golden Sixpence.
22 Where Was Moses when the Light	137 The Kiss Behind the Door.	246 Soldier's Gentleman's Still.
24 Sweet By and By. [Went Out.	139 I'll Remember You, Love, in My	247 Bound to Darling but Miss.
26 Whoa, Emma. [Maggie.	[Prayers.	251 Put My Little Shoes Away.
27 Down Town and I were Young	146 You May Look, but Must Not Touch.	252 Jay Bird's Nellie Gray.
28 When I Saw Sweet Nellie Home.	150 There's Always a Seat in the Par-	253 Little Brown Jug.
47 Take this Letter to My Mother.	lor for You.	254 Sea Bird.
48 I Model Love Letter.—comic	162 I've no Mother Now, I'm Weeping	255 Sweet Spirit, Hear My Prayer.
52 Wife's Commandments.—comic.	163 Maud's in the Gold, Cold Ground.	256 Bedie May.
54 Husband's Commandments.	164 Say a Kind Word When You Can.	270 Tim Finigan's Wake.
56 Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane.	I Cannot Sing the Old Songs.	271 Jay Bird's Nest.
59 Marching Through Georgia.	166 Norah O'Neal.	272 He Only Been Down to the Club
60 Widow in the Cottage by the Sea.	167 Waiting, My Darling, for Thee.	277 Kiss Me Again.
62 Minstrel Boy.	168 Across the Western Prairie.	278 Jessie the Flower of Dumblane.
69 Take Back the Heart.	170 I'm Lonely Since My Mother Died	284 The Sweet Bonny Boath.
72 The Faded Coat of Blue. [Night.	171 Tenting on the Old Camp Ground.	285 Come Home Father.
77 My Old Kentucky Home. Good	174 Don't Go Near the Water, Love Me.	286 Song of May.
82 I'll be all Smiles to Night Love.	176 Willie, We have Missed You.	288 Molly Bawn.
85 Listen to the Mocking Bird.	177 Over the Hills to the Poor House.	289 Sally in Our Alley.
86 Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still	180 Don't be Angry with Me, Darling.	290 Rose of Allandale.
88 Sunday Night When the Father's	181 Flirtation of the Fan.	291 Man in the Moon is Looking.
92 The Gipsy's Warning. [Fall.	182 Why did She Leave Him? (other.	292 Robbie Burns.
102 The Bird a Little Faded Flower	186 Then Rest Restored to Love An-	293 My Little One's Waiting for Me.
104 The Girl I Left Behind Me.	202 There's None Like a Mother.	294 I'll Go Back to my Old Love Again
105 Little Buttercup.	203 You Were False, but I'll Forgive.	295 The Butcher Boy.
107 Carry Me Back to Old Virginny	204 The Vacant Seat. (Eclipse.)	296 Pat Gives Bail to Dixie.
113 The Old Man's Drunk Again.	211 Will You Love Me, When I'm Old.	297 Where is My Boy To-Night.
114 I'm Waiting, Katie Dear.	212 Aunte Laurie.	213 The Five Cent Shave.
119 Take Me Back to Home & Mother	219 Sherman's March to the Sea.	214 The Stranger.
120 Come, Sit by My Side, Darling.	224 Come, Birdie, Come.	226 Dancing in the Sunlight.

We will send by mail, post-paid, any ten of these Songs for 10 cents, fifty for 30 cents, one hundred for 50 cents, 200 for $1, 1,000 for $2.50, all post-paid by mail. Remember we will not send less than ten of these songs by mail. Order songs by the number in rotation. Valuable Catalogue of Songs and Agents goods mailed free. Stamps taken.
P. O. BOX 1,120. JAMES LEE & CO., MONTREAL, P.Q.

JUST | ARRIVED !

A fine stock of

Lamps, Crockery and Glassware,

which will be sold at reasonable prices to make room for full stock.

Call and get a FREE sample bottle of

QUEEN'S LIQUID

GLUE,

and try what it will do. A full stock of

GROCERIES AND LIQUORS,

always on hand.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

D. W. WRIGHT.

Madoc, Aug. 23, 1883.

Watch Making and Jewelry.

ESTABLISHED 1856.

I TAKE the opportunity of informing my friends and the public in general that I am showing the best, largest, and choicest stock of

WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
FANCY GOODS

that were ever shown in Madoc.

The stock is well selected and will be found to be of the newest patterns and designs, and will be sold at prices that defy competition.

Please call and examine

Respectfully,

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, Dec. 6th, 1882

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

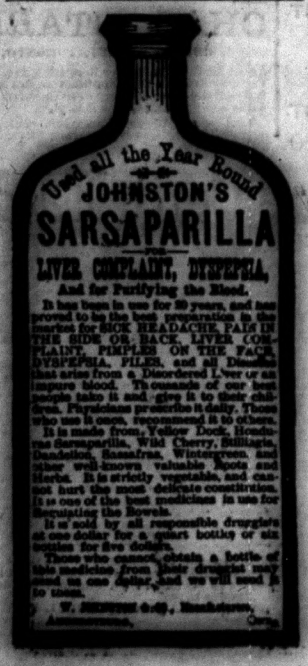
Provisions of all kinds,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET. MADOC.



It has been in use for 30 years, and has proved to be the best preparation in the market for SICK HEADACHE, PAIN IN THE SIDE OR BACK, LIVER COMPLAINT, PIMPLES ON THE FACE, DYSPEPSIA, PILES, and all Diseases that arise from a Disordered Liver or an impure blood. Thousands of our best people take it and give it to their children. Physicians prescribe it daily. Those who use it once, recommend it to others.

It is made from Yellow Dock, Sarsaparilla, Wild Cherry, Stillingia, Dandelion, Sassafras, Wintergreen, and other well-known valuable Spots and Herbs. It is strictly vegetable, and cannot hurt the most delicate constitution. It is one of the best medicines in use for Regulating the Bowels.

It is sold by all responsible druggists at one dollar for a quart bottle, or six bottles for five dollars.

Those who cannot obtain a bottle of this medicine from their druggist may send us one dollar, and we will send it to them.

W. JOHNSTON & CO., Manufacturers,
Napanee, Ont.

J. H. FORD,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

BELLEVILLE, ONT,

FRONT STREET,

A call solicited,

Twelve (12) Cabinet Photos for the usual price of six (6) during the next month.

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

MORRICE'S.

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

☞ CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

Farmers! Read This!

ROYAL

INSURANCE COMP'Y,

FIRE AND LIFE.

CAPITAL, - - TEN MILLION Dollars.

Shareholders Liability Unlimited.

Funds Invested, Twenty-Three Million Dollars
Annual Income, Five Million Dollars.

Invested in Canada for Protection of Canadian Policy Holders,

CHIEFLY WITH GOVERNMENT,

$600,000.

Farm Property insured against damage by lightning.

HARRY H. O'FLYNN,
Agent.

OFFICE—Banking House of E. D. O'Flynn, Madoc.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

This Great Household Medicine Ranks among the leading necessaries of life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on

The Liver Stomach Kidneys

and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,

Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers,

it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even Asthma. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

GOUT, RHEUMATISM,

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at

533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON

And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa; hence, any one throughout the British possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

☞ *Purchasers should look at the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

NEW FURNITURE WAREROOM!

N. M. MAYBEE

BEGS to inform the public that he has opened a first-class Furniture showroom in Weiss' new block, where will be found a large and elegant stock of

Parlor, Diningroom, & Bedroom Sets,

ALSO A FINE STOCK OF

Chromos, Mottoes, and Mirrors of all Sizes and Styles

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF MOULDINGS & PICTURE FRAMES.

Call and see us in our new showrooms.

N. M. MAYBEE.

Madoc, December 12th, 1882.

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY

I always keep on hand a fine and full stock of

AMERICAN | AND | SWISS | WATCHES

of all grades and prices.

My stock of fine

COLOURED AND PLATED JEWELRY

for quality and variety of design, cannot be surpassed,

A full line of

SOLID GOLD RINGS,

from $2.00 up to $22.00, the largest assortment in town.

Black and Pearl goods in great variety. A full line of the best Silver Plated Spoons, Knives etc. Clocks of all grades and designs constantly on hand.

E. L. WEISS.

Madoc, July 5th, 1883.

WHITE'S

Agricultural Works!

MADOC.

Established - in 1862.

x

STOVES! - STOVES!

We are turning out a superior class of

Parlour, Box and Cooking Stoves.

We have

12 DIFFERENT STYLES COOKING STOVES,

8 DIFFERENT STYLES OF BOX STOVES,

6 DIFFERENT STYLES PARLOR STOVES,

which will be sold at manufactory prices, thereby saving the Retailer's profit. We keep in stock

PURE | MACHINE | OILS,

for engines, threshing machines, and all other machinery.

JAMES WHITE. **JOHN WHITE.**

Madoc, October 15th, 1883. 103mg

R. Cassmore & Co. Nails Iron, Steel AND GENERAL HARDWARE Madoc, Ont.

North Hastings Review.

R. Cassmore & Co. Glass, Putty, Paints, Oils & Varnishes MADOC, ONT.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 343. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, November 22, 1883. POSTAGE PREPAID

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—A question of very considerable interest, and one that at least merits a brief consideration, is the expediency of establishing a skating rink here of a satisfactory and permanent character, and the desirability of the formation of a company with that end in view. The project has already been hinted at by some of our young men; but farther than that nothing has been done. Remarking the experience of this and other places in the past we are assured of the unreliableness of an open rink. Immense amount of labor is entailed in keeping it in even half-decent order, altogether disproportionate to the revenues from all sources, and, at best, equally unsatisfactory to all parties interested. It is somewhat to be deplored that an enterprising village as this should not afford suitable privileges to the youth in this respect. The parent of the most austere nature can have but little to say against the exercise as stimulating to mind and body; and for this reason alone should furnish them with the means of recruiting and invigorating amusement during the winter months. Just how much immorality, dissapation, and levity of character is formed by the lack of the provision of suitable winter amusements for the young, will never be known, nor is it easy to determine just how much the business men of a community, to say nothing of the parents, are accountable for this state of things by neglecting to provide and to support local institutions which tend to the moral and physical welfare of the youth. The long winter evenings will be spent in some manner, and if a healthful pastime be not provided they will in all probability seek amusement at places not at all desirable by their parents and friends, and mould a character ruinous to both soul and body. This is a fact painfully apparent; shall an effort be made by which it can be averted, by making a timely provision by acting on the above suggestion or providing some other institution equally effectual in its results? It is not only to the young does this question of establishing a permanent skating rink apply; those of older growth equally enjoy the national pastime and derive equal benefits therefrom. The construction of a rink such as would fill the bill creditably would be a simple enough matter if only some one would start the ball rolling. Handled by an enterprising capitalist, or by a joint stock company the scheme could be worked with great success, and be made to pay handsome dividends. Who will take this matter in hand, and thereby lay a plank in the foundation of a structure for the diffusion of virtue and morality in our village which shall possibly shape the destiny of many for good.

Truly yours,
AMICUS HUMANI GENERIS.

Madoc, Nov. 21, '83.

Eccentricities of a Peterboro Farmer.

John Seller is the name of a very eccentric farmer, who lives in the township of Asphodel, Peterboro county. He has a flock of sheep that has not been shorn for six years. The wool has grown entirely over their eyes and is so long that it drags on the ground. The sheep have the appearance from a distance of big hay shocks in the field. Upon being asked why he did not shear his sheep, Mr. Sellers replied: "God put the wool on their backs to stay there and keep them warm, and I do not propose interfering with his plans." The flock are a great curiosity, and people come for miles around to see the sheep. Mr. Seller never shaves, nor cuts his hair or finger-nails. His hair hangs down his back and has the appearance of never having been combed. His whiskers are long and shaggy, and his general appearance is different from other men. He lives with his sister and owns a good farm. He has never bought any improved farm machinery, but all his tools are home-made.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Female Complaints.—On the mothers of England devolves much and serious responsibility in securing for their robust health; frequently, alas! thoughtlessly sacrificed by culpable heedfulness at a particular period of life, when all important changes take place in the female constitutions, upon the management of which depend future happiness or misery. Holloway's Pills, especially if aided with the Ointment, have the happiest effect in establishing those functions, upon the due performance of which health and even life itself depend. Mothers and daughters may safely use these powerful deobstruent remedies without consulting any one. Universally adopted as the one grand remedy for female complaints these Pills never fail, never weaken the system, and always bring the desired result.

—At J. DALE & SON get their Coal Oil by the car load they are prepared to give low rates by the barrel. 325

"24 O'CLOCK."

NEW YORK, Nov. 17.—"There is something new," said a down town clock manufacturer yesterday, as he pointed to a queer looking clock hanging near his door. "That is a twenty-four hour clock, and I think the first one in the city. It marks the hours from one up to twenty-four. It has just been finished, and is one of the kind which is soon to be adopted by several railroads. The most conspicuous innovations are in the marking of the dial and the movement of the wheels which drive the hands. The minute hand, instead of making twelve revolutions to every revolution of the hour hand, makes twenty-four revolutions while the hour hand passes around once. The lettering on the dial is in Arabic instead of Roman numerals, and the spaces between the figures are only half as great as on the dial of an ordinary 12 hour clock. The minute hand marks half minutes.

"This clock will do away with the 'a m.' and 'p m.' which sometimes prove very confusing to railroad passengers.

"You would be surprised to see how people take to that clock. I have had any number of offers for it, but I do not care to sell it, as it is the only one I have, but I will be able to supply a small part of the demand within a day or two. By that time every manufacturer will be turning out these clocks. They are something new, and that is all New York people want. Without a doubt these clocks will soon take the place of the old fashioned time-pieces."

—To "iron" the N., T. & Q. it takes 88 tons of rails, 3,100 ties, 6 tons of spikes, 4½ tons of fish plates. There are now 130 men on the pay roll. Ballasting will be commenced next week.

—A nice stock of Scotch Tweeds—our own direct importation. JOHN DALE & SON.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, nd at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is inculculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, and regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething" is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest & best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25c a bottle

—Six pounds of Tea Dust for $1.00 at JOHN DALE & SON'S.

Madoc Markets.

Flour, per bbl	$5 25	to $5 50
Wheat, per bushel	0 95	to 1 00
Rye, "	0 50	to 0 00
Oats, "	0 30	to 0 00
Barley, "	0 50	to 0 58
Peas, "	0 65	to 0 00
Potatoes, per bag	0 70	to 0 00
Eggs, per doz	0 15	to 0 00
Butter, per lb	0 20	to 0 00
Wool, per lb	0 00	to 0 20
Hides, per cwt	5 00	to 7 00
Hogs "	5 00	to 5 50

Belleville Markets.

Wheat, per bushel	$1 00	to $1 10
Barley, "	0 65	to 0 00
Rye, "	0 55	to 0 00
Oats, "	0 35	to 0 40
Peas, "	0 70	to 0 75
Potatoes, "	0 00	to 0 00
Potatoes, per bag	0 65	to 0 75
Butter, per lb	0 20	to 0 25
Eggs, per doz	0 17	to 0 20
Flour, per bbl	4 50	to 5 00
Sheepskins	0 50	to 0 60
Hides, per cwt	5 00	to 7 00
Wool, per lb	0 18	to 0 20

St. Lawrence Canals.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

THE letting of the works at the upper entrance of the CORNWALL CANAL, and those at the upper entrance of the RAPIDE PLAT CANAL, advertised to take place on the 13th day of November next, are unavoidably postponed to the following dates:—

Tenders will be received until TUESDAY, the 4th day of DECEMBER next.

Plans, specifications, &c., will be ready for examination at the places previously mentioned, on and after Tuesday the 20th day of November.

For the works at the head of Galops Canal, tenders will be received until Tuesday the 18th day of December. Plans specifications, &c., can be seen at the places before mentioned on and after Tuesday the 4th day of Dec.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary

Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 20th Oct., 1883. 3294

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Saturday in each month.
D. LUMMISS, JR., Sec'y, GlanmireP. O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O.
B. H. SWEET, W. M.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
S. C. RANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P.O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

MADOC LODGE
No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on
Monday Evening, Dec'r 3rd,
At 8 o'clock.
LESTER O'HARA, Rec. Secretary

325 Acres. FONTHILL NURSERIES. 325 Acres.
The largest in the Dominion.

Salesmen Wanted
Steady employment, liberal salaries to all willing to work. MEN AND WOMEN can have pleasant Work the Year Round.
Good Agents are earning from $5 to $10 per day and expenses. Terms and outfit free. Address
STONE & WELLINGTON,
Nurserymen, Toronto, Ont.

THERMOMETERS
Croquet, and
HAMMOCKS
—AT—
C. G. WILSON'S
DRUG STORE,
MADOC, - ONT.

BOWEN & ELLIS
REMOVED! REMOVED!
—TO—
DALE'S BLOCK,
in the premises lately occupied by Peter Sinclair,
where will be found a larger and better assortment of
Groceries.
Crockery,
Glassware,
&c., &c.,
than we have heretofore shown in Madoc.
FARM PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.
Call and see for yourselves,
BOWEN & ELLIS.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK!
MADOC.

Banking House!
—OF—
E. D. O'FLYNN,
"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.
Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.
Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted
DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD
Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.
Madoc. August 6th, 1879.

1883
NORTH HASTINGS
WAREHOUSE.
I AM prepared to purchase all kinds of grain delivered at the North Hastings Warehouse, and for which the highest prices will be paid.
Mr. Alex. Miller is again engaged as warehouseman.
A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, Aug. 14, 1883. 281

Just Received
RUBBERS,
OVER-SHOES,
SHOEPACKS,
MOCCASSINS,
—ALSO—
FELT BOOTS,
and RUBBER BOOTS,
—AT—
THOS. ROBERTS'
BOOT and SHOE STORE.
Madoc, Oct. 15, 1883. 332.

FRESH OYSTERS
NOW ARRIVING.
Prices will decline as the season advances.
We are also receiving Fresh New Green and Dried Foreign Fruits, such as
FIGS, DATES, ALMERIA GRAPES,
LEMONS, TARRAGONA
ALMONDS, ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.
We have a nice assortment of
CANNED GOODS
suitable to our trade.
Also a fresh consignment of
Crawford's Pure Package Teas,
which are giving such good satisfaction to our customers.
Luncheons as usual.
S. A. DAVIS.
Madoc, Oct. 17, 1883.

Gray & McGregor,
GENERAL
GROCERS,
—AND—
LIQUOR
MERCHANTS,
Madoc. - Ont.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT.
GRADUATE of the University of Toronto, Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon, &c. Office—Queensboro, Ont.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,
BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.
A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

NORTHRUP & DENMARK,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.
GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

DENTIST.
JOHN McCULLOCH, L. D. S., Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, of Ontario, office in Dale's Block, Durham St., Madoc. Office hours from 8 to 5 o'clock.

FARMERS!
I LOAN at 6, 8½, and 7 per cent. Change your mortgages. Straight loan, no comission.
J. J. B. FLINT, Belleville. 241

W. H. HASTINGS,
SOLICITOR, &c., Madoc, Ont. OFFICE—O'Flynn Block.

A. F. WOOD,
Land, Loan, & Commission Agency
OFFICE—Second Door South from asonic Hall.
Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.
Madoc, Jan. 27th, 1879. 94

M. W. SINE, V. S.,
(Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College. Registered member of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association.)
Treats all diseases of the Domestic Animals. All calls by mail or telegram promptly attended to.
OFFICE—REVIEW BLOCK, - Madoc, Ont.

G. W. WALKER, L. D. S.
DENTAL - SURGEON.
OFFICE—Front Street, Belleville, directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel, next door to the Bank of Commerce.
If you want artificial teeth to suit you, or filling that will save the natural teeth, go to Dr. Walker's Hotel Rooms, Belleville. Send a note or postal card back if possible before going, then you will be waited on as soon as the office is reached. Thanks for liberal patronage in the past, and don't forget when to go in the future.
Belleville, Nov. 27, 1882. 292

Mining Lands.
SALE of Mining Lands effected. Mineral Properties and Ores reported on.
JOHN STEWART,
Mining Engineer, Madoc, Ont.
March, 31, 1883. 311.

MONEY TO LOAN.
THE undersigned has on hand a large amount of private money to loan on first class real estate, at low interest. Can be repaid by instalments or in one payment, to suit the borrower. Loans granted from $100 up to $4,000. Apply to
W. H. HASTINGS,
O'Flynn Block, Madoc.
Sept. 25, 1883. 335-tf

W. C. REID,
—DEALER IN—
Fruit & Ornamental Trees, Vines, Flowers, &c., &c.
CENTERVILLE, - ONTARIO.
WISHES to inform his customers and the public generally that he will call on them personally in this vicinity, and is prepared to furnish stock at reduced rates on account of having his stock secured before the advance in prices, and is offering a few new and well tested varieties which he can recommend where hardiness is required.
Madoc, Sept. 25th, 1883. 295

PONY
Flouring Mills,
MADOC.
THE undersigned having repaired the above mills, is prepared to do Gristing of all kinds on shortest possible notice, also to fill all orders for
Flour and Feed
of every description at the lowest possible prices.
Flour and Feed delivered to all parts of the village free of charge.
S. ROLLINS.

THE FARMER'S CORNER.

Agricultural Notes.

The time to begin wintering cattle is when the feed begins to fail in the Fall. Any neglect now is sure to cost dearly in the end.

Too many varieties in an orchard spoil the chances for profit. It is very rare that more than three or four kinds of apples are profitable, and when one is found that bears uniform crops of salable fruit it is safe to restrict attention to that.

There is probably no crop on which commercial fertilizers have produced better results this year than on beans. The effect of these fertilizers in making the crops ripen earlier has saved many fields which without the manure would have been worth little or nothing.

Many streams have their banks lined with grass, bushes and often trees, which greatly obstruct the flow of water. A ditch in which these impediments have begun to grow very soon becomes so clogged up as to be of little value for drainage purposes, and if tile drains empty into it they become worthless also.

Before winter sets in a few barrels of road dust should be gathered for use in henhouses, privies, etc., during cold weather. The fine dust on a well-travelled road is often itself a good manure, being largely composed of the excrement of horses and cattle driven over it.

Fowl will usually destroy wheat or other small grain for a few feet near the edge of the lot in which they run. What they eat in the Fall rarely does much damage, but if their depredations are renewed in the Spring the strip so eaten will be of little value at harvest time.

The chief difficulty in feeding cotton-seed meal to stock is from the indigestible husk, which has never been entirely removed. If this can be done, as it will doubtless be now that cotton seed meal is so largely called for, it is very likely to take the place of other and less nutritious feeds.

The great majority of open drains would be much more effective and durable if stone or pipe were put in and the drain covered. An open drain needs yearly fixing, and if the fall is good, a much smaller pipe will answer to carry off the water than is commonly supposed in looking at the stream.

Buckwheat intended for seed should be hand threshed. In threshing by machine many of the grains are so bruised and broken that they will not germinate. As buckwheat is very easily hand threshed, it makes a job for men in Winter when other work is scarce, and it is a good policy to save it for them.

The Use of Plaster.

There is scarcely a farmer who does not know how useful is a dressing of plaster or gypsum to land bearing clover. But while this is thus, yet it is very rare to see any use made of it. Perhaps plaster has been hardly used by its friends more than by those who have no faith in it. Many things are said in its favor which are untrue, and what is worse, are unreasonable. We recently read an otherwise excellent article upon the use of plaster, which contained the statement that one of the benefits derived from it was that it attracted moisture from drying up. Now, that statement is untrue and unfounded, as any one may know who understands the character of this mineral. And so with many other wrong statements about it, and wrong directions for using it, based upon the erroneous statements.

The quantity usually applied is 100 pounds per acre; but this is not sufficient for a full effect. It is cheap, and a full dose can well be afforded. At $10 per ton, 500 pounds per acre will be very cheap dressing. If it is ground very fine the effect is produced more rapidly than when it is in coarse powder, and it is best to use it in the finest state of division. There are other uses on the farm for gypsum. As a purifier of stables, cesspools, poultry-houses, or other foul places, it is very effective. We have heard from those in whose opinion we had confidence that it would not act as a deodorizer when in a dry state and not until it had entered into solution. This opinion, however, is not founded upon fact. It operates as a deodorizer by absorbing ammonia and the pungent ammoniacal vapors which are produced by decomposing organic substances. It is capable of absorbing ammonia, when dry, for it will quickly purify a foul-poultry house when scattered freely about, although the place and everything about it is perfectly dry. Besides, if a small quantity of dry powdered gypsum be placed in a glass tube, and a current of ammonia, which is really a gas, be passed through it from a bottle of ordinary ammonia water, it will be found that the gas will be absorbed in greater part, and its pungency be greatly diminished. However, in practice, it will be found that to scatter it freely about stables, cow-sheds, yards, pig pens, cesspools, manure heaps, slop-sinks, and all such disagreeably smelling places, will quickly stop the odors and completely neutralize them. The effect is to unite the ammonia and the sulphuric acid of the plaster, producing an inodorous sulphate of ammonia, and to leave the lime free; this very soon uniting with carbonic acid, which is abundant in all decaying substances, and forming carbonate of lime. Gypsum is the more valuable because it helps us to grow large crops of clover, which, in its growth, draws from the soil from a considerable depth many of the most needed substances for the growth of crops, and leaves them upon or near the surface. The deep feeding roots of clover bring up from several feet below the surface phosphoric acid, potash and nitrogen, and convey these to the leaves and stems and large top roots. It is this effect of gypsum which gives it, through the clover crop, the character of a general fertiliser, while being in itself only one of a special character. With gypsum we can produce clover, and with clover the soil can be made to produce all other crops.

Waste in Saving Manure.

Until the tillers of the soil cease to be careless about saving and applying all of their domestic fertilizers, they should be stimulated to activity by constant reminders upon this important subject. As our farms tend towards exhaustion they need assistance from some source to aid nature in her work of restoration. Worn-out lands may be restored to fertility by rest, which is nature's method. In our Eastern States, however, the farmer cannot spare the land to take such rest, hence the necessity of applying fertilizers, both natural and artificial.

The excrements of animals contain nature's fertilizer. As applied to the soil the solid and liquid manures are of about equal value, the latter being rather more available than the former when absorbed by some proper substance. Many farmers who are very careful concerning the solid excrements of the cattle make no provision for saving the valuable liquids. In Winter the average farmer throws the liquid manure out of the barn, there to remain against the building, to be bleached by sun and wind and washed by storms, until much of its value is lost. Even this class of farmers make no provision for saving the liquid manures, which are allowed to go to waste and form a nuisance about the premises.

Many who have provided barn cellars over which the cattle stand, and into which the manure is dropped, also lose much of the liquid excrement by failing to provide a suitable absorbent. In summer, some farmers yard their cows through the night, others only to milk them, then turning out to pasture. Yet, of these, many pay no attention to the valuable droppings of the cattle, allowing the same to go to waste by washing or blowing away. Others carefully gather the solids into heaps for future use, while few or none make provision for saving the liquids.

A very small but thrifty class of farmers are careful to provide absorbents in their barnyards to receive the droppings, both solid and liquid. After the yard has been in use a while they plow and harrow it, thus thoroughly mixing the droppings with the absorbents. This process is repeated at intervals through the season. Through such a method a large amount of fine rotten manure is secured, forming a most excellent top-dressing for grass.

Again, in the matter of keeping hogs shut up in pens, the latter become an intolerable nuisance in many places unless a liberal stock of some suitable absorbent is supplied for the animals to work over and incorporate with their droppings. Through neglect of this precaution vile odors emanate from the pens, often entering the dairy room, to contaminate the milk, cream or butter. With a fair chance hogs will make a large amount of first-class manure, and which is more stimulating in its application than many of the commercial fertilizers on the market. The droppings of the hen-roost, mixed with dry earth or plaster, are invaluable. Sink drainage, chamber slops and soap-suds, when absorbed by some suitable substance, are transformed into excellent fertilizing material, instead of running to waste about the door yard and rendering the premises unwholesome and unhealthy. Deodorizing substances, such as dry muck, earth, road-dust or plaster, may be used to convert noxious matters from a nuisance into a source of income. Thus the farmer may render his home more healthy and his farm more fertile. Care in these matters may save the money, at least in part, now spent in the purchase of commercial fertilizers. Few farmers exhaust the domestic supply of fertilizing materials.—*Cultivator.*

Doing her Duty Nobly.

It was the act of an honest, fearless little woman that brought Ellery H. Andrews to justice. She was his wife, and when he confided to her the secret that he had robbed the bank by which he had been employed she turned on him and said: "Harry, you must go back to the bank and confess what you have done."

He hesitated and seemed to wish to avoid a confession.

"If you do not, I will. It is right," was all the plucky woman said.

Saturday noon Mr. George Sturges, President of the Northwestern National Bank of Chicago, was surprised to receive a little tear-stained note from Mrs. Andrews. It informed him that Ellery H. Andrews was a thief. That evening Mr. Sturges went to Andrews' home, a little cottage in the village of Downer's Grove. The heart-broken wife met him at the door and ushered him into the presence of the defaulting husband. He said nothing, but waited for the sentence of the man whom he had robbed. There was a scene in that little cottage, but at the conclusion of the interview Sturges left with a written confession from Andrews. The wife, although expressing the utmost devotion to her husband, did not ask that he be forgiven, but rather wished that he be dealt with as his crime merited.

In the confession Andrews admitted having stolen about $10,000. He did not know where the money had gone, he said. For five years he held the position of correspondent of the bank, and was a trusted employe. One year and a half ago he was married to the woman who gave him up to righteous judgment.

The testimony of the case was submitted to the grand jury of Cook County, and an indictment was found. Andrews was arrested, and taken to the County Jail. Judge Gary fixed the bondsat $10,000, which he was unable to furnish.

Mr. Sturges was seen, and said:

"Last Friday I saw Harry entering a saloon. Now, that is enough to cause the discharge of any man in our employ. I liked the young man, but I decided to dismiss him. He admitted the charge was true, and I told him our contract was at an end. He probably went home, and in a fit of despondency he confessed to his wife. She is the noblest woman I ever saw. She did what she did because she thought it was right. He came to me recommended by the Bank of Commerce. The stealings cover a period of six months. Mr. Maynard said to me at the time: 'Sturges, you have got a treasure in Andrews. There is not a crooked hair in his head.' I have since heard that he gambled. Experts have examined the books, and report that the deficit does not exceed what he admitted. I am very sorry for the poor wife. She is a noble woman, one in a thousand."

A Question of the Age.

The President of the Assizes Court, questioning lady witness—"Your age, madame?"

The lady (in a low voice)—"Twenty-two."

The President—"Thirty-two, you say, madame?"

The lady (quickly)—"No, sir; twenty-seven."

CRIME IN PARIS.

A Remarkable Increase—Habits of the Criminal Classes.

Crime of the most hideous description is on the increase in Paris. The greatest safety seems to lie in a continuance of the dense fogs wherewith we have been blessed for the last six days. The malefactors themselves are apparently frightened. At any rate, a careful perusal of the police reports shows a decrease since last week. The supposition was confirmed by the commissary of police of one of the most dangerous quarters of Paris. This gentleman accounted quite logically for the diminution observable. The Parisian foot-pad and crib-cracker is an epicurian in his way. He said: "He objects to inclement weather, first, because he feels uncomfortable; secondly, because it interferes with business. The reason is not far to seek. So long as the weather is in any way bearable, the Parisians of any and every class turn out. Many of them get belated, attacked in the streets, or, if they escape that danger, find their premises rifled at their return. Servants are of little use. If of doubtful character, they are probably in league with the criminals themselves. If honest, they turn out also, or else go to bed or to a carouse with their fellows at the top of the house, where their rooms are invariably situated. The *concierge* is of no use to prevent crime. Though she is generally above suspicion as regards honesty, she is lazy, indifferent, and impertinent, and sometimes all three. A male *concierge* who concerns himself with the affairs of the house is a rarity, except in the better class dwelling. In nine cases out of ten the *concierge* is a woman, widow, or married. If the former, she is frightened at her own shadow; if the latter, the husband is generally absent when he is most wanted. He works the whole day. At 9 o'clock, or thereabout, he goes to the wine shop. The outer door is closed or open, as the case may be. The intruder has but to ring the bell, call out the name of one of the inmates, and obtain the run of the house. He can make his choice. He begins ringing on the first floor. If the door is opened, he has simply to inquire for no matter whom, seeing that the occupant of the first floor does not know his next-door neighbor on the same landing, let alone the family above his head. He shuts the door in the inquirer's face. The latter has the coast free, and repeats his manœuvre at every door until his summons meets with no response. The rest is a matter of plain sailing. It is needless to say that bad weather reduces his chances to a minimum; he must be hard-pushed indeed to go in search of business. If he has any money at all he goes to one of the theatres, but only to a certain class of them. The Gymnases, the Vaudeville, the Comedie Francise, and the Odeon never see him within their doors. If he be of a refined turn of mind at all, he visits the Palais Royal now and then, but as a rule the Ambigu and the Porte St. Martin are his favorite haunts. Of course not now, while Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is playing at the latter house. His invariable preference is for music. But for seats at the opera being too dear, he would crowd its gallery whenever his means permitted. As it is, he takes to the opera-bouffe. He very often forms part of the claque. I have known two or three that would whistle the 'Mascot,' or 'La Belle Helene,' from the first note to the last."—*London Globe.*

What to Drink.

The *British Medical Journal*, in an interesting article on breakfast beverages, observes:—

"Each of our commoner breakfast beverages, namely, tea, coffee, and cocoa, present sundry relative advantages and disadvantages, which have been well established by scientific experiments and general experience, and which are qualities that sometimes assume a special importance in certain conditions of health, habit, occupation, climate, and disease. Warm infusion of tea has been proved to have a marked stimulative and restorative action upon the brain and nervous system, and this effect is not followed by any secondary depression. It further increases the action of the skin, and raises the number of the pulse, while it has little effect upon urination, excepting simply as a watery diuretic. It tends to lessen the action of the bowels. Dr. Parks found that tea is most useful article of diet for soldiers. The hot infusion is a patent protective against extremes both of heat and cold; and Sir Ronald Martin proved it to be particularly valuable in great fatigue, especially in hot climates. Coffee, like tea, when used as an article of diet, especially affects the nervous system. It is a brain-and-nerve stimulant; in very large doses it produces tremors. It increases the action of the skin, and it appears to have a special power in augmenting the urinary water. It increases both the force and frequency of the pulse. Unlike tea, it tends to increase the action of the bowels. Coffee has been proved to be an important article in a soldier's dietary as a stimulant and restorative. Like tea, it acts as a nerve excitant, without producing subsequent depression. It is serviceable against excessive variations of cold and heat, and its efficacy in these respects has been established in antarctic expeditions, as well as in India an other hot climates. Dr. Parkes pointed out that coffee has a special recommendation in its protective influence against malaria. While admitting that the evidence on this point was not strong, he held it to be sufficient to authorise the large use of coffee in malarious districts. Coffee should be used as an infusion. If coffee be boiled, its delicate aroma is dissipated. The theobromin of cocoa is, chemically, identical with the thein of tea and the caffein of coffee. While tea and coffee are comparatively valueless as true foods, cocoa, by reason of the large quantity of fatty and albuminoid substances it contains, is very nourishing, and is of high dietetic value as a tissue-forming food. Compared with tea and coffee, it is a food rather than a stimulant, being akin to milk in its composition and place in the diet scale. It is useful to sustain the weakly, and to support the strong in great exertion, as a really assimilable and general form of nourishment

Calais harbor is at length really likely to be improved—a boon to channel crossers. The French Chamber of Commerce has guaranteed an adequate interest to the Government on the amount advanced.

HIS OWN EXECUTOR.

A Well-known Gentleman's Philanthrophy and the Commotion Caused by one of His Letters.

Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

We published in our local columns yesterday morning a significant letter from a gentleman known personally or by reputation to nearly every person in the land. We have received a number of letters protesting against the use of our columns for such "palpable frauds and misrepresentations;" therefore, to confirm beyond a doubt the authenticity of a letter, and the genuineness of its sentiments, a reporter of this paper was commissioned to ascertain all the possible facts in the matter. Accordingly he visited Clifton Springs, saw the author of the letter, and with the following result:—

Dr. Henry Foster, the gentleman in question, is 63 or 64 years of age and has an extremely cordial manner. He presides as superintendent over the celebrated sanitarium which accomodates over 500 guests and is unquestionably the leading health resort of the country. Several years ago this benevolent man wisely determined to be his own executor; and, therefore turned over this magnificent property worth $300,000, as a free gift to a board of trustees, representing the principal evangelical denominations. Among the trustees are Bishop A. C. Coxe, Protestant Episcopal, Buffalo; Bishop Matthew Simpson, Philadelphia, Methodist Episcopal; President M. B. Anderson, of the University of Rochester; Rev. Dr. Clark, secretary of the A. B. C. F. M., Boston. The benevolent purpose of the institution is the care:—1st. Of evangelical missionaries and their families whose health has been broken in their work. 2nd. Of ministers, of any denomination, in good standing. 3rd. Of members of any church; who otherwise would be unable to secure such care and treatment. The current expenses of the institution are met by the receipt from the hundreds of distinguished and wealthy people who every year crowd its utmost capacity. Here come men and women who were once in perfect health, but neglected the first symptoms of disease. The uncertain pains they felt at first were overlooked until their health became impaired. They little realized the danger before them, nor how alarming even trifle ailments might prove. They constitute all classes, including ministers and bishops, lawyers, judges, statesmen, millionaires, journalists, college professors and officials from all parts of the land.

Drawing the morning *Democrat and Chronicle* from his pocket, the reporter remarked, "Doctor, that letter of yours has created a good deal of talk, and many of our readers have questioned its authenticity."

"To what do you refer?" remarked the doctor.

"Have you not seen the paper?"

"Yes, but I have not had time to read it yet."

The reporter thereupon showed him the letter, which was as follows:

CLIFTON SPRINGS SANITARIUM CO.,
CLIFTON SPRINGS, N. Y., Oct. 11, 1883.

DEAR SIR: I am using Warner's Safe Cure, and I regard it as the best remedy for some forms of kidney disease that we have. I am watching with great care some cases I am now treating with it, and I hope for favorable results.

I wish you might come down yourself, as I would like very much to talk with you about your sterling remedy and show you over our institution.

Yours truly
[Signed] HENRY FOSTER, M. D.

"I do not see why anybody should be skeptical concerning that letter," remarked the doctor.

"Isn't it unusual for a physician of your standing and influence to commend a proprietary preparation?"

"I don't know how it may be with others, but in this institution we allow no person to dictate to us what we shall use. Our purpose is to cure the sick, and for that work we use anything we know to be valuable. Because I know Warner's Safe Cure is a very valuable preparation, I commend it. As its power is manifested under my use, so shall I add to the completeness of my commendation."

"Have you ever analyzed it, doctor?"

"We always analyze before we try any preparation of which we do not know the constituents. But analysis, you know, only gives the elements: it does not give the all important proportions. The remarkable power of Warner's Safe Cure undoubtedly consists in the proportions according to which its elements are mixed. While there may be a thousand remedies made of the same elements, unless they are put together in proper proportions, they are worthless as kidney and liver preparations

"I hope some day to meet Mr. Warner personally, and extend fuller congratulations to him on the excellence of his preparations. I have heard much of him as the founder of the Warner Observatory, and as a man of large benevolence. The reputed high character of the man himself gave assurance to me in the first place that he would not put a remedy upon the market that was not trustworthy; and it was a source of a good deal of gratification to me to find out by actual experiment that the remedy itself sustained my impressions."

The conclusion reached by Dr. Foster is precisely the same found by Dr. Dio Lewis, Dr. Robert A. Gunn, Ex Surgeon-General Gallagher and others, and proves beyond a doubt the great efficacy of the remedy which has awakened so much attention in the land and rescued so many men, women and children from disease and death.

A Dayton, O., man put a pistol ball in his stomach. As his digestion is good he may not digest yet.

The use of Pills, Salts, Castor Oil &c. and other nauseous, griping Cathartics is unnecessary, as a pleasant substitute is found in Dr. Carson's Bitters, which act as a Cathartic without griping or causing nausea. All druggists sell it. 50 cents a Bottle.

It is a seasonable bit of information to state positively that we needn't go to the sea shore after beechnuts.

The Triangle Dyes have attained a popularity unprecedented in the history of dye stuff. No wonder, for they are perfect in all their shades. 10 cents.

From MR. WILLIAM [illegible]
Erindale, Credit P. O., Jan. [illegible] 1883.

MY DEAR SUTHERLAND: Some two months since I became so afflicted with Rheumatism of the neck and right shoulder as to render my right arm nearly powerless. I determined to try your "Rheumatine" and the result is that I am now *free from pain*, and enjoy the *full use of my arm*. My general health is also much improved by the use of the medicine. The first two bottles *relieved me*—the third bottle *freed me from all pain*.

WM. MAGRATH.

J. N. Sutherland, St. Catharines.

A million bats are said to live in the dome of the Court House at Breham, Ga. "What a bonanza for a base ball club!"

They all tell the same story. Mr. W. Thompson, Jeweller, Delhi, suffered for years from Dyspepsia, got no relief until he used Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. He says "it was just the medicine I needed It has cured me."

"Do you believe in an omen?" was once asked Ned Sothern. "Only when it has a 'w' before it," was the prompt reply.

Important

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 1000 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

"Yes," he said, "I have taken particular care to keep the matter a secret. I have employed a Connecticut detective to ferret it out."

Catarrh—A New Treatment whereby a Permanent Cure is effected in from one to three applications. Particulars and treatise free on receipt of stamp. A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King-St. West, Toronto, Canada.

A Clark County liar has been awarded he surcingle. He tells of a winter so severe that the springs in men's watches were all frozen.

" A. P." 151

St. Jacobs Oil

THE GREAT GERMAN
REMEDY
FOR PAIN.

Relieves and cures
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia,
Sciatica, Lumbago,
BACKACHE,
HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE,
SORE THROAT,
QUINSY, SWELLINGS,
SPRAINS,
Soreness, Cuts, Bruises,
FROSTBITES,
BURNS, SCALDS,
And all other bodily aches and pains.
FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages.
The Charles A. Vogeler Co.
(Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.)
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

WANTED—STEADY EMPLOYMENT and good pay given to every lady owning a sewing machine. Material sent and returned by mail. Send one dollar with your application as a guarantee that the material we furnish will be returned when finished. FINDLAY & CO., Manufacturers, Detroit, Mich.

1883—ST. JOHN EXHIBITION—1883

Leather Belting, Fire Engine Hose, &c. Four First Prizes and Two Diplomas. The highest of all Awards for Leather Belting and Fire Engine Hose were accorded by the Judges at the St. John Centennial and Dominion Exhibition, to ROBIN & SADLER, Montreal, over all competitors.

10 PER CENT. OFF OUR DOLLAR tweeds makes the price 90 cents; these goods are worth $1.50, and make beautiful ladies' Ulsters. A. B. FLINT, 35 Colborne Street, Toronto.

10 PER CENT. OFF OUR CELEBRATED black silks, that is our dollar silk, will cost you only 90 cents; our $1.50 silk, only $1.35; all goods marked in plain figures. A. B. FLINT, 35 Colborne Street, Toronto.

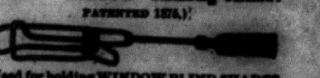
10 PER CENT. OFF OUR ALL-WOOL Jersey blankets; our $4.50 blanket for $4; see our Dungannon covers, worth $7 for only $1.95, or $1.75 net cash; this discount is allowed on all parcels of one dollar and over. A. B. FLINT, 35 Colborne Street, Toronto.

10 PER CENT. DISCOUNT OFF ALL DRY goods, including new fall stock, all goods marked in plain figures; all goods sold for cash only. A. B. FLINT, 35 Colborne Street, Toronto.

10 PER CENT. OFF GREY COTTONS—or a ten cent cotton for nine cents; sheetings, Shirtings, grey flannels, table Napkins, A. B. FLINT, 35 Colborne Street, Toronto.

10 PER CENT. OFF ALL DRESS GOODS silks, satins, velvets, brocades, black and colored, cashmere, tweeds, ulsterings. A. B. FLINT, 35 Colborne Street, Toronto.

WELLS' WINDOW SHADE CLASP.
PATENTED 1878.



Used for holding WINDOW BLIND SHADES without rollers, pins, or cords. Saves blinds, money and patience. Looks orderly and neat. Is durable and cheap. Retailed by all dealers everywhere. Trade supplied wholesale by the manufacturers. The TORONTO INDUSTRIAL WORKS CO., 26 Church street, Toronto.

Dominion Line of Steamships.

Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday during the summer months, and from Portland every alternate Thursday during the winter months. Sailing dates from Quebec:—

*Sarnia,	Oct. 20	*Oregon,	Nov. 10
Montreal,	" 27	Dominion,	" 17
Ontario,	Nov. 3	Toronto,	" 24

Rates of passage: Cabin, Quebec to Liverpool $50, $60, $65, $80; return, $90, $100, $110, $140 according to berth and location of stateroom. Intermediate, $45. Steerage, $26. The saloons and staterooms in steamers marked thus: * are amidships, where but little motion is felt, and no cabins or sleeps are carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent or local agents of the Company, or to

DAVID TORRANCE & Co.,
General Agents, Montreal.

CURRENT EVENTS.

CANADIAN.

It is now definitely announced that Parliament will be convened at Ottawa on the 17th of January for the despatch of business.

A disastrous fire took place at the Walkerville distillery, near Windsor, on the 6th inst., and 400 cattle fattening in the stables were burned to death.

As an evidence of the progress of the Dominion Lord Lorne stated in his Liverpool speech that the number of letters from England to the North-west had increased from 3,000 in 1880 to 12,000 in 1882.

According to the official *Gazette* the total number of immigrants arriving in Canada up to October 31st was 166,933, against 185,055 up to the same date last year. Of these over 67,000 passed on to the United States.

Mayor Beaudry, of Montreal, announces himself as a candidate for the mayoralty for the tenth time. He has certainly some bitter enemies, but the successful results show that he has also a great many warm friends in Montreal.

Very Rev. Dean Baldwin, of Montreal, recently elected Bishop of Huron, expects to be consecrated at London, Ont., on the 28th inst. Revs. Dr. Carmichael, of St. George's, church, Montreal and Dr. Wilson, of Kingston, are spoken of as his successor.

The Salvation Army have nearly completed a new brick building for a "barracks" in Kingston. It is a plain, substantial brick building, capable of accommodating probably a thousand people. It is expected that it will be formally opened on the 16th inst.

The New Glasgow, N. S., glass works are said to employ 150 hands, and to be running night and day. Such glass works must be run night and day, if run at all. The Napanee, Ont., glass works are closed and it is not intended to open them this year again.

The admirers of the late Rev. Dr. Ryerson have been circulating subscription lists for a memorial fund, and some $3,600 has already been subscribed. It is hoped to raise the amount to $6,000 if practicable. The subscribers are largely those engaged in connection with the schools of this province.

Lord Lansdowne had hardly become settled in his new Vice-regal residence at Ottawa when anonymous letters began to be sent to him threatening his life. It is hard to tell whether these missives are the mischievious pranks of men with little better to do, or the work of fiendish Fenians.

The election of Mr. Hammill, the Conservative M. P.P., Cardwell was declared void by the court on the 6th inst., in consequence of the corrupt practice of several agents and friends keeping their bars open and liquor selling on the day of the election. As it was shown that bars were kept open by the friends of both sides each party had to pay its own costs.

At an Orange meeting in Brockville on the 5th John White, M. P., stated that he intended to introduce his Orange incorporation bill again at the next session of the House of Commons if the Supreme Grand Lodge of the Order desires him to do so. The matter was left in the hands of a committee of five at the late session of that body, and it lies with them to decide what course to take.

The Halifax *Chronicle* states that the difficulty of procuring home female labor for the Moncton knitting factory is so great that operators have to be imported from the Upper Provinces. It deplores, at the same time, that hundreds and hundreds of girls are constantly leaving their homes in Nova Scotia for employment in the United States, thinking they can do better there than at home.

On Thanksgiving day a new Orphans Home building was formally opened at Toronto, the Mayor presiding at the ceremonies. The new building is situated on Doverecourt road, at the north-west corner of the city. It is of "Modern English domestic" architecture, built of red brick, 156 feet in length, four stories high and very tastily finished. Ample accommodation is provided for 200 children, one half of the space being arranged for the girls.

James Jamieson, of Kingston was sentenced on the 3rd inst. to fourteen years imprisonment in the penitentiary for burning the barns and their contents of a farmer residing near the city. Jamieson was convicted on his own confession. He stated that he wandered into the barn to sleep one night in an intoxicated condition, and in attempting to light his pipe set fire to the straw. He confessed his crime and wanted to be sent to penitentiary to get out of temptations way. He was once before in prison for barn burnings.

There will probably be a very lively contest in Lennox County for the seat made vacant in the House of Commons by the Court avoiding the election of Sir John A. Macdonald. Sir John declined to become a candidate again, preferring to retain his seat for Carlton County, and M. W. Pruyn, Esq., of Napanee, has been nominated by the Conservatives in his stead. Mr. D. W. Allison, of Adolphinstown, the former candidate, was nominated by the Reform convention. Both parties are now hard at work. It has not yet been announced when the election will take place.

GREAT BRITAIN.

At a fair at Ruth Keale, a few miles off Limerick, a faction fight took place recently and forty persons were wounded. A Rowdy fight also took place between the mob and the police, but a few arrests were made.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey began a series of evangelistic meetings in London, England, on the 4th inst. The iron hall, built on purpose for their services, holds nearly 6,000 persons, and is said to be a fine structure. The prospects are for a very successful series of meetings.

The ex Governor General and the Princess Louise arrived safely in England on the 8th inst., after a short and pleasant voyage. They were received with great demonstrations at home.

The Pope is reported to have expressed himself in very strong opposition to the schemes of the British Government of the wholesale exportation of Irishmen from their native land. Whether this will have the effect of checking emigration to much extent remains to be seen.

The new County Franchise Bill in the Mother Land, besides enfranchising the great mass of farm laborers, will do so for the people of one hundred and fifty towns or places not purely agricultural, in which there is a population of over 10,000 persons, their total reaching three millions. The extent of the reform proposed can be judged by these facts.

UNITED STATES.

Thursday 29th inst., has been appointed Thanksgiving day in the United States, by proclamation of President Arthur.

The total receipts from the United States internal revenue for the fiscal year ending June 30th last were $144,000,000.

The Texas papers say that the cotton crop of that State is nearly one-third less than last year. The crop is reported light all over the Southern States.

An American paper says: "The export from this country exceeded the imports by $117,326,909 during the past year. Our imports were $54,744 662 less than for 1882, and our exports $74 636,799 greater.

The United States Postmaster-General is now considering the advisability of allowing an increase in the weight of letters for single postage from one half ounce to one ounce. Some such increase is needed in Canada.

A Panama dispatch reports that 10,000 men are at work on the Panama Canal, and that the number will be increased to 15,000 next year. There are in use 30 steam excavators, 40 locomotives and 800 tip carts.

The immigrants coming to America during the past season by the aid of the Tuke fund numbered about 5,000, of whom all but 1,800 came to the States. Most of them are now comfortably settled in various employments, and are justifying the good opinion which caused their selection by the committee in Ireland.

The first bale of cotton ever picked from the field by machinery was exhibited at the Charleston Cotton Exchange a few days ago. The condition of the cotton was pronounced by cotton men as good as that of hand-picked cotton. The machine used will harvest two and a half to three full bales a day.

At Steubensville, Ohio, at an old Roman Catholic burying ground, one day last week, a metallic coffin was opened containing the body of a young lady in a good state of preservation. The position of the body gave unmistakable evidence that she had been buried alive. No one seemed to know who it was.

The State elections in the ten states that took place on Tuesday 6th inst., were, on the whole, favorable to the Republicans and go to give more favorable indications for the Republican party at the Presidential election next year. A notable feature of the elections was the defeat of Ben Butler for Governor of Massachusetts by a good majority.

There seems to be very serious difficulty brewing in the Southern States in regard to the irrepressible "color question." At Danville, Virginia, recently a deadly conflict took place between a crowd of whites and negroes in which six negroes were shot and others wounded. Such conflicts, it is feared, will become more general as the ill feeling increases. There is yet an intense excitement.

At Madison, Wisconsin, the entire roof, inside walls, and the iron and stone columns of the new south wing of the State Capitol building fell in on the 8th inst., killing several of the workmen and badly injuring others. The cause of the accident is supposed to have been the defective iron columns. They were made of large plates of boiler iron put together stovepipe fashion, and the joints were not bolted together. A thorough investigation of the case is ordered.

A farmer named Jacob Lieb, living near Erie, Pennsylvania, recently concealed all his greenbacks, mortgages and other similar papers in the oven of an unused parlor stove in order to escape thieves. The first of the month there was a snow storm and the farmer, being out at the time, his wife resolved to please him by a warm parlor when he got home, to his dismay he found his hid treasure, amounting to about fifteen thousand dollars, the earnings of his lifetime were consumed.

Another destructive cyclone passed through some parts of Missouri recently Hundreds of houses were demolished and others more or less injured. In and about Springfield ten persons were instantly killed and over fifty more or less injured. In that locality a Roman Catholic church was wrecked, a cigar factory destroyed, and a school house blown down, from which about fifty children escaped without much serious injury. The path of the storm was only a few yards wide, but wherever it struck the ruin was appalling.

A Child for $20.

The Columbia, (Neb.) *Democrat* says: On Monday last a man with four children, claiming to be from Nibrara country, this State, arrived in town, and while here he met another mover, to whom he proposed to sell his little, four years old. As shocking y inhuman as this may seem, the little boy was then and there sold to the stranger for the sum of $20. The little fellow, when told by his beast of a father what he had done, and that he must go with the stranger, wept bitterly, imploring his father not to take him away from his little brothers and sisters. "No, you can not stay, you must go," was the stern command. The child again kissed his brothers and sisters, and was put in the stranger's waggon and started off, but so grieved and pained was his little heart at being thus ruthlessly torn from those he loved that, after having gone a short distance, he jumped out of the waggon, went back again and begged not to be sent away with strangers. But he was taken back and put into the waggon. So touching was this inhuman circumstance that the wife of the purchaser wept bitterly.

Every subscriber for a paper can do much for the paper by becoming a reporter for it. That would greatly help the editor in getting out a readable sheet. The trouble with the average subscriber is that he is not content with being a reporter. He wants to write the editorials.

Street Scenes in Lisbon.

Among the street scenes in Lisbon may be noted two men carrying a bedstead and mattress slung upon a pole, a la Chinatown; a man driving a flock of turkeys; places at the public fountains divided by classes—this side for gentlemen, this for menials, etc.; the Praza do Comercio, or, as the English call it, "Black-Horse square," after the equestrian statue of Joseph I., which stands in the middle; the Passeio Publico, with its marble basins, its trees, flowers and pretty girls; the cathedral, rebuilt since the great earthquake of 1755; the palace Ajuda, where the royal family (the population of Portugal is scarcely more than one-half that of the state of New York) usually dwells; and the theatre San Carlos. The male peasant wears a woollen night cap for a head-dress, the female, nothing. The male of the genteel class wears a shiny silk hat with a very narrow brim; the female, whatever may be the fashion in Paris. The gentry wear French costumes; the peasants black homespun woollen jackets and trousers. You meet English people at every turn. Most of the few industries which flourish in Portugal are in their hands: the wine trade, the fruit trade, the shipping, the mining, and even the sardine fishery—in fact, since the Methuen treaty Portugal has become little more than a British province. It has nominally a protective tariff, but really enjoys free trade, the entire coast and the frontiers being in possession of smugglers. What with the small population of the country, its almost ruined condition, and its utter dependence upon England, its crown becomes a mockery, and both its "ancient" and "modern" nobility a caricature.—*Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

Smoking in Mexico.

While waiting for coffee, and afterward during pauses in the conversation, the gentlemen of the family—and not infrequently the ladies also—settle gracefully back in their chairs and enjoy a cigarette or two. I learned a lesson at my very first dinner in Mexico. It was at a hotel table, and a stranger Mexican seated beside me, who happened to finish his dinner first, innocently lighted his cigar for the usual table smoke, which I, in the depth of my ignorance, regarded as a personal insult, and indignantly left the table. Since that day I have become "learned in the ways of the Egyptians," and cannot only tolerate the national custom with equanimity, but (be not horrified, oh, fastidious friends) occasionally take a dinner cigarette myself. When one is in Rome it is well to do as Romans do. These tiny Mexican cigarettes, rolled up in corn husks or tissue paper, are not at all like the strong smelling things we have in the United States. These are not much larger than straws, the husk is sweet to the taste, and they have a delicate fragrance which is very pleasant. In Mexico everybody smokes at all times and in all places—at the theatre, in the ball-room, everywhere. In making formal calls or more extended visits, politeness demands an immediate and frequent exchange of cigarettes and "light"—with many courteous words, as "after you, senora" (referring to the match)—precisely as our ancestors were wont to proffer and accept the civilities of the snuff-box. Every Mexican lady's pocket is supplied with match-box and cigarette-holder of more or less elegance, and the dainty fingers of many a fair young senorita are discolored like polished bronze at the tips from much cigarette rolling.

Turkish Brigands.

A new and very successful way of dealing with brigands has been adopted by the inhabitants of the village of Kossovo, in Turkey. For some time past the numerous bands of brigands in the district have rendered life almost intolerable. They not only infested the roads, rendering locomotion impossible, but also made raids into the neighboring villages. The whole of the villages in the district of Dike at last hit upon a novel expedient for restoring peace. Whenever the prolonged absence of any villager gave rise to suspicion that he was doing a little bit of "brigandism," his house was immediately set fire to and burned to the ground; and when the missing man returned, besides finding his house reduced to ashes, he was subjected to the additional annoyance of being at once handed over to the authorities. This system has been carried to such an extent that several persons suspected of brigandage have been actually compelled by their neighbors to set fire to their houses. It is to be regretted that the same plan can not be adopted with burglars in the metropolitan district, several of whom are supposed to occupy surburban villas, and who would be ineffably disgusted on returning home after a successful venture to find their dwellings in ruins.—*St James's Gazette.*

Twins Born in a Street-Car.

Between 8 and 10 o'clock on a recent night two babies were born in a street-car on Fifth Street, near Franklin avenue, St. Louis, Mo. The mother, the wife of a German lumber-piler of North St. Louis, named Lutz, had boarded the car at Park avenue, in the southern part of the city, and was on her way home when the trouble came on. The car was stopped, a physician summoned, and the patrol waggon called. They wanted to place her in the waggon and take her home, but she insisted on riding home in the car. They let her have her way, and although a monster crowd collected and travel over the car line was stopped, the car remained stationary until two children were born. The car then proceeded northward, and the mother and the babies rode home in it. At last accounts all were doing well.

"I see you are growing a mustache, George," said she, as she caressed the lappel of his coat. "Ye-es," stammered George, blushing furiously, "I—I am trying to cultivate one, Arabella." "Don't it feel funny on your lip," she asked. "Well, no," he laughed, regaining his composure, "it seems to be quite natural." "I wonder how a mustache would feel on my lip," she said, with a far-away, absent look in her eyes. "You needn't wonder long, then," said George, as he bent down. "Oh, you forward thing!" she exclaimed; "I've a good mind to make you take that back again." And he did.

How Medicine is Taken

It is to be feared that to most people medicine is not an erudite science or learned art, but is little more than the common administration of physic. They cannot understand medicines without drugs, and its virtue and power are popularly measured by the violence of its operations. Its very name is, in ordinary parlance, synonymous with physic. Take from it its pills and potions, and for them you take away its whole art and mystery. They do not believe in a scheme of treatment, however deep-laid and skillful, which does not include a certain statutory dosage. So that, as a rule, medical men are practically compelled to give their patients a visible object of faith in some form of physic, which may be at most designed to effect some very subordinate purpose. And it is remarkable how strongly even among the educated classes, this feeling prevails. Cures by the administration of mixtures and boluses is so fixed and ancient a tradition that it is only very slowly that the world will give it up. The anxiety of the friends of the patients wants to do more than follow the simple directions of "nursing," which have been so carefully indicated, and possess apparently so little remedial power. There is nothing of the unknown about them in which a fluttering hope of great advantage can nestle. Thus it is necessary to educate the world into a belief in medicine apart from drugs, which finds its power in curing in adaptation of the common conditions of life and applications of physiological facts—a medicine which takes into its hands the whole life, and orders and fashions its every detail with scientific definiteness. It is found in everyday practice that this popular understanding of the modern spirit of medicine constantly checks the little tentative advances of a more scientific treatment, and it is necessary that it should be generally understood how powerfully the various processes of the economy may be affected by the manipulation of the condition of common life.—*British Quarterly Review.*

Starters for Stories.

Following the prevailing literary fashion: Slush, slush, slush!——I first saw the light of day——"Push the eglantine aside, Hester."——It was night—night in the great city.——It was night—night on the lonely downs.——A dull sun was rising on a perfect day.——A dull drizzling day on the Cornish coast.——It was Herbet Delany's 21st birthday.——It was a beautiful afternoon toward the close of August.——Geoffrey Marmalade had been a bachelor for many years.——Born of humble parents, John Gray grew up to manhood.——Yes, it was very hard for all of us to part with Lilith Jane; but——Only a gun-miller's daughter!—And yet how fair—how wonderously fair she was!——On a sultry day toward the close of August, 18—, the heir of Jagshurst lay dying.——The birds were twittering sweetly that morning in leafy June, when Clara Montmorenci——"No!" The speaker was a fair pale girl of some nineteen summers.——A bright, glowing fire, a cheerful room, books everywhere—what more did Herbert Vane need to be happy?—*Puck.*

A Disproved Theory.

"What's the matter, Slocum?" asked one Brooklyn, E. D., young man of another, who wore a bicycle cap, and looked as though he ought to be in B E D.

"I was going across a vacant lot last night after I left my summer girl's house, in Bushwick, when a big beast of a dog chased me."

"Catch you?"

"Ya-as, rather."

"Why didn't you shoot him?"

"Well, you see I had no gun, and besides I'd been reading a story that's going the rounds of the papers now about the Hon. Phil Hoyne, of Chicago, wherein he says that he frightens dogs by taking his hat off. His theory is that the dog reflects, and thinks the human apparition is tearing himself to pieces."

"Well, did you try the honorable gentleman's racket?"

"Umph, umph, I guess he thought I wasn't tearing myself to pieces fast enough, and he took a holt to help. The (his language was such) brute has my new Fedora hat yet, unless he's through with it."—*New York Truth.*

Adverse to a Miscellaneous Crowd

It was in Chicago, of course, though for that matter it might have been in any city of Connecticut or Massachusetts.

"Will you go to the ball, this eve?" he inquired.

"Not this eve," she replied, certainly in not the most gracious manner possible: and then she added, "S'mother eve, possibly."

"But Mrs. Stockyards Porcine certainly sent you an invitation!"

"Oh, yes, of course; but I felt obliged to present my compliments and regrets."

"Well, if you ain't a funny woman. The soiree will be one of the most fashionable and select given on the west side, this season."

"I suppose so, but still I did not want to go."

"Private reasons, eh?"

"Well, if you must know, all of my divorced husbands have been invited, and I don't wish to mix promiscuously in such a miscellaneous crowd."

A Russian Victim.

The return from Siberia of the Russian writer Tchernischefski, who has been in exile since 1862, is announced. He is now turned 60, and it can well be believed that, apart from the effect of years, he has greatly aged. He was until the time of his arrest the editor of one of the leading Russian reviews, the *Sovremennik*, or *Contemporary*. But although the tone of the periodical was under Tchernischefski's direction liberal and even radical, it was not to his connection with the *Sovremennik* that his deportation was due. He was accused of editing one of the secret revolutionary prints which in 1862 first made their appearance in Russia; and, charged with high treason, was found guilty and sentenced to capital punishment. The sentence was afterward commuted to deportation for life. He was exposed in one of the public squares in St. Petersburg, a sword was broken over his head in token of loss of nobility, and he was carried away to the gloomy region from which he has just come back.—*St. James Gazette.*

Exploring a New River.

The expedition of Lieutenant Schwatka for exploring the Yukon River, in Alaska, seems to have been fraught with more adventures than valuable discoveries. The Indians, sixty-five in number, carried the provisions of the expedition across the Dabadee Mountains and through Perra Pass to the headwaters of the Yukon. Perra Pass is covered with perpetual snow, and although it was the middle of June it was with great difficulty that the white men travelled through it. As they wended their way along the steep sides of the mountains one false step would have sent the one making it 800 to 1,200 feet into the canyons below. Much to the admiration of the whites, the Indians, with from fifty to one hundred pounds bound to their heads by a band around their foreheads, walked with the greatest ease in the most slippery and perilous places. Their packs in the narrowest passages scraped along the sides of the mountains, the rocks rubbing off the pictorial labels on the canned goods and the boxes of prepared food, but the Indians never halted, faltered nor shifted their loads.

The Yukon, from its head for 800 miles down, is a tumultuous river, expanding frequently into lakes, some small, some large, breaking into rapids, and shooting through canyons. Near the headwaters the explorers built a raft and, dismissing the Indians, embarked on their unknown voyage. They plunged through rapids which threatened to their craft to pieces; they waded waistdeep to push it off the sand bars on which it was thrown; at one time they approached a canyon through which they could see the water tossing and foaming, and they sent a log through to test its dangers. The rough treatment which the log received frightened them. They debarked their provisions and carried them around the canyon, which proved four miles long. Here the absence of timber prevented their building another raft, and two of them volunteered to ride the one they had abandoned through the gorge. It was strong enough to resist the current and the party emerged unharmed.

Near Fort Yukon the raft shot out from a canyon and came near being wrecked upon the beach where a miner stood at work. "Good God!" he cried in amazement, "where did you come from?" "From above," they answerod, and he turned his eyes towards the sky as if it might rain rafts and voyagers.

They seem to have been disappointed in the resources of the country. There were no signs of mineral wealth. The rivers are devoid of all fish, except the grayling, and no game was started. The party fed on government provisions throughout the whole journey. Beyond naming the various lakes into which the river occasionally widens, after Lindermann, Marsh and other professors of science, making the longest raft journey yet accomplished, and discovering that for 1,500 of its 3,000 miles the Yukon is navigable, it is hard to say what the expedition has yielded. If there is nothing to live on, and nothing to produce, and nothing to get, it will not tempt much navigation up even its 1,500 navigable miles.

Slavery in Sarawak.

Rajah Brooke, of Sarawak, who is now on a visit to this country, before leaving his country appointed a committee of administration, and issued an "order to residents," which is published in the last number of the Sarawak *Gazette*, together with the measures taken to abolish slavery throughout this territory, which is sixty thousand square miles in extent, and possessing 200,000 inhabitants. Addressing the general council, the rajah said he knew that in wishing to extinguish slavery, he was touching an old custom which had come to them from their forefathers, and he was well aware that there was nothing wrong or irregular in keeping slaves. He would trust to them to carry out the plan of freedom, and would only suggest a course for their consideration, a copy of which each member should receive written out in Malay character. On his (the rajah's) return from England he would again assemble the council and hear their decision. If they thought that freedom would injure the prosperity of the country, they had but to look around and see where the greatest prosperity showed itself, and this was not only to be found in European and Christian countries, but in many Mohammedan countries also, that had done away with the practice of slavery altogether. What he proposed was this: That every slave owner should put a debt of fifty reals ($36) on each slave, and at the end of five years from that day that every slave should be free, as well as all the children, and that during the five years the law regarding slaves freeing themselves in the courts should be held in force, as was now done.—London *Standard.*

About Local Newspapers.

An exchange hits the nail on the head in the following:—It is absurd for the residents of rural municipalities to suppose that because they get a large city weekly for the same money that they pay for a good local paper, that they receive more value for their money. This is a mistaken idea. Any man who takes the least interest in the affairs of his township or county, if he can afford only one paper, should take the one published in his own township or county. The local paper furnishes its readers with the news of the district, market reports, agricultural news, council reports, accounts of agricultural societies and shows, and local news generally, none of which the city papers can pretend to do. It will thus be seen that neither the *Mail*, *Globe*, or any other weekly can supply the place of the local paper, glib-tongued agents to the contrary notwithstanding. To which do the people look when there is some local scheme to be advocated? Do they run to the city papers? No, for they know it would be of no use to do so. Then the country press should let those who take a city weekly in preference to a local paper go to the city editors for any favors they may ask. A good live paper is the best institution any town can possess.

The *Saw-Mill Gazette* is a new paper which has hope of being considered worthy to be filed.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, NOVEMBER 22, 1883.

To Subscribers of the Review.

We heartily thank those of our subscribers who have so cheerfully paid up their subscriptions during the past few weeks—in all about fifteen. There are, however, over FIVE HUNDRED others who are from one to SEVEN years behind. This has become a rather serious matter to us. We have paid for EVERY ONE *of these papers up to date, and are now out nearly $2,000 for other people's reading. Not one of our subscribers would stand this injustice as long as we have, and when they see by this how we are placed we are sure those who wish the* REVIEW *well will not need to be again reminded.*

☞ *All subscriptions behind two years or over will* POSITIVELY *be charged $2.00 per annum,* IF NOT PAID BY THE 15TH OF DECEMBER NEXT.

THE EXTENSION.

On Saturday last Mr. Daly and party returned from the north, after pushing the survey for the railway extension some ten or twelve miles north of Bancroft. We are indebted to Mr. A. B. Ross, who was with the engineer throughout the survey, for a glance at the map on which the proposed road was lined out. From Bannockburn it runs on the east side of the Hastings Road to L'Amable, thence to Bancroft on the west. Mr. Ross informs us that the road runs in as direct a line as it was possible to locate it, and he is satisfied it is the best route obtainable. They tried the west side of the county so as to traverse the populous and rich mineral sections in Wollaston and Faraday, but were unable to find a feasible route without incurring enormous expense. It would seem, however, that the members of the executive committee are not in favor of the eastern route, judging from their action at their last meeting. On Friday a meeting was held in Belleville, which the *Intelligencer* reported as follows:—

A number of gentlemen who are interested in the extension of the B. & N. H. R. northwards, met last night in the Mayor's office. There were present: A. F. Wood Esq., M. P. P., E. D. O'Flynn Esq., Dr. Loomas, Alex. Brown Esq., Ald. Dickson, Thomas Kelso Esq. and R. C. Clute Esq. After a lengthened conversation a sub-Committee was appointed to confer with John Bell, Soliciter, relative to the charter of the Midland Railway which has authority to build the road to Bancroft. The question of extending the line to Mattawan on the Ottawa to connect with the Canada Pacific and thence to Hudson's Bay, was discussed. After passing several accounts the meeting adjourned until Monday.

The *Intelligencer* also gives the following report of the meeting on Monday:—

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the subscribers to the fund for the proposed extension of the North Hastings Railway, was held at Mr. Bell's office at noon on the 19th inst, when there were present Messrs. John Bell, Thomas Kelso, Alex. Brown, G. D. Dickson, R. C. Clute, and A. F. Wood, M. P. P. It was stated that Mr. Daly, C. E, had reported verbally that he had found a practicable route from north of Madoc, running through Tudor east of Salmon Lake via L'Amable to Bancroft. The Committee, knowing that there were large iron deposits in Wollaston and Faraday, had instructed Mr. Daly to examine into the feasibility of a route through those townships, but Mr. Daly having stated that a route through those townships was not practicable, the Committee, feeling the importance of that route, not only in opening the country but in securing the powerful iron interests in assisting to procure a Government grant, have secured the service of Mr. Bailey to make a further survey of those two Townships, to see if a practicable route could possibly be secured. Upon the reports of Mr. Daly and Mr. Bailey, the Committee will decide upon the route to be taken. The residents of the rear townships are very enthusiastic over the prospects of railway facilities to the front in the near future.

Mr A. H. Roe, M. P. P. for Lennox, brought a suit at Napanee against Mr Snider, a retired clergyman, for damages for slander, for circulating a report that Mr Roe had said that Jesus Christ was a bastard and a thief. Mr Roe denied that he had ever made such an assertion. But eight witnesses were called for the defense, all of whom said that they had heard Roe use such language, and some even far more disgusting. The plaintiff was non-suited.

—A full stock of Goat Robes at reduced prices at J. DALE & SON'S.

A Bid for the C. O. Railway.

CLEVELAND, O., Nov. 20.—A matter of considerable importance to a number of capitalists has just leaked out. Canadians are here endeavouring to purchase the Central Ontario Railway of Canada, now being completed to the Hastings iron range. It is thought without doubt that the would-be purchasers represent the Canada Pacific Railway. Mr. Ritchie President of the Central Railway, was interviewed, but refused to give any information on the subject further than the fact that parties had offered to purchase the road.

Wollaston Agricultural Society.

The following are the premiums, in order of merit, awarded at the first fair of the above Society held at Nugent on Oct. 12th, 1883:—

HORSES.

Span horses I Martin, P Conlin, Jas. Henderson, stallion P Conlin, M Welch, colt, 3 years old I Insley, I Insley, do 2 years John Henderson, T Gunter, do yearling W Conlin, J Pattison, saddle horses W Conlin, T Nugent, T Gunter.

CATTLE.

Bull W Elliott, R Campbell, J McGregor, milch cow I Insley, W Conlin, W Bristol, heifer, 3 years old, W Elliott, J Wilson, W Blackburn, do 2 years W Conlin, S Gunter, spring heifer calf A Watt, J Wilson, yoke working oxen P Conlin, A Tivy, R Waddington, yoke 4 year old steers J Blackburn, do 3 years J White, do 2 years A Thompson, C Gunter, do yearling D Peacock, J Wager, S Gunter.

SHEEP.

Ram E Blackburn, ram lamb W H Gunter, ewe J Short, do, W Blackburn, ewe lamb J Blackburn, J Short.

PIGS.

Brood sow W H Gunter, do, J Short, spring pig W H Gunter.

GRAIN AND SEEDS.

Fall wheat J McGregor, spring do W H Gunter, J Hanners, D Peacock, Oats J McGregor, D Peacock, R Waddington, large peas A Watt J Wager, D Gunter, G Pattison, timothy seed J Blackburn, W H Gunter, D Peacock.

ROOTS, FRUIT, ETC.

Early rose potatoes W Bristol, S Welch, J Short, late do W Elliott, J Henderson, H T Miller, turnips W Elliott, J Wilson, top seed onions S Welch, top onions G Pattison, H T Miller, potato onions C Payne, D Peacock, onions grown from seed C Payne, celery C Payne, blood beat D Peacock, C Payne, sugar do A Thompson, carrots C payne, I Insley, pumpkins D Gunter, J Blackburn, apples James Henderson, John Henderson, crab apples James Henderson, parsnips I Insley, W Blackburn.

DOMESTIC MANUFACTURE.

Roll butter Mrs Blackburn, Miss Thompson, Mrs McGregor, tub do A Tivy, D Gunter, loaf bread Mrs Miller, Mrs Bristol, homemade bedquilt Mrs Welch, patchwork cotton do Mrs Campbell, Mrs Blackburn, braid work Mrs Miller, dyed yarn Miss Wilson, Mrs Blackburn, undyed yarn Mrs McGregor, Mrs Henderson, bedroom mat Mrs Miller, babies' woollen boots Mrs Miller, crochet work Miss Miller, Mrs Campbell, do in wool Miss Miller, W Elliott, do extra Mrs McGregor, Mrs Batchelor, embroidery Mrs Miller, bag carpet Mrs Miller, worsted stockings Mrs McGregor, Mrs Campbell, worsted socks Mrs Blackburn, W Elliott, worsted mits, plain Miss Miller, do fancy Mrs McGregor, do extra Mrs Blackburn, letter case Mrs Welch, fancy shawl Miss Miller, woollen tie Miss Miller, flannel shirt Mrs Miller, edging Miss Wilson.

IMPLEMENTS, ETC.

Ox bows J Hanners, J Blackburn, axe helves J Hanners, I Insley.

POULTRY.

Pair fowls J Thompson, H T Miller, pair geese G Pattison, T Nugent, pair ducks, G Pattison.

NEW USES FOR SAW DUST.

Deseronto Tribune.

—After nearly four years of expensive experiments, success seems, at last, to have crowned the Rathbun Company's efforts to discover satisfactory methods of utilizing the refuse from their mills. Not only will gas of a superior quality be eliminated from this refuse, but various other useful products will also be envolved. We might instance among others fine charcoal, suitable for the manufacture of gunpowder, for use in refrigerators, and as a disinfectant for stables, cesspools, and various other purposes. Then by different chemical combinations there will also be formed, acetates of lime, sugar of lead, wood alcohol, pine tar, and a long list of commodities, useful in various arts. It is hoped that before winter sets in, that sufficient progress may be made to enable gas to be supplied in sufficient quantities to light the different establishments in the village. The Company is to be congratulated on the success of their enterprise, which opens up a new era in the history of the milling world.

READING, Pa., Nov. 17.—Owing to the continued decline in the price of iron the Pottstown Iron Company will, on Dec. 1, reduce the wages of several hundred hands 10 per cent. Some other mills in the Schuylkill Valley contemplate a similar action.

The Stormont Cotton Company will resume operations in about a fortnight.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Private School.

MRS. BAYLIS (lately from England) gives lessons in music and singing at her residence, in Elgin street. She also takes a limited number of pupils to instruct with her own children, in all the usual branches of an English education. Rudimental French and Drawing. Terms on application. 343

ESTRAY.

CAME on the premises of the undersigned, s w ¼ of lot 6, 4th con. Madoc, a stray Ram. The owner is requested to prove property, pay expenses and take him away.

JOSEPH BAILEY.

Madoc, Nov. 17th. 343-3w

New Cooper Shop.

THE undersigned begs to inform the people of Madoc and surrounding country that he has opened a cooper shop in James O'Brien's old stand, and is prepared to do all kinds of work in that line. A supply of pork barrels kept on hand.

SAMUEL EDWARDS.

Madoc, Nov. 17th. 343-2w

Annual Meeting.

THE annual meeting of the stockholders of the Golding Cheese Factory will be held in the factory on Friday, Nov. 30th, at 10 o'clock a. m., for the transaction of general business.

SAMUEL McMECHAN, President.

Madoc. Nov. 21, '83. 343-2w

Estray.

STRAYED from the premises of the undersigned, lot 8, 7th con. Madoc, a red Heifer, coming 3 years old, with white on flanks, belly, and white spot on face, small horns, ends turned in. Any person giving such information as will lead to her recovery will be suitably rewarded.

WM. HOUSER.

Madoc, Nov. 16th. 343-2w

Annual Meeting.

THE annual meeting of the stockholders of the Elzevir Cheese Factory will be held in the factory on Saturday, December 8th, at 1 o'clock p. m., for the transaction of general business. Tenders will be received for the manufacture of cheese for next season.

WM. WIGGINS. President.

Madoc, Nov. 20, '83. 343-2w

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION!

NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership of BOWEN & ELLIS, grocers, etc., Madoc, has been dissolved. The business in future to be carried on by D. R. Bowen.

All accounts due the late firm are to be paid to the said D. R. Bowen, who also assumes all liabilities.

D. R. BOWEN.
E. ELLIS.

Madoc, Nov. 20, 1883.

CREDIT SALE.

THERE will be sold by public Auction, on Lot 5, 4th concession of Madoc, near the village of Madoc, on

Thursday, November 29th, 1883,

at the hour of half past ten o'clock, a. m., sharp, the following valuable property:—

12 cows, 2 two-year-old heifers, 2 bulls, 1 yearling heifer, 3 horses, 1 lumber waggon, 1 sleigh, 1 bob-sleigh, 1 buggy, 1 mower, 1 horse rake, 1 spring tooth harrow, 1 square harrow, 2 ploughs, 1 corn plough, 1 fanning-mill, 1 roller, 1 cooking stove, with furniture, 1 box stove, about 100 sap buckets, milk cans, pails, pans, etc., a quantity of hay, together with other useful articles too numerous to mention; also farm implements.

TERMS:—$10, and under, cash; over that amount 12 months' credit, by furnishing approved joint notes, with interest at 7 per cent. Six per cent. off for cash.

THOS. SCOTT, Auctioneer. WM. STEPHENSON, Proprietor.

Madoc, Nov. 6, '83. 341-3t

—IN THE—

HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE

(CHANCERY DIVISION.)

RE. CAMERON.

O'Flynn vs. Cameron.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice made in the matter of the Estate of Hugh Cameron, late of the Township of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, who died on or about the 24th day of February, 1883, are, on or before the

19th day of November, 1883,

to send by post prepaid to Samuel Barton Burdett, of Belleville, Solicitor for Plaintiff, their christian and surnames, addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their claims, a statement of their accounts, and the nature of the securities (if any) held by them; or in default thereof, they will be peremtorily excluded from the benefit of said decree. Every creditor holding any security is to produce the same before me at my chambers, Shire Hall, in the City of Belleville, on the 22nd day of November, 1883, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, being the time appointed for adjudication on the claims.

Dated this 24th day of October.

S. B. BURDETT, Pltffs. Soliciter. S. S. LAZIER, Master.

340-4w

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GROCERY, PROVISION, WINE AND LIQUOR STORE.

A full assortment of

Grockery, China, Majolica & Glassware

always on hand.

CHINA SETS IN 3 PIECES—PLATE, CUP AND SAUCER.

Coffee Cups to match. Call and see them. My stock of Groceries is complete.

JANE WRIGHT.

Madoc, Nov. 7th, 1883.

"THE RIGHT HOUSE."

We have just opened out a large and well assorted stock of

L|A|D|I|E|S'|=|=M|A|N|T|L|E|S,

which will be

OFFERED AT A BARGAIN.

D. C. CLARKE.

Madoc, Nov. 1st, 1883.

1883. FALL and WINTER. 1884.

Our stock of Fall and Winter Goods is now complete. An inspection solicited from intending purchasers. A large stock of Ready-made Clothing at lowest prices, and all other goods suitable for the season.

SPECIAL.

See our stock of China, Stone and Glassware.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

HARDWARE. - HARDWARE.

We have the following Brands of Axes and Saws in stock at lowest prices:

AXES.

CHOPPERS' TRUST,
SOLID STEEL,
SILVER STEEL,
BLACK PRINCE,
BURRELL'S DIFFERENT BRANDS,
BROAD AXES.

SAWS.

LANCE SAWS,
SHIRLEY & DIETRICH,
MAPLE LEAF,
SMITH'S CHAMPION.

Also a full stock of all other Lumbermen's supplies.

JOHN DALE & SON.

Madoc, Oct. 25, 1883.

THE BIG T POT SIGN.

J. A. CHAMBERS,

(SUCCESSOR TO CHAMBERS & McKINNEY.)

Has removed to the

O'FLYNN BLOCK,

NEXT DOOR TO R. R. CASEMENT & CO'S

HARDWARE STORE.

Where will be found a NEW and choice stock of

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,
CROCKERY. GLASSWARE,
ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.,

also a fine assortment of

=FANCY | CHINA | WARE,=

including the latest designs in matched Cups and Saucers. Call and see my stock before purchasing.

J. A. CHAMBERS.

Madoc, Oct. 11th, 1883. 337

Millinery. - FALL. - Millinery.

We are showing a complete and splendid assortment of

PATTERN HATS AND BONNETS,

FLOWERS, FEATHERS, ETC.,

of the latest New York, London, and Paris styles and designs. Our stock will be complete in all departments with the choicest goods ever shown in Madoc.

M. McLEAN.

Madoc, October 8th 1183. 329

Latest Local News.

—County Council meets on Tuesday next, 27th inst.

—Rev. H. Thomas, of Bridgewater, and Rev. F. McAmmond, B. A., of this village exchanged pulpits last Sabbath morning and evening.

—The Oddfellows of this village purpose having a concert shortly. This body has the reputation of giving the best entertainments that are held in Madoc, and the one coming will be no exception. It will probably be held about the holidays.

—The M. E. Social in the basement of the church in this village, on Tuesday night last, realized over $13. A very pleasant time was spent, Mrs. W. H. O'Flynn's singing, Mrs. D.C. Clarke's recitations, Mr.E.D. O'Flynn's reading, and Mr. J. G. Deans' flute solo contributing an entertaining little programme. The pastor, Rev. E. N. Baker, B. A., occupied the chair.

—An exchange gives the following simple method of finding the number of tons of hay in a mow, which will be especially useful at this season, when the farmer wants to determine as nearly as possible the amount of feed he has for winter. Multiply the length in yards by the height in yards, and that by the width in yards, and divide the product by fifteen; the quotient will be the number of tons. *Example.*—How many tons of well-settled hay in a mow ten yards long by 6 wide and 8 high? 10 multiplied by 6 multiplied by 8 equals 480, which devided by 15 equals 32 tons.

Oyster Supper.

To-morrow (Friday) evening is the date of the complimentary oyster supper at the Madoc House to Messrs. Whytock, McNeill, Harvey and John Bateman. Tickets can be obtained at this office.

Horse Stolen.

On Sunday night last a horse and buggy was stolen from the premises of R. Roy, of the 5th concession of Hungerford. Chief Sills was communicated with, and by Tuesday had traced the stolen property to a place near Campbellford where the horse and buggy had been turned into a field, but the thief has so far escaped.

Our Crops.

The November report of the Ontario Bureau of Industries gives the following statement of area and produce of the principal crops for the county of Hastings for the years 1882 and 1883:

	1882. ACRES.	1882. BUSH.	1883. ACRES.	1883. BUSH.
Fall Wheat	9,127	175,413	12,831	243,789
Spring do	18,622	350,094	13,078	261,440
Barley	36,576	1,194,970	55,698	1,404,846
Oats	39,923	1,358,805	37,185	1,115,550
Rye	24,585	366,025	27,434	493,632
Peas	15,007	270,598	18,806	902,176

New Time Table.

A new time table takes effect on the Midland railway on Monday next, 26th inst. The following changes are noticeable in the time of arrival and departure of trains at Madoc and Belleville stations:—Leaves Madoc at 7:20 A. M. and 4:05 P. M., arriving at 1 and 8:30 P. M. Leaves Belleville at 11:05 A. M. and 6:35 P. M., arriving at 9:05 A. M. and 5:50 P. M. Trains run on the new standard time.

Sudden Death.

A terribly sudden death overtook Mrs. Mullett, wife of Mr. Joseph Mullett, who resides a short distance from Madoc village, on Monday morning. Mrs. Mullett had been to the M.E. Church in this village the evening before in her usual health, and when the news reached here early on Monday morning that she was a corpse, it created almost a feeling of consternation amongst her friends and acquaintances, where she was widely known. We learn that she got up as usual Monday morning and had her breakfast, but shortly afterwards was attacked with pains in her heart, and before medical assistance could be summoned had expired, lasting less than half an hour. Her funeral took place yesterday and was largely attended by sympathizers of the afflicted families. She leaves a little daughter about six years of age, who with the bereaved father and husband, has the deep sympathy of the community.

New Time.

The new time standard adopted by the leading railroads in the United States and Canada went into effect on Sunday last, Madoc station being among the rest. The new time is about 12 minutes slower than Madoc time, but as a matter of couvenience the village must also run by the new standard. Whoever controls this matter had better give Mr. Squires, the bell ringer, authority to make the change at once. Other towns and villages generally have adopted it. The travelling public will appreciate the change.

Holiday Entertainments.

With the Christmas Holidays comes the usual spread of tea-meetings, socials, concerts, etc. Already the Methodist Churches in this village have commenced their arrangements for these annual re-unions. The following events are fixed:—Canada Methodist Church tea-meeting on Christmas evening, and Sabbath School entertainment on the following evening, 26th. Episcopal tea-meeting on the evening of New Years Day, and Sabbath School Christmas Tree on Christmas eve, the 24th. We believe no dates have yet been fixed for the usual entertainments of St. Peter's and St. John's Churches.

Cheese.

The various cheese factories in this neighborhood are about closing up business after a very successful season's operations. Although prices ruled somewhat low, and many of the factories contracted early in the season at figures that might have been slightly improved on, nevertheless what was done was the wisest action at the time and stockholders will have no reason to grumble when they are paid their dividends. The amount of money that comes into this section of the country through the cheese factories must be something big, the receipts for the Golding factory alone, Mr. McMechan, the President, tells us, this season being a trifle over $12,000.

Another Pest.

The *Intelligencer* says:—"Farmers are now obliged to battle against another pest—wild peas. They are supposed to have been brought to this section by pigeons or blackbirds, most likely by the latter. The peas are very prolific and the vines spread over a field with great rapidity. They are small, of a dull gray color and are very injurious to the growth of grain and particularly to barley. This pest has proved very destructive to crops in Prince Edward and Tyendinaga but has not visited Sidney as yet. In some instances farmers have cut down grain with which these peas had grown and burned it. Owing to the existence of this pest a large demand for fanning mills has sprung up."

Grand Panorama Coming.

On Tuesday and Wednesday next there will be exhibited in the Masonic Hall, Madoc, one of the most magnificent panoramic combinations ever shown in Ontario. We refer to Rev. J. T. Dowling's Grand Panoramic Combination of Oriental and Biblical Illustrations, comprising *six* genuine oil paintings 7x12 feet in size, *five* mammoth paintings 12x18 feet, and *forty* beautiful views, also painted in oil, 8x12 feet. This magnificent array of art and beauty will be shown as mentioned above, and is, we are informed by by those who have seen it, worth going many miles to see. The admission for each evening will be 25c., or season tickets (good for both evenings) 40c. Children 15c.; season tickets 25c. In the afternoon of Wednesday, at 4:15, a children's matinee will be given, when school and other children will be admitted for the trifle of 10c each. Adults to matinee 25c. Rev. Dr. Wild, of Toronto, was present at the exhibition of this panorama at Colborne on Oct. 25th, and at the conclusion he rose and moved a very hearty vote of thanks, in which he said "the paintings were the most excellent of the kind he had ever seen," which is high praise from a competent authority.

That Fatal Gun!

"Didn't Know it was Loaded."

It has been remarked that a gun without even lock, stock, barrel, or trigger, is a dangerous weapon when handled carelessly, and dozens of fatal accidents would seem to bear this out. Happily such accidents are not numerous in this vicinity, but a particularly sad one has to be recorded this week. On Thursday last two sons of the late James Moore, of Madoc township, aged about 10 and 12 years respectively, found an old shot gun about the premises from which the lock or hammer had been broken off. Childishly they thought to amuse themselves with it by one of them placing a burning match at the nipple and the other was to try and blow it out, through the barrel. The older one placed his mouth over the muzzle and the other applied the match. An explosion followed—the gun having contained a charge of powder and wadding which the poor boy received full in the mouth and throat. He lingered until Friday night, when death relieved him. It seems during last summer a half foolish workman had taken the gun out "to hunt," when he must have put in the charge of powder and left it. In a sane person it would have been criminal negligence, being the direct cause of the unfortunate lad's death. Owners of guns, see that they are not loaded, and then put them out of harms way.

Handsomely Rewarded.

We learn that Mr. Wm. Ferguson, who had charge of the construction of the Central Ontario Railway fro.n Malone to some distance north of Millbridge, was very handsomely treated by the President of the company, Mr. Ritchie. The compliment took the substantial form of a cheque for one hundred dollars, which Mr. Ritchie sent him, to show his appreciation of the quality and quantity of work he had performed. There were, we learn, eighty-seven rock cuts on the nineteen miles of Mr. Ferguson's work, some of them quite extensive, but notwithstanding the expensive character of the work it is said that the road is one of the best in the Dominion. We believe the work has considerably exceeded the company's estimate, which is not surprising considering the character of the country traversed.

Married.

KINSINGER—OCKLEY.—At the residence of the bride's mother, 38 Cowan Avenue, Parkdale, Toronto, on Wednesday evening, 31st Oct., 1883, by the Rev. John F. Ockley, assisted by the Rev. Robert L. Ockley, brothers of the bride, and Rev. Edwin Clement, Mr. Edward G. Kinsinger to Susie, youngest daughter of the late George Ockley, of Kingston, Ontario.

No sun—no moon—
No morn—no noon—
No dawn—no dusk—
No proper time of day—
No sky—no earthly view—
No distance looking blue—
No roads—no streets—
No t'ther side the way—
No end to any row—
No indication where the crescent go—
No tops to any steeples—
No recognition of familiar people—
No courtesies for showing 'em—
No knowing 'em—
No travelers at all—
No locomotion—
No inkling by the way—
No motion—
'No go' by land or ocean—
No mail—no post—
No news from any foreign coast—
No park—no ring—
No afternoon gentility—
No company—no nobility—
No mirth—no cheerfulness—
No healthful ease—
No comfortable feel to any member—
No shade—no shine—
No butterflies—no bees—
No fruits—no flowers—
No leaves—no birds—

NO-VEMBER.

—We have a very fine uncolored Japan Tea, put up in Japan in 1 lb. papers, at 50c. per pound. Extra value.

JOHN DALE & SON.

GREAM & McDONALD.

SOLICITORS Supreme Court, Notaries Public, and Conveyancers. Money to loan on Real Estate Security. Office in the Victoria Block, Madoc.

CHARLES GREAM. | ALEX. A. McDONALD.

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

:oxo:

NEW TINSHOP!

Stoves and Tinware,

House Furnishings & Hardware,

PAINTS, OILS, GLASS and PUTTY.

Please give me a call.

(3 DOORS NORTH OF MRS. WRIGHT'S.)

Wood Yard.

The undersigned beg te inform the public that they have opened a

WOOD YARD IN MADOC VILLAGE

and will keep on hand a full supply of

HARD AND SOFT WOOD.

Hardwood, dry, $3.50 per Cord.
Softwood, " 2.50

All kinds of wood bought and sold. Wood delivered free to all parts of the town. Yard on St. Lawrence street.

Lester McTaggart and J. Whytock, Proprietors.

Madoc, Oct. 15th, 1883.

BEST VALUE IN

AXES,

AXE HANDLES,

BUCKSAWS,

CROSS-CUT SAWS,

and all other seasonable Hardware.

SPECIAL VALUE IN

STOVES, STOVEPIPES,

DRUM STOVES and TINWARE,

FULL LINES OF

PAINTS AND OILS,

STOVE & BLACKSMITH COAL.

R. R. CASEMENT & CO.

BUFFALO ROBES!

BUFFALO ROBES!

A large stock just to hand at

BOTTOM PRICES. EXAMINE THEM.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA,

POST OFFICE BLOCK,

Madoc, Oct. 16, 1883.

MR. FLINTSHIRE'S MARRIAGE

Mr. Flintshire retired from the Indian civil service at the age of 50, and returned to England with the fixed intention of marrying for money. Being a bachelor, his pension was more than sufficient for his wants, and his savings amounted to a considerable fortune. But he was a very careful man, to say the least, and he had always cherished the idea of finding a rich wife who would keep him. Hitherto he had been unsuccessful, because he had, to a limited extent, allowed sentiment to interfere with his choice. But now that his income had diminished in consequence of his retirement, he resolved to be guided entirely by expediency, and to permit neither age nor any other disqualification to baulk his design.

It is hardly surprising that with such broad views as this he had comparatively little difficulty in discovering his opportunity. He was chatting one day with his doctor in rather a despondent mood, in consequence of the unsatisfactory state of his liver, when the medical gentleman, to cheer him, remarked:

"My dear sir, you need not feel uneasy. You will be well in a month, and you will live to be as brisk and lively at 84 as old Mrs. Mumblewood."

"Who is Mrs. Mumblewood?" inquired Mr. Flintshire.

"A patient of mine—a wonderful old lady. As I tell you, she is 84, and yet comes to see me in an omnibus to save a cab fare," said the doctor, laughing. "You will hardly believe it when I tell you she is enormously wealthy."

"Is she a widow?" inquired Mr. Flintshire, pricking up his ears.

"Yes. Her husband was old Mumblewood, the contractor, who died worth, as they say, a quarter of a million. The old fellow came from nothing, but the widow is a shrewd, clever old lady, as brisk as you or I."

"She can't last much longer, I suppose?" remarked Mr. Flintshire, absently.

"Well, that is a professional secret," said the doctor, laughing again. "However, it is safe to predict that she has lived the best part of her life."

"I should like to see her," said Mr. Flintshire, in quite a hearty tone for him. "The sight of her will do one more good than a course of medicine."

"It will be cheaper, at any rate," said the doctor, with unconscious irony. "Let me see—I should like to have a look at you next week. Now, Tuesday morning at 12 o'clock is old Mrs. Mumblewood's hour, and you might arrange your visit accordingly."

Probably the doctor had no other designs in his mind than the wish to secure another fee, and in this he succeeded, for Mr. Flintshire at once undertook to call on the day and at the hour mentioned.

It seems incredible that any man should seriously think of paying court to an old lady of 84. Yet Mr. Flintshire was quite prepared to do so if it turned out that Mrs. Mumblewood was anything like as rich as was supposed, and he made the appointment with the most deliberate intentions.

He had no difficulty in learning all about the old lady, who resided in Sloan street, and was well known in the neighborhood. The result of his inquiries was highly satisfactory, for though the deceased contractor had not left anything like a quarter of a million, the widow had inherited a large fortune, which must have considerably increased in consequence of her penurious habits. She lived in a small house, attended only by two old servants who had been respectively cook and butler to her late husband. She could hardly be spending £500 a year, to judge from the stories that were told about her, and the natural inference was that her saving must alone amount to a fortune.

Under these circumstances Mr. Flintshire did not fail to keep his appointment. He considered the widow an excellent chance, and though her miserly propensities rather interfered with his original design of being supported free of expense, this drawback was counterbalanced by the probability of her speedy demise. Even if he should have to keep her for a few years, her fortune, which would come to him, would only be proportionately increased. He therefore quite made up his mind to marry her, nor did his purpose waver when he found Mrs. Mumblewood an illiterate old lady, with a skin like parchment, a face that might have been carved from a block of wood, and a tongue that was constantly saying bitter things.

The meeting at the doctor's house, which was their first introduction, soon ripened into intimacy. Mr. Flintshire "made the running"—to use a sporting phrase—with dexterity and determination. He insisted on giving the widow a lift home in a cab, and from that day forward he never failed to send her some little token of regard. Singular as it may appear in an old lady of 84, Mrs. Mumblewood was evidently flattered by these attentions, and, though she soon intimated to him she suspected he had designs on her fortune, she readily accepted his assurance that his politeness arose from pure friendship. Before long Mr. Flintshire got into the habit of calling nearly every day, and though the hospitality he received was of a very meagre kind, he could not help admiring the strict economy which the widow practiced in her domestic arrangements.

It was only natural, however, that the old proverb about the course of true love never running smooth should have been exemplified in Mr. Flintshire's case. If the widow received his attentions with complacent satisfaction, he was much less favorably regarded by another member of the household. He perceived that he had an enemy in the butler from the first moment that austere retainer opened the door to him. This individual was a surly, not overclean old man of 60 or thereabouts, whose chief duties appeared to be to keep off intruders from his mistress, since he apparently discharged no other functions. It was perfectly obvious that old Numb was jealous of everyone who entered the house, and, probably, had an eye to his mistress' fortune. He was never polite to Mr. Flintshire, though the latter, from motives of policy, took great pains to make himself agreeable, even going to the length of an occasional gratuity. Unfortunately the man appeared to have considerable influence with the old lady, who was evidently a little afraid of him. Mr. Flintshire, who did not intend to be refused when he made his proposal of marriage, realized that he must not leave Mr. Numb out of his calculations. The consequence was that, after mature deliberation, he one day asked the butler to give him a few words in private, and thus delivered himself:

"Mr. Numb," he said, mysteriously, "has the possibility of your mistress marrying again ever occurred to you?"

"No, it hain't," said the man, shortly.

"Well, Mr. Numb, perhaps not, though you could hardly have imagined that I could see so much of that excellent lady as I have done lately without conceiving a very great regard for her. Now, supposing," said Mr. Flintshire, quite jocosely, "supposing I were to aspire to gain your mistress' hand, what would you say?"

"I should say, don't you wish you may get it?" returned Numb, calmly.

"I am quite serious," said Mr. Flintshire, frowning a little. "Of course, I know it is not usual for a gentleman to consult a lady's butler before proposing marriage to her. Indeed, the idea is ridiculous. But you have lived in your mistress' service so long that she regards you as a friend and adviser, and, under the circumstances, I think it only right to mention the matter to you. A word from you, Mr. Numb, might prove very useful."

"Very likely," said Mr. Numb, in an oracular tone.

"Well, now, come, Mr. Numb. Just consider. I am not a foolish and extravagant man who would play ducks and drakes with your mistress' money. On the contrary, I am a careful man, and not a poor one either. I think we should live a little better, Numb, if I were master here; your wages might be raised; and—and—well, Numb, on my wedding day, I dare say I might give you a five-pound note. What do you say to that?"

Mr. Flintshire spoke in his most earnest and persuasive tone, but failed to move a muscle of Mr. Numb's stolid face.

"Or—or ten. Shall we say ten, Numb?" said Mr. Flintshire, eagerly.

"Make it fifty," said the butler, with a perfectly impassive countenance.

"Fifty! Bless my soul. Ahem! It's a very large sum," gasped Mr. Flintshire. "Can't we split the difference and meet half-way. Say twenty or twenty-five."

"Fifty," repeated Numb, stubbornly.

"Well, well! fifty, then," said Mr. Flintshire, with resignation. "It's a large sum, but——. However, say fifty."

The butler said fifty, apparently rather to oblige Mr. Flintshire than from any interest he felt in the discussion—judging, at least, from his tone and manner. Nothing more passed at this remarkable interview, but the next day Mr. Flintshire proposed to Mrs. Mumblewood and was immediately accepted.

After this matters went smoothly enough, and though Mr. Flintshire fretted a good deal about the £50 he had promised to Numb, he did not consider the money thrown away. The alacrity with which Mrs. Mumblewood had accepted him plainly revealed that he owed his success to the butler's interference. When once he was married he flattered himself that Mr. Numb's dominion would soon come to an end. Meanwhile, it was prudent to be polite to him, for since he acted as the old lady's confidential adviser, he might make himself disagreeable by suggesting settlements and other undesirable complications. Mr. Flintshire had previously discovered that the butler was a remarkably shrewd man of business, and had served in his youth as a clerk in a lawyer's office.

Nothing of the kind occurred, however, and the marriage was performed in a neighboring church without fuss or ceremony. Mr. Numb received his £50, together with a promise of a rise in wages, which Mr. Flintshire intended, in his own mind, as a preliminary to dismissing him. The wedding banquet and the suspicions event in no way disturbed the even tenor of the household. The only change that occurred was that from henceforth Mr. Flintshire was promoted to the dignity of paymaster of the establishment, the widow stopping all supplies with promptitude the moment she had changed her name.

Mr. Flintshire did not trouble to announce his wedding in the papers. There was nothing to be gained by doing so, and his wife did not appear to desire it. He settled down readily enough to his new state of life, and devoted himself to ministering to his wife's comfort in a very laudable manner. The chief aim he had in view was to prevent her from making a will. He strongly suspected that she had made one before her marriage, in which the name of Mr. Namb figured conspicuously; but that document was now null and void by operation of law. If his wife, therefore, did not make a fresh one he would, at her death, inherit everything as her husband, and he was, accordingly, quite content to leave matters where they were at present.

If Mr. Flintshire deserved domestic happiness as a reward for his perseverance, he certainly did not attain that desirable consummation. To begin with, his wife was crotchety and fractious, as old people generally are, but, in addition to these failings, she possessed a remarkably vigorous temper. Mr. Flintshire, to serve his own purposes, staid by her side from morning till night, and she made a perfect slave of him. Being morbidly fearful of offending her, he dared not venture to retaliate, and never was an unhappy husband more henpecked than he. Another source of annoyance was that the whole household seemed to be in league to plunder him. The simple domestic arrangements which had sufficed when the old lady held the purse were no longer sufficient. His wife was the first to propose a more liberal table, and Mr. Numb manifested a perfectly fiendish ingenuity in suggesting costly little dishes for her. In a word, the housekeeping expenses increased to an enormous extent, and all attempts at introducing economy proved unavailing.

The last, but not the least, of the bridegroom's troubles was the presence in the house of Numb, the butler. So long as this man remained, Mr. Flintshire felt that he was only the nominal head of the establishment. Mr. Numb did precisely as he pleased, and his influence with his mistress showed no signs of diminishing. Yet Mr. Flintshire did not see his way to getting rid of him. If he attempted to exercise his authority his wife might be driven to take some desperate course. He ventured on one occasion to hint that Numb's services might with advantage be dispensed with, but the suggestion called forth such a torrent of reproaches and invectives that Mr. Flintshire trembled at his temerity. Numb staid on and haunted him like a veritable Old Man of the Sea, drawing high wages, increasing the weekly bills, and what was far worse, enjoying the larger share of his wife's confidence.

The one bright spot in the midst of Mr. Flintshire's tribulation was that his wife evinced no desire to make a will. He therefore felt tolerably secure about the future, which was a great consolation to him. Nevertheless, a year of this anxious life so undermined his constitution that, in all probability, another twelvemonth would have either killed him or rendered him hopelessly imbecile. Fortunately for him, these dreadful contingencies were averted by the sudden death of the old lady, who expired in her sleep without having given the slightest indication of her approaching end.

The sad event had much the same effect upon the bereaved husband as a summer shower has upon a parched garden. It revived him instantly and called forth all his former energy and vitality. His first step was to make a minute and careful examination of the deceased lady's effects, without, as he had anticipated, finding a trace of a will. The precaution was hardly necessary, for he was certain she had not made one, but the search satisfied his mind, and he lost no time in venting his revengful feelings against Mr. Numb. He nursed his resentment until the day of the funeral, but immediately upon his return from following his wife to the grave he summoned the butler to his presence. The man shuffled into the room with a hang-dog look, as though he anticipated his fate, but Mr. Flintshire remarked that his expression was insolent and defiant.

"Numb," said his master, sharply; "you will be good enough to leave this house within an hour. I won't stand any more of your insolence, and it was only out of consideration for the poor lady who has gone that I have bore with you so long. I will pay you a month's wages, and I warn you not to attempt to make off with any of my property."

"Two can play at that game," snarled the butler, fumbling in his pocket, and producing a document. "Suppose this house and everything in it was my property, and I was to ask you to clear out; what would you say then?"

"It is a perfectly idle proposition," said Mr. Flintshire, loftily. "What is that paper?"

"It is a copy of the old lady's will. My lawyer has the original."

"Is it dated since my marriage?" inquired Mr. Flintshire, with a shade of anxiety.

"Oh, no!—long before," answered the butler, with a grin.

"Then, it is not worth the paper it is written on," said Mr. Flintshire, waving aside the document. "I don't want to see it. It is of no consequence whatever."

"I shouldn't be too sure if I was you," returned Numb, maliciously, as he put the paper back in his pocket. "I fancy you will laugh the other side of your mouth before the day is out."

"Get out of my sight this instant!" cried Mr. Flintshire, losing his temper. "If you have not left the house within an hour I shall send for the police."

The butler appeared quite unmoved by this threat, and disappeared with perfect self-possession. His confident air troubled Mr. Flintshire a little, though he hardly knew why. It was obvious that the man did not believe that the will he spoke of was void, but that was only his ignorance. Nevertheless, Mr. Flintshire resolved to call immediately upon the firm of solicitors who had been in the habit of acting as his wife's legal advisers, and accordingly he hailed a passing hansom, and drove to Lincoln's inn.

"Are you Mr. Flintshire?" inquired the senior member of the firm in question, upon his new client being ushered in, "the gentleman who recently married our late client, Mrs.—Mrs. Mumblewood?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Flintshire, struck with uneasiness at something strange in the lawyer's tone and manner. "Possibly you were unaware of our marriage."

"I never heard of it till to-day. I regret to say I have to make a most extraordinary and painful communication to you," said the lawyer, speaking as though he could hardly realize what he was about to say. "I have had Mr. Numb here this morning, and it was from him I heard of your—your marriage."

"Good heavens, what is the matter?" gasped Mr. Flintshire, beside himself with nervous apprehension.

"I really hardly like to break the news to you, but the fact is our late client was secretly married to this Mr. Numb some years ago. I had no idea of it till this morning. It is the most extraordinary state of things I ever heard of in my life," said the lawyer, leaning back in his chair.

"It's a lie—a base, infamous conspiracy!" cried Mr. Flintshire, foaming at the mouth.

"I'm afraid it is true. In fact, since seeing Mr. Numb I have inspected the marriage registry at Somerset house," said the lawyer. "The most startling thing is that this old lady, whose meanness amounted to a mania, deliberately committed bigamy, with her husband's concurrence, in order to save money."

"If it is true, he shall hang for it! He shall refund every farthing and pay me damages. I will inform against him before the nearest magistrate," cried Mr. Flintshire, gesticulating wildly, and looking very odd and excited.

He did not carry out any of these threats, however, for the melancholy reason that he went raving mad.—*London Truth.*

The Missing Links.

Josiah H. Stringly, forty years ago was leaning on his ox-cart in front of the Baptist meeting-house of Oshkosh when the steeple was struck by lightning. Mr. Stringly was stunned, his oxen killed, and the cart was apparently annihilated. After recovering from the effects of the lightning, Mr. Stringly became a book agent and practiced that calling until about a week ago, when an indurated swelling on his right cheek attracted his attention. He found that it was caused by a link of an ox-chain, and on trying to pull the link out of the cheek twelve feet of heavy ox-chain and the missing ox-cart were recovered—the latter in perfect condition, with the exception of the tires which were slightly corroded. This story teaches us that we should never play with lightning and should always tell the truth.—*New York Times.*

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

Some Curious Facts About the Five Pound Notes—Honorable Dealings.

In the course of five years the paid notes amount to 77,745,000 in number, and they fill 13,400 boxes, which if placed side by side would reach two and one-third miles. If the notes were placed in a pile they would reach to a height of five and two-third miles, or if joined end to end they would form a ribbon 12,445 miles long. Their superficial extent is said to be rather less than that of Hyde park. They weigh over ninety and two-thirds tons, and their original value was over £1,750,626,600. The greatest of rogues might be inclined to find some comfort in the extent and intricacy of such a store of old paper. Of course, however, they are most systematically arranged, and any note of the seventy-seven millions may be pounced upon with the utmost celerity and precision. At the end of five years these old notes are thrown into a furnace specially constructed for the purpose, and are burned. It is a curious fact, however, so firm in texture is the paper of a genuine Bank of England note that burning alone can hardly destroy it. The authorities have in a little glazed frame the remnants of a note which was in the great fire of Chicago. Though completely charred and black, the paper still holds together, and the printing of the note is said to be sufficiently legible to establish its genuineness and to warrant its being cashed.

There are some other notes here which were cashed after having gone down in the Eurydice a few years ago, and reduced to little better than pulp. Indeed, the scraps and fragments which sometimes come into a bank to be cashed have a really ridiculous appearance. On the occasion of a recent visit, for instance, the officials had under examination a number of fragments of discolored paper, none much bigger than a sixpence and when put together presenting to the unskilled eye, not the slightest resemblance of a note. And yet it was pretty confidently asserted that the paper would be cashed. It is beneath the dignity of the Bank of England to take, or even appear to take advantage of accidents to their notes, and if there is any possibility of establishing the identity of one of them it is sure to be duly honored. Even where a note is entirely destroyed, proper evidence of the fact of destruction will be accepted and payment made. A lost note will in some cases be paid, and there is one occasion recorded upon which the liberal attitude of the directors in a case of this kind involved them in a loss of £30,000. A bank director declared that he had lost a note for that amount, and, upon his giving an indemnity for the sum in the event of the note ever turning up, the money was paid to him. Many years after his death an unknown person presented the missing note. The paper was undeniably good, and the bank had no alternative but to cash it, as it was payable to bearer on demand, and as the heirs of the bank director who had lost it repudiated all liability, the money could not be recovered.

Ambitious to be an Author.

In 1869, a young girl from a Southern State came to one of the large Eastern cities to seek her fortune at authorship. She had a few hundred dollars; was pretty, quick witted, and had absolute faith in her own genius.

She would write a novel, she said, or a poems that would astonish the world and bring her fortune. After this had been done then she intended to go home crowned with fame, to become the queen of her little village.

The novel and the poem was written, and went the rounds of the publishing-houses seeking in vain a publisher. She wrote other novels to no better purpose. She wrote essays, newspaper articles, and carried them herself to every editor, using her pretty face and girlish wiles to force a sale.

After a few months her money was gone. Her clothes grew shabby. Her face, a little sharp now and pinched, had become familiar in every newspaper office. Her eyes had lost their dewy softness, and shone hard and defiant. Often she was hungry.

The end of the story is easily guessed. She was sent home at last, ruined in health and in reputation. This is a true story in every detail.

The girl had ability enough to earn her living in a half dozen ordinary ways; but she had not the ability to express herself in writing, and here is the fatal mistake which she and so many other young people make.

They are blind and indifferent to all kinds of success but that of authorship. Yet many a man and woman who can hardly write a well-expressed letter have more sound practical sense, executive talent and refinement of feeling, than the versified or story-teller who hold the public breathless for a time.

But the ambition to succeed as an author is harmless enough, provided disappointment does not disable the mind for other work. It is a career which requires no capital or "plant" of any kind. Neither is influence needed to secure a new aspirant a hearing, although there is a wide-spread belief among unsuccessful writers that there is a ring composed of editors and a few well-known writers, whose object is to crush unknown genius and forbid it a hearing.

On the contrary, there is not an editor in the country who would not hail with absolute delight a new writer of power, who could bring fresh strength to his columns.

Send your manuscript, therefore, boys, and girls, to the magazine you prefer. You may be assured that it will be fairly read and judged. If you do not succeed, it will be because you have not the especial talent for writing. Give it up. You have other ability; use that. Turn to any profession or trade rather than hang around newspaper offices in the unhonored ranks of the hangers-on of literature.—*Youth's Companion.*

A young man who had been assisted away from the home of a girl whose society he yearned for, wrote next day to the cruel parent as follows; "I did not mind what you said to me, though your language was pretty rough, but when you kicked me with that No. 11 boot you hurt my feelings. I shall make no further effort to win your daughter. If she inherits your style of feet and any of your versatility in the use of them, I feel that I could not be entirely happy with her."

Strength of China.

Some very important statistics are given regarding the strength of the Chinese army and navy by the St. Petersburg *Gazette*:—"China has two separate armies. The imperial army proper is known under the name of the Army of the Eight Banners. It is divided into eight corps, each being distinguished by a peculiar banner. This army almost forms a military caste, for it is composed exclusively of the descendants of the Manchus, Mongolians, and Chinese rebels who in 1601 invaded China and dethroned the old Imperial family. During peace the men of this caste are allowed to conduct any common business, being forbidden only to leave their city without a permit from the commanding officer. The officers excel their men only in gymnastics. According to the Chinese notions no man is fit to be an officer unless he is an athlete. This army numbers 210,000 men. Of these over one-half are stationed in Pekin and the rest in a few large Provincial cities. This military caste can by no means be regarded as a regular army. The second or provincial army is called the army of the Great Banner. Each of the eighteen provinces of the Empire is obliged by law to keep a certain number of soldiers, and their aggregate, according to the official statistics, is 650,000 men. There are 80 generals and over 7,000 officers. The provincial army is composed chiefly of mercenaries, while the majority of the officers are of the military estate. These two armies amounting to 760,000 men, are all the force the Celestial Empire has to rely on in case of war.

"The Imperial Guard, about 18,000 strong is the flower of the army. Of the Guard infantry 5,200 men are provided with muzzle-loaders presented by the Czar of Russia; the rest are armed with flint guns, lances and shields. Half of the cavalry, about 2,000 men, are armed with Chassepot rifles. The artillery has 32 brooze guns, bought in Russia, and a few mortars. There are 1,750 educated artillerymen. The army of the Governor of Chjily, about 30,000 strong, is also reorganized. The men are instructed by English and French officers. The army has breech-loading rifles and Krupp steel cannons. According to German writers, up to 1879 Krupp had sent to China 150 heavy guns and 275 field guns. The army of the Governor of Khan-Zu and Shan-Zee, 40,000 strong, is said to be supplied with all the modern arms and to be drilled according to the principles of Moltke and Manteuffel. This army fought successively against Yakoob Beg, and, indeed, proved itself the best disciplined army in China. It is obvious, then, that in China, there are only about 120,000 men properly armed and drilled, while the rest of the soldiers can be regarded only as undisciplined and unarmed reserves.

"As to gunpowder and arms the Chinamen apparently have an abundant supply of their own. There are eight excellent arsenals, direct d chiefly by Englishmen. The arsenal of Jian-Zin, for instance, turns out daily 3,600 pounds of powder. At the arsenals of Nankin, and Shanghai the American guns of Remington and Spencer are manufactured. At the Fa tchou-fu arsenal submarine mines are prepared. At the Lantchou-su arsenal cartridges and arms are manufactured. The forts are found at the mouths of the great rivers Si-kiangt, Min and Yang-tse-Kiang, to protect the great cities, Canton, Fu-tcou, and Shanghai. In the interior of the country all the large cities are also defended by forts. The capital city of Pekin is, of course, the most strongly protected. It is defended by Fort Daku, amply provided with Krupp cannons, and is surrounded by stone walls from forty to seventy feet thick and about forty feet high. Nine gates lead to the city, and these are defended by cannons mounted in the numerous towers.

"China has three reparate fleets. The Canton fleet comprises twelve gunboats, of which nine were made in England and are in charge of English officers. The Fa-kiang transport vessels; these were made at Futchou under the supervision of Frenchmen. This fleet is in excellent order, and it is in charge of Chinamen. The Shanghai fleet is composed of nine gunboats, two frigates and several transport vessels. All of these were made by the Chinamen themselves and are rather insignificant. Recently China has got from England eight iron-clads, armed with guns of the largest calibre. The strongest and most effective part of the Chinese fleet is made up of thirteen small gunboats, named after the letters of the Greek alphabet, of 1,350 tons displacement. They are built of steel, and are propelled by twin screws driven by compound engines of, together, 2,600 indicated horse power. They each carry two twenty six ton ten-inch breech-loading guns, mounted upon centre pivots, one forward and one aft. Each of these heavy guns commands a nearly all around fire. The charge of the gun is 180 pounds of powder, the weight of projectile 400 pounds, and the penetrative power equal to piercing eighteen inches of solid, unbacked iron plate. They carry besides in each four forty-pounder breech-loading guns, two Nordenfeldts and four Gatlings, and, furthermore, two steam cutters fitted with spar torpedoes. The vessels are also armed with a formidable steel knife edge spur or ram. Without claiming too much for these vessels, says the London *Times*, it should be remarked of them that the penetrative power and range of their guns measured by the accepted official standard, exceed those of any gun yet afloat, except those of the English "Inflexible" and the Italian "Duilio." No unarmored ship that carries guns can be compared for a moment with them, and no armored ship equals them in speed."

Utilizing the Sun.

News of a curious invention comes from the south of France. A Frenchman, who has patented a machine for the use of concentrated solar rays as a general motive power, has set up three of his machines in Algeria for the French Government. He is now carrying on experiments at the Island of Porquerolles near Hyeres, where he is threshing Indian corn and raising water by the action of the sun's rays. Sir Charles Dilke has also lent him part of his land at Cape Brun, near Toulon, for his experiments, and he purposes to utilize the sun in boring the holes for blasting, for tree planting in the hard rocks, as well as in pumping water from the winter wells into the summer cistern.

A QUEER MARRIED COUPLE.

The Story of two Women who Pretended to be Man and Wife.

In the spring of 1860 there appeared in the town of Barrett, in the western part of Monroe county, a couple calling themselves Rev. Joseph Israel Lobdell and wife. The man was of medium height, dressed in tattered hunting garb, and carried a long single-barrel rifle. He wore no hat, and his head was covered with thick black curly hair, streaked with grey. The woman was taller than the man, and was meanly clad. She was fine looking, wore spectacles, and her conversation showed that she was educated and intelligent. For two years the strange couple roamed about the township, living most of the time in the woods, but frequently making their appearance in the village, where the man would deliver wild and incoherent harangues on religion, and both would beg for food and shelter. In 1871 they had become such a nuisance to the inhabitants that they were arrested on charge of vagrancy, and commited to jail in Stroudsburg. While in jail the discovery was made that they were both women. Soon afterward it was learned that they together left the almshouse of Delewere county, N.Y., a short time before their appearance in this county. The poorhouse authorities of Barrett, thereupon took them back to Delhi, where the following strange history of the pair was learned:—

In 1854, Lucy Ann Lobdell, the 17-year-old daughter of an old lumberman living at Long Eddy, on the Deleware River, was married to George Slater. She was known far and wide as an expert shot with the rifle, not only at the target, but in hunting the wild game for which that part of the valley was then famous. After a year of married life, Slater deserted his wife, leaving her in destitute circumstances, with an infant two months old. Her parents were very poor, and unable to give her a home. They were willing to relieve her of the care of her child, however, and she finally placed it in their charge. She then dressed herself in male attire and disappeared.

Soon afterward a young man of prepossessing appearance opened a singing school in the village of Bethany, Wayne County, Pa. He gave his name as Joseph Lobdell, and became a great favorite among the young women of the village, nearly all of whom joined his singing class. He was a good singer and violinist, and had a fair knowledge of music. Before the term of his school was over he became engaged to one of his pupils, the daughter of one of the leading citizens of Bethany. The day was set for the wedding. News of the presence of the young singing master in Bethany reached Long Eddy, and suspicion was aroused that he was the missing Lucy Ann Slater, whose musical accomplishments were well known in her native place. Investigation proved that the suspicion was correct. The information was obtained by a young man of Bethany, who had been a rival of the music teacher for the hand of the young lady. He told the secret to a few companions, and they planned to capture the teacher on a certain night and tar and feather her. This became known in some way to the girl Lobdell was to marry, and, notwithstanding her mortification, she warned the teacher of her danger, so that she escaped from the town by night and returned to Long Eddy, where she resumed female attire for a short time.

Early in 1856 she again put on male attire, and for eight years lived the life of a hunter, roaming the forests of Sullivan, Delsware, Wayne, and Pike counties. She rarely came into the settlements, and then to exchange game and furs for ammunition and necessary supplies. According to her subsequent statements, her wild life was one of thrilling adventure and privation. Her narrow escapes with wild animals and her sufferings from cold, hunger and sickness during her career in the woods she recorded in a book entitled "The Life and Adventures of Lucy Ann Lobdell, the Female Hunter of Long Eddy." She returned to Long Eddy in 1864, broken in mind and body. Her child had been placed in the poorhouse at Delhi. She once more resumed the habiliments of her sex, and, after wandering about the valley for a year or two, an object of pity and charity, she also sought the shelter of the almshouse.

In the summer of 1868 a young woman giving the name of Marie Louise Perry became an inmate of the poorhouse at Delhi. She was in poor health, a stranger in the county, and evidently well educated. She declined to give any account of herself, but it was learned a few months afterward that she was the daughter of well-to-do parents in a Massachusetts village, and was a graduate of a school in Boston. It was rumored that she had run away from home, married a man to whom her parents objected, and been deserted by him. This rumor she neither denied nor admitted to be true.

An intimacy grew up between Mrs. Perry and Lucy Ann Lobdell. They became strongly attached to one another, although their habits, character and antecedents were so widely different. Learning that the almhouse authorities had informed her parents of her whereabouts, the girl resolved to leave the institution, and Lucy Ann Lobdell accompanied her. They were not heard of again in Delaware county until they were discovered in the Shrewsbury jail, masquerading as man and wife, and were returned to the Delhi poorhouse. They remained there but a short time, and then left the place again and resumed their roaming life in the woods, insisting on every occasion that they were man and wife. A marriage ceremony between them had been performed in 1869 by a Wayne county Justice of the peace, he being ignorant of the fact that the parties were both women. In 1876 they appeared together in Honesdale, Wayne county. The "husband," it was then seen, was violently insane, but the "wife" clung to him with an affection that was remarkable. For the good of both, the lunatic was placed in jail. The grief of the other at the separation was pitiful, and she begged to be allowed to share her "husband's" cell.

There is now on the court records of Wayne county a document which was drawn by the unfortunate companion of Lucy Ann Lobdell at this time. It is a petition for the release of her "husband, Joseph I. Lobdell," from jail, on account of his failing health. It was written with a split stick for a pen, with ink made from the juice of poke berries. It reviewed the case of the "Female Hunter" from a psychological standpoint. The language used was clear, correct, and logical, showing that the writer, though a voluntary outcast, was a person of superior education.

"Joseph J. Lobdell" was finally released from jail, and the couple then took up their residence on a smallfarm in Damascus township, Wayne county, where they lived peaceably until 1880, when the "husband" wandered away, and finally became an inmate of the Delhi poorhouse again. She is now in the Williard Asylum for the Insane. The "wife" still lives on the Damascus farm, and insists that her name is Mrs. Joseph Lobbell.

Lucy Ann Slater's child, a daughter, was taken from the Delaware county poorhouse soon after her mother became an inmate there, and was adopted by a wealthy Wayne county farmer. She grew up an attractive young woman. There lived in the vicinity a dissolute young man named Kent, who tried to win the girl, but she rejected him. One night in the summer of 1871, as she was returning from an errand at a neighbor's, she was seized by two men, gagged, and thrown into a waggon, which was driven away toward the Delaware River. A thunder storm came up, during which the girl became unconscious. When she recovered she was lying on the shore of an island in the Delaware River. She had evidently been thrown into the river, but had been washed ashore. She was discovered and taken off the island by a man named Page. She was so dazed that she was unable to give any account of herself, and was permitted to wander away from the locality. When she was missed from her home a search was at once begun for her. She was found three days afterward wandering in the woods, a raving maniac. It was days before she recovered her reason. She could remember nothing except being kidnapped and hearing the roar of water. She said she recognized Kent's voice as that of one of her abductors. He was arrested, but escaped from jail and left the country. The girl has since been happily married.

A Conscientious Conductor.

"How did I become Superintendent?" answered the railroad official. "Why, it was this way: I was conductor of the morning passenger express, and one day as we were coming down by the junction we struck a misplaced switch and ran into a freight train that was standing on the siding. As we were running about thirty-five miles an hour, of course it piled things up a good deal. Our engine was smashed all to pieces, the 'smoker' telescoped the baggage car and the forward passenger coach ran up on the heap and rolled up. I was standing on the platform at the time the thing happened, and luckily was slung off about thirty feet beside the track. When I picked myself up everything was confused, the air was filled with clouds of escaped steam, and about fifty passengers were somewhere in the wreck. Of course, it was what you might call an 'emergency,' but there's no such word as that in the company's dictionary. I had my orders, and knew what do to. The roof of the smoking-car lay near me, and I heard a man crying out from underneath it. After about ten minutes' work, I got the stuff all cleared away, and reached him. He was very weak and groaning. 'Oh, heavens!' he said, 'this timber presses on me so, I can't move. Both my legs are broken below the knee.' 'Think you'll be here till the next train?' I asked. 'Oh, yes,' he moaned. 'Then you'll need a stop-over check, sir, I said, and I made out a paste-board and gave it to him. 'Young man,' he said, 'I observe you have neglected to fill in the day of the month, but under the circumstances, your omission is excusable. I am a director of the company, and, if I survive, your attention to duty shall be rewarded.' The old gentleman pulled through and is now Vice-President. That's how I'm Superintendent, and—" he continued musingly, as he fingered his lantern watch-charm. "I believe in the old saying that the companyhas rights which the public is bound to respect, and rules which they must conform to."—[Life.

"Ireland needs to be informed," writes Mr. John Bright; "but a large portion of Ireland is not willing to learn. I believe in just measures, and in their effect, and in time and patience, and I am ready to hope, and even to believe, that within a reasonable period we shall see a change for the better in Irish affairs."

Men should be too broad, liberal, and sensible to entertain intense hatred, says a Kansas paper, "for they alway result in misery—and occasionally in shooting."

It is said that the name of the Bag o' Nails Inn, in London, was a puzzle to everybody till an antiquary renovated one of the old signs, and discovered that Bag o' Nails was a corruption of Bacchanals.

Work and Hurry.

Mr. Herbert Spencer thought that the most valuable piece advice he could leave us in departing from our shores was to be less restless—to work less and play more. Overwork was the besetting sin of Americans, according to the English philospher, who spoke with more feeling and the stronger emphasis on the subject because he himself was a victim of the very excess against which he warned us. He had come to the United States, in truth, with the hope of restoring tone to his nervous system, so shattered by indiscreet application to study that he was unable to sleep sound.

Sensible people here, however, knew very well that working too hard was not an American vice. The men who complain most of overwork are usually those who are unfitting themselves for exertion by bad habits of self-indulgence. They could do their work without undue strain if they did not otherwise overtax their nerves.

But there is another very frequent cause of nervous prostration. It is hasty and unmethodical labor, the habit of hurrying. But that cause, it seems, is commonly active in London no less than in New York.

The London *Lancet* warns the "city men," that is, the business men, that they are wearing themselves out with unnecessary hurry and bustle. It also tells physicians that they could do far more to prevent the spread of nervous disease if they undertook to cure this vicious mental habit, then they can hope to do by dealing only with the particular ills which come from it.

One of the chief characteristics of business life, the *Lancet* says, is to be always in a hurry. The moment a lad enters a business house "he begins to make believe to others, and so quickly to himself, that he is overwhelmed with work. The result is the formation of a 'mental habit' of hurrying, which before long becomes the keynote and motive of the whole life. It is the custom to write and speak as though commercial men were really as much pressed for time as they pretend to be. Now, the simple fact is that all their haste and turmoil, prejudicial and often ruinous as it is, is artificial.

The bustling, hurrying man, as a matter of fact, is a poor worker, and accomplishes comparatively little in a day. Too much of his steam power is expended in kicking up a dust. The habit of hurrying and of feeding in a hurry is fatal to good work, and diminishes the amount of work a man can get through with. The friction is too great. So little of practical value is accomplished, despite all the superfluous expenditure of energy, that he cannot go home at night with the sweet consciousness of duty done, of a day's work completed. He has left too many stitches to be taken up.

The men who accomplish the most never seem in a hurry, no matter how much they have to do. Everbody must have observed that. They are not troubled for lack of time, for they make the most of the minutes by working in a cool, clear, orderly, and methodical fashion, finishing each job properly, and not wasting their nervous force on trifles or expending it in bustle. They are more likely to be hunting up new work to do, in order to give their faculties more varied employment and to exercise some which are not sufficiently used.

Too much to do! The highest pleasure and greatest satisfaction are found in work only, and the more work a man has to do, if it is work to which he is adapted, the better he likes it. The men to pity are those who can get nothing to do, and those whose only business is to hunt for pleasure for itself—the fellows who have no other occupation than that of killing time. But we are also sorry for the men whose manner, as described by the *Lancet*, suggests a boiler worked up to the highest pressure and only saved from bursting by frequent letting of steam.

Too Much Timber.

"Well, what's the matter now?" asked Simpkins' wife as he staggered in about 3 o'clock in the morning.

"Well (hic) an' 'e said; 'Putah stick in 'm so (hic) soda.' So I sayah; 'Putah stick in mine.' Then I gosh—

"Well, I guess," remarked Mrs. Simpkins, laying considerable stress upon the personal pronoun, "that he put a whole cord of wood in your soda, and that it all went to your head." And when Simpkins woke up the next morning he thought so too.

Twenty-four O'Clock.

A peculiar clock, which marks the hours from one to twenty-four, has recently been completed by a Wilmington manufacturer. The new timepiece is of the kind soon to be adopted by several of the railroads. The most conspicuous innovations are in the marking upon the dial and in the movement of the wheels which run the hands. The minute hand, instead of making twelve revolutions to every revolution of the hour hand, as in the ordinary clock, makes twenty-four revolutions while the hour hand passes around once.

Penetrated to the Bone.

Alderman John Baxter, Toronto, Canada, avers that St. Jacobs Oil will penetrate to the bone to drive out pain. *I know it, for I have tried it;* it hits the mark every time.

Darwinian theory: There is a boy in Norristown who "sprang from a monkey." The monkey belonged to an organ-grinder and attempted to bite the boy.

Mrs. J. McPhee, Appin, writes:—During the last eight years I have used almost every medicine recommended for Biliousness, but found nothing equal to Carson's Bitters. If you suffer try it. Price 50 cents.

FOR THE

Kidneys, Liver, and Urinary Organs.

THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

There is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause—wherever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by deranged kidneys or liver. To restore these, therefore, is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where WARNER'S SAFE CURE has achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the kidneys and liver, and by placing them in a healthy condition drives disease and pain from the system. For all Kidney, Liver, and Urinary troubles; for the distressing disorders of women; for Malaria, and physical [illegible] generally, this great remedy has no equal. Beware of impostors, imitations and concoctions said to be just as good.

For Diabetes ask for WARNER'S SAFE DIABETES CURE.

For sale by all dealers.

H. H. WARNER & CO.,
Toronto, Ont., Rochester, N.Y., London, Eng.

FOR SALE.

Farm of about 145 acres, 10 miles from Toronto; brick house; outbuilding nearly new; good young orchard just commencing to bear; about 16 acres timber. ROBERT JAMES, Jr., New ton Brook, P. O., Ont.

THE INDUSTRIAL UNION

TORONTO, ONTARIO.

Provides for its members in sickness and distress. For particulars address the Secretary. Agents wanted.

OAKLAWN FARM,

The Greatest Importing and Breeding Establishment in the World.

Percheron-Norman Horses

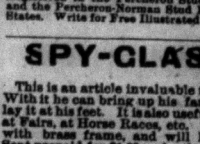
WORTH $2,500,000.00

Imported from France and Bred since 1867, by

M. W. DUNHAM,

Wayne, Du Page Co., Illinois,

35 miles West of Chicago, on C. & N.-W. Ry.



Prices low for quality of stock, and EVERY STALLION GUARANTEED A BREEDER.

390 Imported the Past Three Months, consisting of finest animals, with choicest pedigrees. Registered in the Percheron Stud Book of France, and the Percheron-Norman Stud Book of the United States. Write for Free Illustrated Catalogue

No. 23

SPY-GLASSES.

This is an article invaluable to every farmer. With it he can bring up his farthest field and lay it at his feet. It is also useful to the Tourist, at Fairs, at Horse Races, etc. They are made with brass frame, and will last a life-time. Sent prepaid for $1.00 each: three for $2.50

JAMES LEE & CO., MONTREAL, P. Q.

A FAIR OFFER!

If you will send us with this slip 35c. or 9 three cent stamps, we will mail you post-paid a sample package containing 100 useful articles, which are required in every house, with instructions by which you can make from $2 to $4 per day. Suitable for both sexes. This is no humbug, as the samples are well worth the money, and may be returned if not satisfactory. Show this to your friends.

JAMES LEE & CO., Montreal, P. Q.

A PRINTING OFFICE $1.25

THE WORLD'S SOLID RUBBER FAMILY POST for marking Linen, Cards, Books, etc. Combines the convenience of metal type with the flexibility, durability, and elegance of the rubber stamp. For $1.25 you can get 125 to 150 letters, with Ink Holder, Pans, Tweezers, etc., all in a neat box with directions; only $1.25, the price you would pay for a single name.

A BIG THING.—With the outfit we send by mail for $1.25, any boy or girl, man or woman, can print 500 cards an hour, visiting or business, and can go in any residence or store and take their orders and print the cards while there. In ten minutes you can print a pack of cards and deliver them. This whole outfit can be carried in your pocket, and you can travel over Canada printing cards in every city and village you pass through. Sent post-paid to any address of receipt of $1.25 or 3 for $3.

J. LEE & CO., Montreal, P. Q.

Barometer & Thermometer.

The only reliable Compound Barometer and Thermometer in existence. It foretells the changes in the weather with never-failing accuracy, and is likewise a complete and accurate thermometer. The advantage to any person in possessing this instrument, particularly in the summer season is therefore apparent supplying as it does a means by which

Farmers can Foretell Exactly what the Weather will be

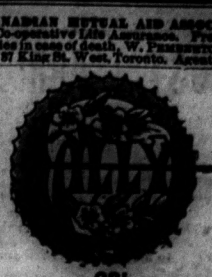
on the morrow, and thus arrange their plans for work accordingly. In the haying and harvesting seasons it will save its cost a hundred times over.

Sample by mail $1.25; sample by express $1; 1 doz. by express, $8 00; 3 doz. by express, $18.

J. LEE & Co., Montreal, P. Q.

CANADIAN MUTUAL AID ASSOCIATION. Co-operative Life Assurance. Provides for an illustrated [illegible] W. PEMBERTON PAGE, Sec., 97 King St. West, Toronto. Agents wanted

$1.50. $1.50.



281.

Solid Silver Brooch

MADE IN ANY NAME.

We advertise extensively and wish to ascertain the relative merits of different papers, so we will give 10 per cent of our patrons refer to the paper in which they have seen our advertisement.

As the season is advancing when we make new contracts, we adopt the following plan, which we shall use as a guide in selecting papers in which to advertise for the coming year.

The public will readily understand the value of the information we get and why we can afford to pay liberally for it. We wish to impress upon our many thousands of patrons throughout the Dominion that this is a *bona fide* offer, and not a trade trick to sell goods.

The illustration at the head of this advertisement is a *SOLID SILVER BROOCH*, which we will furnish with ANY NAME DESIRED for $1 00 when accompanied by the annexed 50c. coupon. In no case will we send the brooch at the price without this coupon. The brooch is elegant and beautifully finished, and is good value for twice the price.

We send by mail, prepaid, and guarantee satisfaction. The proprietors of this paper endorse the above statement and guarantee.

AUXILIARY COUPON,
VALUE 50 CENTS.

CHAS. STARK,
32 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.

Send for our 96-page Catalogue, containing over 600 illustrations of Firearms, Silverware, Watches, Jewellery, etc.

RHEUMATINE

An Internal Remedy and a SURE CURE for all kinds of

RHEUMATIC COMPLAINTS!

If you are suffering from

Kidney Complaints

SAMBO AND DINAH.

These lively "culled people" are exceedingly popular wherever introduced, both with young and old. They are each eleven inches high, and are dressed in Southern costumes of the old plantation style. They will dance to music, bow, fall down, rise up, etc., without the manager being any where near them, and the secret of their movements can only be discovered by the closest examination. SAMBO and DINAH are intensely funny creatures, their comical antics and queer motions making them jolly company for a winter's evening, especially to those who enjoy a hearty laugh. By mail, 10c; 3 pairs, 25c.

J. LEE & CO., Montreal, P. Q.

THE FAMILY RECORD.

This should be in every home. A large Stone Engraving, size 18 x 24, printed on beautiful tinted plate paper. In the centre we see an open book in which to register the names and births of each member of the family. On the left hand is a beautiful scroll for the marriages, on the right another beautiful scroll upon which to inscribe the deaths. Surmounting it all in handsome type we have the words: "God Bless our Home." Underneath we have places for photographs of father and mother, and all around the picture are similar spaces interspersed with beautiful flowers and leaves, the whole finished off in first class style. We feel sure this will supply a want long felt.

Sample by mail 25c., 3 for 50c., 1 doz. $1.50.

JAS LEE & CO. Montreal, P. Q.

THE HARP-ETTE,

$1.50 or $2.50.

The best Low-priced String Instrument in the world. The easiest instrument to learn to play, and as sweet and melodious as a fine harp or violin. By means of the instructor anyone with an ear for music can learn to play several tunes in a few hours. THE HARP-ETTE is played with the thumb and forefinger same as a regular harp. You can learn how to play it in five minutes. It is tuned with pegs and a key (a key goes free with each one), and it is adjustable to any pitch will play any tune both for solo music and accompaniments to voice, organ or flute; good for dance music. You can learn one of the easy waltzes in a few minutes. They are very handsome in appearance, being thoroughly made of hard wood, highly finished, and are an ornament to any room. It is a great favorite with the ladies, and thousands are learning to play it. Price, 10 strings and key, only $1 50; 16 strings, only $2.50. Instructor and 14 popular airs, set to music for the Harp-ette, free with each; 20 per cent. discount if three are ordered at one time.

J. LEE & Co., Montreal, P. Q.

GOLD WATCHES, RINGS, AND REVOLVERS!

Given Away! Given Away!!

To every one who buys one of our GOLD WATCH STATIONERY PACKAGES price only 60 cents. Contents:—6 Sheets Commercial Note, 6 Sheets Superfine Tinted Note, 6 White Commercial Envelopes, 6 Beautiful Tinted Envelopes, 1 Reversible German Silver Penholder 1 Gold Writer Pen, 1 Imitation Gold Pen, 1 Lead Pencil, 1 Key Ring, 1 Roof Buttoner, 1 Glove Buttoner, 1 Magnificent Chromo, size 16x22, 1 Beautiful Crayon Drawing, 10 Popular Songs, 10 Beautiful Chromo Cards (blank) and a cash present of from 5 cents upwards. No Lottery. Every one gets a Cash Present who buys a package. *Read! Read! Read!!!* With every 5,000 packages we give away FREE 1 Gold Hunting Case Watch, 1 Lady's Silver Watch, 1 Gent's Silver Watch, 1 Nickel Stem Winding Watch, 6 Solid Gold Rings, 6 Rolled Gold Vest Chains, 6 7-shot Nickel Plated Revolvers, 12 Gold Plated Necktasins, 24 pairs Alaska Diamond Earrings, 25 Beautiful Stone Engravings, 24 Gold Dollars, $5, $3, and 5 cent pieces. Therefore by sending us 60 cents you will get more than 60 cents worth of goods, and perhaps one of the above handsome presents. Our profit is so small that we can give no discount whatever, no matter how many packages are ordered. DON'T BUY any Stationery till you have sent for one of our Gold Dollar Packages, and we know you will always after buy of us. REMEMBER: The Stationery and other things contained in the package are well worth 60 c., without the cash prize which is in every package and you also stand a chance of getting a handsome Watch or Gold Ring. When you want some nice stationery order of us and you will be sure to get value for your money, and probably a great deal more. *A Complete Sample Package* with a cash present of from 5 cents upwards in every package. By mail, post paid, for only 60 cents. Order now.

JAMES LEE & CO. 517 Lagauchetiere-st, Montreal, P. Q.

JUST | ARRIVED !

A find stock of

Lamps, Crockery and Glassware,

which will be sold at reasonable prices to make room for fall stock.

Call and get a FREE sample bottle of

QUEEN'S LIQUID

BLUING,

and try what it will do. A full stock of

GROCERIES AND LIQUORS,

always on hand.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

D. W. WRIGHT.

Madoc, Aug. 23, 1883.

Watch Making and Jewelry.

ESTABLISHED 1856.

I TAKE the opportunity of informing my friends and the public in general that I am showing the best, largest, and choicest stock of

WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
FANCY GOODS

that were ever shown in Madoc.

The stock is well selected and will be found to be of the newest patterns and designs, and will be sold at prices that defy competition.

Please call and examine

Respectfully,

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, Dec. 6th, 1882

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

Provisions of all kinds,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET. MADOC.

PHOTOGRAPHER,

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

A call solicited.

Twelve (12) Cabinet Photos for the usual price of six (6) during the next month.

J. H. FORD,

FRONT STREET,

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

☞ CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

Farmers! Read This!

ROYAL

INSURANCE COMP'Y,

FIRE AND LIFE.

CAPITAL, - - TEN MILLION Dollars.

Shareholders Liability Unlimited.

Funds Invested, Twenty-Three Million Dollars
Annual Income, Five Million Dollars.

Invested in Canada, for Protection of Canadian Policy Holders,
CHIEFLY WITH GOVERNMENT,
$600,000.

Farm Property insured against damage by lightning.

HARRY H. O'FLYNN,
Agent.

OFFICE— Banking House of E. D. O'Flynn, Madoc.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

This Great Household Medicine Ranks among the leading necessaries of life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on

The Liver Stomach Kidneys

and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,

Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers,

it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even Asthma. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

GOUT, RHEUMATISM,

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at

533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON

And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa; hence, any one throughout the British possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

☞ *Purchasers should look at the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

NEW FURNITURE WAREROOM!

N. M. MAYBEE

BEGS to inform the public that he has opened a first-class Furniture showroom in Weiss' new block, where will be found a large and elegant stock of

Parlor, Diningroom, & Bedroom Sets,

ALSO A FINE STOCK OF

Chromos, Mottoes, and Mirrors of all Sizes and Styles

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF MOULDINGS & PICTURE FRAMES.

Call and see us in our new showrooms.

N. M. MAYBEE.

Madoc, December 12th, 1882.

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY

I always keep on hand a fine and full stock of

AMERICAN | AND | SWISS | WATCHES

of all grades and prices.

My stock of fine

COLOURED AND PLATED JEWELRY!

for quality and variety of design, cannot be surpassed,

A full line of

SOLID GOLD RINGS,

from $2.00 up to $22.00, the largest assortment in town.

Black and Pearl goods in great variety. A full line of the best Silver Plated Spoons, Knives etc. Clocks of all grades and designs constantly on hand.

E. L. WEISS.

Madoc, July 5th, 1883.

WHITE'S

Agricultural Works!

MADOC.

Established - in 1862.

STOVES! - STOVES!

We are turning out a superior class of

Parlour, Box and Cooking Stoves.

We have

12 DIFFERENT STYLES COOKING STOVES,

8 DIFFERENT STYLES OF BOX STOVES,

6 DIFFERENT STYLES PARLOR STOVES,

which will be sold at manufactory prices, thereby saving the Retailer's profit. We keep in stock

PURE | MACHINE | OILS,

for engines, threshing machines, and all other machinery.

JAMES WHITE. **JOHN WHITE.**

Madoc, October, 15th, 1883.

J.B. Cummer & Co. Nails, Iron, Steel AND GENERAL HARDWARE Madoc, Ont.

North Hastings Review.

J.B. Cummer & Co. Glass, Putty, Paints, Varnishes of all kinds. MADOC, ONT.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 344. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, November 29, 1883. POSTAGE PREPAID

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Having seen in your paper of last week that the receipts of the Golden Cheese Factory amounted to a little over $12,000, I beg leave to correct the same.

The total receipts from all sources being $13,508.12, and the total expenditure for cheese making, milk drawing, new cans, new pump logs, President's salary, and other expenses was $2,456 80
Dividend to non st'kholders 284 76
Dividend to stockholders.. 10,690 33
Total expenditure.....——$13,431 89
Leaving a balance in my hands of $76.23.

Total quantity of milk received, 1,271,469 pounds; number of pounds of cheese made, 132,743.

Yours, &c.,
SAMUEL McMECHAN,
President.

Madoc, Nov. 26, 1883.

NEWSPAPERS OF THE WORLD.

The world, taken as a whole, is short of newspapers. A foreign paper has the following to say on the subject:—It is astonishing to contemplate the enormous number of people in the world to whom a newspaper must be as rare as a diamond. Recently published statistics show that while the circulation of newspapers throughout the world aggregates the great number of 10,000,000,000, it only averages six and a half copies per year to each inhabitant of the globe. This is assuming that only one paper goes to each purchaser; but since it is no uncommon thing for one man to buy several, the proportion of those who never buy one is greatly increased. Europe publishes 19,537, while the wonderful section of the world classed as "North America" in the statistics follows with 12,400. The whole of Asia can only show 775, a contrast, the more striking beside the benighted South America, which runs close upon the vast continent, with 699. Africa lags behind with only 182, the modern settlements of Australasia in its limited area owning 661. Dividing them into languages there are 16,500 printed in the English language, 7,360 in German, 3,850 in French, and 1,600 in Spanish. The annual aggregate circulation in the United States is 3,000,000,000, as compared with 2,260,000,000, in Great Britain and Ireland, giving United States the position of being the most voracious devourers of newspaper literature in the world.

AN ANSWER WANTED.

Can any one bring us a case of Kidney or Liver Complaint that Electric Bitters will not speedily cure? We say they can not, as thousands of cases already permanently cured and who are daily recomending Electric Bitters, will prove. Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Weak Back, or any urinary complaint quickly cured. They purify the blood, regulate the bowels, and act directly on the diseased parts. Every bottle guaranteed. For sale at 50c. a bottle by all Druggests.

"Conductor Morris, of the Grand Junction, asserts that one day last week the smoking car of his train jumped the track and jumped on the rails again without causing injury to the passengers on the car. This incident happened about three miles north of Campbellford, and Morris says the section men can vouch for its truth....This will be used as another argument in favour of smoking."

On Friday last the first passenger train passed over the "missing link" between Peterborough and Omemee and the short line at Lindsay which crosses the Scugog by the new bridge.

A Crimean British officer, who has acted as a Lieutenant-Colonel of Canadian militia, was found living in a garret in Montreal with his two children in the most abject poverty, the latter nearly naked.

Holloway's Pills and Ointment.— Old Sores, Wounds, and Ulcers.—The readiness with which Halloway's unguent removes all obstructions in the circulation of the vessels and lymphatics explains their irresistible influence in healing old sores, bad wounds, and indolent ulcers. To insure the desired effect the skin surrounding the diseased part should be fomented, dried and immediately well rubbed with the Ointment. This will give purity to the foul blood, and strength to the weakened nerves, the only conditions necessary for the cure of all those ulcerations which render life almost intolerable. No sooner is this Ointment's protectective power exerted than the destructive process ceases, and the constructive business begins—new, healthy growth appears to fill up the lately painful excavated pit.

—A nice stock of Scotch Tweeds—our own direct importation. JOHN DALE & SON.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, and regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething" is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest & best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25c a bottle.

—Six pounds of Tea Dust for $1.00 at JOHN DALE & SON'S.

Madoc Markets.

Flour, per bbl	$5 25	to	$5 50
Wheat, per bushel	0 95	to	1 00
Rye, "	0 50	to	0 00
Oats, "	0 30	to	0 09
Barley, "	0 50	to	0 58
Peas, "	0 65	to	0 00
Potatoes, per bag	0 70	to	0 00
Eggs, per doz	0 15	to	0 00
Butter, per lb	0 20	to	0 00
Wool, per lb	0 00	to	0 20
Hides, per cwt	5 00	to	7 00
Hogs "	5 00	to	5 50

Belleville Markets.

Wheat, per bushel	$1 00	to	$1 10
Barley, "	0 65	to	0 00
Rye, "	0 55	to	0 00
Oats, "	0 35	to	0 40
Peas, "	0 70	to	0 75
Potatoes, "	0 00	to	0 00
Potatoes, per bag	0 65	to	0 75
Butter, per lb	0 20	to	0 25
Eggs, per doz	0 17	to	0 20
Flour, per bbl	4 50	to	5 00
Sheepskins,	0 50	to	0 60
Hides, per cwt	5 00	to	7 00
Wool, per lb	0 18	to	0 20

Annual Meeting.

THE annual meeting of the stockholders of the Golding Cheese Factory will be held in the factory on Friday, Nov. 30th, at 10 o'clock a. m., for the transaction of general business.

SAMUEL McMECHAN,
President.

Madoc, Nov. 21, '83. 343-2w

Estray.

STRAYED from the premises of the undersigned, lot 8, 7th con. Madoc, a red Heifer, coming 3 years old, with white on flanks, belly, and white spot on face, small horns, ends turned in. Any person giving such information as will lead to her recovery will be suitably rewarded.

WM. HOUSER.

Madoc, Nov. 16th. 343-2w

Annual Meeting.

THE annual meeting of the stockholders of the Elzevir Cheese Factory will be held in the factory on Saturday, December 8th, at 1 o'clock p. m., for the transaction of general business. Tenders will be received for the manufacture of cheese for next season.

WM. WIGGINS.
President.

Madoc, Nov. 20, '83. 343-2w

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION!

NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership of BOWEN & ELLIS, Grocers, etc., Madoc, has been dissolved, the business in future to be carried on by D. R. Bowen.

All accounts due the late firm are to be paid to the said D. R. Bowen, who also assumes all liabilities.

D. R. BOWEN.
E. ELLIS.

Madoc, Nov. 20, 1883.

St. Lawrence Canals.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

THE letting of the works at the upper entrance of the CORNWALL CANAL, and those at the upper entrance of the RAPIDE PLAT CANAL, advertised to take place on the 13th day of November next, are unavoidably postponed to the following dates:—

Tenders will be received until TUESDAY, the 4th day of DECEMBER next.

Plans, specifications, &c., will be ready for examination at the places previously mentioned, on and after Tuesday the 20th day of November.

For the works at the head of Galops Canal, tenders will be received until Tuesday the 18th day of December. Plans specifications, &c., can be seen at the places before mentioned on and after Tuesday the 4th day of Dec.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 25th Oct., 1883. 340d

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Saturday in each month.
D. LUMMISS, Jr., Sec'y, Glanmire P. O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O.
B. H. SWEET, W. M.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
S. C. RANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P.O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4
J. F. MORRILL, D.M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

MADOC LODGE
No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on
Monday Evening, Dec'r 3rd,
At 8 o'clock.
LESTER O'HARA, Rec. Secretary

325 Acres. FONTHILL NURSERIES. 325 Acres.
The largest in the Dominion.

Salesmen Wanted
Steady employment, salaried salaries to all willing to work. MEN AND WOMEN can have pleasant Work the Year Round. Good Agents are earning from $40 to $75 per month and expenses. Terms and outfit free. Address
STONE & WELLINGTON,
Nurserymen, Toronto, Ont.

THERMOMETERS
Croquet, and
HAMMOCKS
—AT—
C. G. WILSON'S
DRUG STORE,
MADOC, - ONT.

BOWEN & ELLIS
REMOVED! REMOVED!
—TO—
DALE'S BLOCK,
in the premises lately occupied by Peter Sinclair,
where will be found a larger and better assortment of
Groceries.
Crockery,
Glassware,
&c., &c.,
than we have heretofore shown in Madoc.
FARM PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.
Call and see for yourselves.
BOWEN & ELLIS.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK!
MADOC.

Banking House!
—OF—
E. D. O'FLYNN,
"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.
Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.
Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted
DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD
Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.
Madoc August 6th, 1879.

1883
NORTH HASTINGS
WAREHOUSE.
I AM prepared to purchase all kinds of grain delivered at the North Hastings Warehouse, and for which the highest prices will be paid.
Mr. Alex. Miller is again engaged as warehouseman.
A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, Aug. 14, 1883. 281.

Just Received
RUBBERS,
OVER-SHOES,
SHOEPACKS,
MOCCASSINS,
—ALSO—
FELT BOOTS,
and RUBBER BOOTS,
—AT—
THOS. ROBERTS'
BOOT and SHOE STORE.
Madoc, Oct. 15, 1883. 332.

FRESH OYSTERS
NOW ARRIVING.
Prices will decline as the season advances.
We are also receiving Fresh New Green and Dried Foreign Fruits, such as
FIGS, DATES, ALMERIA GRAPES,
LEMONS, TARRAGONA
ALMONDS, ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.
We have a nice assortment of
CANNED GOODS
suitable to our trade.
Also a fresh consignment of
Crawford's Pure Package Teas,
which are giving such good satisfaction to our customers.
Luncheons as usual.
S. A. DAVIS.
Madoc, Oct. 17, 1883.

Gray & McGregor,
GENERAL
GROCERS,
—AND—
LIQUOR
MERCHANTS,
Madoc, - Ont.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence [illegible], Ont.

D. D. VANDERVOORT,
GRADUATE of the University of Toronto, Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon, &c. Office [illegible], Ont.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,
BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.
A. R. DOUGALL. N. B. FALKINER.

NORTHRUP & DENMARK,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.
GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

DENTIST.
JOHN McCULLOCH, L. D. S., Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, of Ontario, office in Dale's Block, Durham St., Madoc. Office hours from 8 to 5 o'clock.

FARMERS!
LOAN at 6, 6½ and 7 per cent. Change your mortgages. Straight loan, no commission.
J. J. B. FLINT, Belleville. 241

W. H. HASTINGS,
SOLICITOR, &c., Madoc, Ont. OFFICE—O'Flynn Block.

A. F. WOOD,
Land, Loan, & Commission Agency
OFFICE—Second Door South from Asmis Hall.
Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.
Madoc, Jan. 27th, 1879. 96

M. W. SINE, V. S.,
(Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College. Registered member of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association.)
Treats all diseases of the Domestic Animals. All calls by mail or telegram promptly attended to.
OFFICE—REVIEW BLOCK, - Madoc, Ont.

G. W. WALKER, L. D. S.
DENTAL - SURGEON.
OFFICE—Front Street, Belleville, directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel, next door to the Bank of Commerce.
If you want artificial teeth to suit you, or fillings that will save your teeth, [illegible] Dental Rooms, Belleville, [illegible] a week if possible before going, then you will be waited on as soon as the office is reached. Thanks for liberal patronage in the past, and don't forget where to go in the future.
Belleville, Nov. 27, 1882. 293

Mining Lands.
SALE of Mining Lands effected. Mineral Properties and Ores reported on.
JOHN STEWART,
Mining Engineer, Madoc, Ont.
March, 31, 1883. 311.

MONEY TO LOAN.
THE undersigned has on hand a large amount of private money to loan on first class real estate, at low interest. Can be repaid by instalments or in one payment, to suit the borrower. Loans granted from $100 up to $4,000. Apply to
W. H. HASTINGS,
O'Flynn Block, Madoc.
Sept. 25, 1883. 335-tf

W. C. REID,
—DEALER IN—
Fruit & Ornamental Trees, Vines, Flowers, &c., &c.
CENTERVILLE, - ONTARIO,
WISHES to inform his customers and the public generally that he will call on them personally in this vicinity, and is prepared to furnish stock at reduced rates on account of having his stock secured before the advance in prices, and is offering a few new and well tested varieties which he can recommend where hardiness is required.
Madoc, Sept. 25th, 1883. 295

PONY
Flouring Mills,
MADOC.
THE undersigned having repaired the above mills, is prepared to do Gristing of all kinds on shortest possible notice, also to fill all orders for
Flour and Feed
of every description at the lowest possible prices.
Flour and Feed delivered to all parts of the village free of charge.
S. ROLLINS.

"THE CRY OF THE OUTCAST POOR."

Scenes and Sights in London Slums.

From this remarkable pamphlet which has attracted no little attention, we make the following extracts:—

"Few have any adequate conception of what the pestilential rookeries are where tens of thousands of the London poor are crowded together. To get into them you have to penetrate courts reeking with poisonous and malodorous gases arising from accumulations of sewage and refuse scattered in all directions and often flowing beneath your feet; courts which the sun never penetrates, and which are never visited by a breath of fresh air. You have to ascend rotten staircases, which threaten to give way beneath every step, and which, in some places, have already broken down, leaving gaps that imperil the limbs and lives of the unwary. You have to grope your way along dark and filthy passages swarming with vermin. Then, if you are not driven back by the intolerable stench, you may gain admittance to the denizen which these thousands of beings herd together. Should you ascend to the attic, where at least some approach to fresh air might be expected to enter from an open or broken window, you find that the sickly air which finds its way into the room has to pass over the putrefying carcasses of dead cats or birds, or viler abominations still. Here is a hole in the wall which has been repaired by the landlord. He has done it by nailing a few pieces of an old soap-box over the place, and for this has put 3d. a week upon the rent! And this is the best paying property in London! Three shillings, four and sixpence, and 6s. a week, is readily paid for one of these horrible rooms. Houses that have been condemned by the authorities as unfit for habitation are very gold mines to sleek speculators, who fatten upon the wretchedness of the poor.

"Every room in these rotten and reeking tenement-houses is occupied by a family, sometimes two. In one cellar have been found a father, mother, three children and four pigs! In another room is

A MAN ILL WITH SMALL-POX,

his wife just recovering from her eighth confinement, and the children running about half-naked and covered with dirt. Here are seven people living in one underground kitchen, and a little dead child lying in the same room. Another apartment contains father, mother, and six children, two of whom are ill with scarlet fever. In another nine brothers and sisters, from 21 years of age downward, live, eat, and sleep together. Here is a mother who turns her children into the street in the early evening, because she lets her room for immoral purposes until long after midnight, when the poor little wretches creep back again if they have not found some miserable shelter elsewhere. In many cases matters are made worse by the unhealthy occupations of those who dwell in these habitations. Here you are choked as you enter by the air laden with particles of the superfluous fur pulled from the skins of rabbits, rats, dogs, and other animals in their preparation for the furrier. Here the smell of paste and of drying match-boxes, mingling with other sickly odors, overpowers you; or it may be the fragrance of stale fish or vegetables not sold on the previous day and kept in the room overnight. Who can wonder that young girls wander off into a life of immorality! Who can wonder that the public-house should still be 'the Elysian field of the tired toiler!'

"Immorality is but the natural outcome of conditions like these. 'Marriage,' it has been said, 'as an institution is not fashionable in these districts.' And this is only the bare truth. Ask if the men and women living together in these rookeries are married, and your simplicity will cause a smile. Nobody knows. Nobody expects that they are.

INCEST IS COMMON;

and no form of vice and sensuality causes surprise or attracts attention. The only check upon communism in this regard is jealousy and not virtue. The vilest practices are looked upon with the most matter-of-fact indifference. Entire courts are filled with thieves, prostitutes, and liberated convicts. In one street there are 35 houses, 32 of which are known to be brothels. In another district are 43 of these houses, and 428 fallen women and girls, many of them not more than 12 years of age. A neighborhood whose population is returned at 10,000 contains 400 who follow this immoral traffic, their ages vary from 13 to 50; while the moral degradation of the people is deplorable. Some idea may be formed from an incident which was brought to our notice. An East End missionary rescued a young girl from an immoral life and obtained for her a situation with people who were going abroad. He saw her to Southampton, and on his return was violently abused by the girl's grandmother, who had the sympathy of her neighbors, for having taken away from a poor old woman her means of subsistence.

"The misery and sin caused by drink in these districts have often been told. In the district of Euston-road is one public house to every 100 people, counting men, women, and children. Immediately around one chapel in Orange street, Leicester square, are 100 gin-places, most of them very large, and these districts are but samples of what exists in all the localities which we have investigated. Look into one of these glittering saloons, with its

MOTLEY, MISERABLE CROWD,

and you may be horrified as you think of the evil that is nightly wrought there, but contrast it with any of the abodes which you find in these fetid courts, and you will wonder no longer that it is crowded.

"There are those who endeavor to live honestly, and they outnumber the dishonest, but what are their wages? A child 7 years old may easily make 10d. 6d. a week by thieving, but what can he earn by such work as match-box making, for which 2½d. a gross is paid, and the makers have to find their own fire for drying the boxes, paste, and string? Before he can gain as much as the young thief he must make 56 gross of match-boxes a week, or 1,206 a day, which is impossible. Women, for the work of trousers finishing, (*i. e.*, sewing in linings, making button-holes, and stitching on the buttons,) receive 2½d. a pair, and have to find their own thread. For making men's shirts they are paid 10d. a dozen; lawn-tennis aprons, 3d. a dozen; babies' hoods from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. a dozen. In one house were found a widow and her half-idiot daughter making paillasses at 1½d. each. Here is a woman who has a sick husband and little one to look after. She is employed at shirt finishing, at 3d. a dozen, and by the utmost effort can only earn 6d. a day, out of which she has to find her own thread. Another, with a crippled hand, maintains herself and a blind husband by match-box-making, for which she is remunerated on the liberal scale mentioned above, and out of her 2½d a gross she has to pay a girl a penny a gross to help her. Here is a mother who has taken away whatever articles of clothing she can strip from her four little children without leaving them absolutely naked. She has pawned them, not for drink, but for coals and food. A shilling is all she can procure, and with this she has bought seven pounds of coals and a loa of bread.

"The child-misery that one sees is the most heart-rending and appaling element is these discoveries; and of this not the least is the misery inherited from the vice of drunken and dissolute parents, and manifest in the

STUNTED, MISSHAPEN, AND OFTEN LOATHSOME

objects that we constantly meet in these localities. Here is one of 3 years old picking up some dirty pieces of bread and eating them. We go in at the doorway where it is standing and find a little girl 12 years old. 'Where is your mother?' 'In the mad-house. 'How long has she been there?' 'Fifteen months.' 'Who looks after you?' The child, who is sitting at an old table making match-boxes, replies, 'I look after my little brothers and sisters as well as I can.' 'Where is your father?' 'He has been out of work three weeks, but he has gone to a job of two days this morning.' Another house visited contained nine motherless children. The mother's death was caused by witnessing one of her children being run over. The eldest was only 14 years old. All lived in one small room, and there was one bed for five. Here is a poor woman deserted by her husband and left with three little children. One met with an accident a few days ago and broke his arm. He is lying on a shake-down in one corner of the room with an old sack round him. And here in a cellar kitchen, are nine little ones, without food and scarcely any clothing.

"These wretched people must live somewhere, and it must be near the centres where their work lies. It is notorious that the Artisans' Dwellings act has, in some respects, made matters worse for them. Large spaces have been cleared of fever-breeding rookeries to make way for the building of decent habitations, but the rents of these are far beyond the means of the abject poor. They are driven to huddle more closely together in the few loathsome places left to them, and so Dives makes a richer harvest out of their misery, buying up property condemned as unfit for habitation, and turning it into a gold mine because the poor must have shelter somewhere, even though it be the shelter of a living tomb. The State must make short work of this iniquitious traffic, and secure to the poorest the rights of citizenship; the right to live in something better than fever dens, the right to live as something better than the uncleanest of brute beasts. This must be done before the Christian missionary can have much chance with them. Meanwhile, the committee of the Congregational Union have determined to commence operations in three of the very worst districts in London, 3 in each of which a mission-hall and other buildings will be erected and a house-to-house visitation will be organized."

The Light of the Future.

It will not be electrical illumination say the scientists. That involves too must cost. Electricity is developed by violence; that is, by waste and the disturbance of atoms of matter, which is necessarily expensive. For sensational uses, for spectacles, for the lighting of city squares, streets and parks, where expense is a minor consideration, the electrical light will, of course, be employed; but the great mass of the community will never be able to use this costly illuminator to banish the darkness from their humble dwellings. Nature has been searched to find how light can be generated under the cheapest conditions, and the glow-worm has been hit upon as furnishing a hint for the cheap but effective domestic light of the future. The various insects which emit flashes of light in the dark, does so with an exceedingly small expenditure of mechanical force. It has been suggested that curtains, wall paper, and the coverings of furniture could be so prepared, that, by a slight disturbance of the air, they would emit a steady but mellow light at a cost of far less than a candle or a kerosene lamp. Scientific men are now at work on this problem, and if it should be successfully solved, it would be a very great benefit to the poor of all nations.

Some Facts about Peanuts.

If, as some people believe, Africa sent a curse to America in slavery, she certainly conferred a blessing in the universally popular peanut which grows so well throughout the Southern regions that we shall soon be able to cut off their now large importation altogether. In Virginia they are called "peanuts"; in north Carolina, "ground peas"; in South Carolina, Georgia and Mississippi, "pinders"; in Alabama, "ground-nuts" and in Tennessee, "goobers."

The preparation of peanuts for the market is an interesting operation. They are first put in an immense cylinder, from which they enter the brushes, where each nut receives fifteen or sixteen feet of brushing before it becomes free. After this cleansing process the nuts drop on an endless belt, which revolves very slowly. On each side of the belt is a row of girls—black, white, tan-colored and crushed strawberry, some of them—whose duty it is to separate the poor nuts from the good ones.

Those of the nuts that "pass" go on to the next room, where more girls await their arrival and put them in bags which, when filled, are sewed up and branded as "cocks," with the figure of a rooster prominent on each sack. These are the "No. 1" peanuts. The poorer nuts, which are separated by the girls at the endless belt, are all picked over again; the best are singled out and branded, after being put in the sack, as "ships." The "ships" are not so large nor so fine in appearance as the "cocks," but are just as good for eating.

The third grade of nuts is known as "eagles," and the cullings that are left from the "eagles" are bagged and sent to a building where the little meat that is in them is extracted by a patent sheller. This "meat"—for by this name it is known to the dealers—is put up, clean and nice, in 200-pound bags and shipped for the use of confectioners and manufacturers of peanut candy,

There is also an oil made from some of the nuts, and in this specialty, I am told, a large trade is done by wholesale druggists. Of the peanuts there is nothing wasted, for even the shells are made useful, being put in immense sacks and sold to livery men for horse bedding, and a very comfortable, healthful bed they make.

I see by one of the Atlanta papers that a mill is to be built for the manufacture of peanut flour, which it is said makes most excellent biscuit. In parts of Georgia I have eaten pastry made from peanut flour and it was excellent, resembling cocoanut in taste somewhat although much more oily and sweet. The kernels of the peanuts are ground between ordinary millstones and the flour is "bolted" or sifted through wire sieves in order that all the coarse, sharp pieces and the leather-like skins may be removed. The refuse—if it may be so called—makes excellent food for pigs.

The cultivation of the peannt will, before long, be one of the industries of the South, and bids fair, in time, to rival cotton growing as an occupation, the profits to each acre of land being about the same, and peanuts are much easier to grow than cotton, requiring less care and attention.

There is one objection, however, to peanut flour as a steady diet. It is said to be very injurious to the teeth, causing them first to turn yellow and then decay.

A Lucky Fisherman.

In the vast amount of business transacted at the Baltimore, Md., Post Office, Mr. M. V. Bailey, Superintendent of the Mails, is kept exceedingly busy, but somehow he finds a spare hour or day to go fishing, and from his experience he gives his testimony, that St. Jacobs Oil is the best remedy in the world for rheumatism, sprains, sore feet and joints, bruises, etc. It is *the* remedy for fishermen and gunners, who should always keep a bottle on hand.

A sweet thing in bric-a-brac—An Egyptian molasses jug.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 450 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollors, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator, Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

The fashionable Susan now writeth her nick-name "Sioux."

They all tell the same story, Mr. W. Thompson, Jeweller, Delhi, suffered from Dyspepsia, got no relief until he used Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. He says "it was just the medicine I needed. It has cured me."

A nod thing in bonnets—A sleeping beauty in church.

Mr. R. A. Harrison, Druggist, Dannville, Ont., writes that the Triangle Dyes, give the best satisfaction of any dyes ever sold in that section 30 colors. All perfect. 10 cents.

A sign of an early fall—A bar of soap on the celler steps.

FIFTEEN MILLION OF HORSES are now owned in America, and more than a million a year must be bred to keep up the supply. The largest portion of these are used for agricultural and heavy draft purposes, and such horses bring from $175 to $250 each. It would be impossible to breed them if it were not for the great breeding establishment of M. W. Dunham, Wayne, Ill., from which goes out to all parts of America more than half a million dollars worth of Percheron-Norman stallions annually.

Professor Christisson says that alcohol is a poison for which there is no antidote.

A placard at the entrance of the Reno (Nev.) Jail reads: "Standing room only."

GREATEST DISCOVERY SINCE 1492.

For coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis, laryngitis, and consumption in its early stages, nothing equalls Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." It is also a great blood purifier and strength restorer or tonic, and for liver complaint and costive conditions of the bowels it has no equal. Sold by druggists.

A tip-top man—The one who lifts his hat.

Young, middle-aged, or old men, suffering from nervous debility or kindred affections, should address, with two stamps, for large treatise, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

An oat is better than a wink to a blind horse.

WHAT'S SAVED IS GAINED.

Workingmen will economize by employing Dr. Pierce's Medicines. His "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" and "Golden Medical Discovery" cleanse the blood and system, thus preventing fevers and other serious diseases, and curing all scrofulous and other humors. Told by druggists.

Returning bored—The defeated candidate on his way home.

Mrs. J. McPhee, Appin, writes:—During the last eight years I have used almost every medicine recommended for Biliousness, but found nothing equal to Carson's Bitters. If you suffer try it. Price 50 cents.

A King street store advertises "Real imitation lace."

Testimonial from MR. B. C. LUNDY, of Niagara Falls, Ont., a highly respected citizen, having lived near Drummondville and at the Falls for the past 50 years

Niagara Falls, Ont., Oct. 20th, 1883.

J. N. SUTHERLAND; Dear Sir,—For the past year my brother, Wm. Lundy, of Lundy's Lane, has been a great sufferer from Rheumatism. By my advice he procured and used 6 bottles of your preparation "Rheumatine" with this result—that he is now *quite free* from all rheumatic pain, and able to attend to his business.

Your medicine 'Rheumatine' has also been of great benefit to myself. Some weeks ago I was taken with a most severe attack of Sciatica. I suffered such pain that I could not move or leave the house. I purchased and used two bottles of "Rheumatine." In my case also the medicine was a success, for I am completely cured and as well as ever. I have every confidence in "Rheumatine" as a cure for rheumatic complaints, and heartily recommend it to others.

Yours truly,

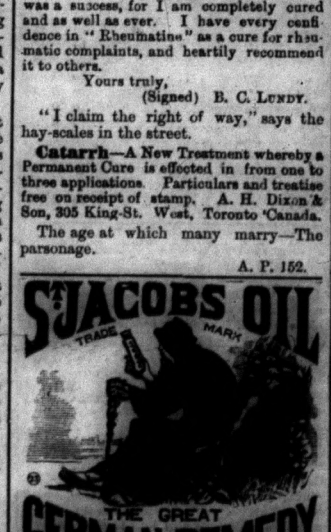
(Signed) B. C. LUNDY.

"I claim the right of way," says the hay-scales in the street.

Catarrh—A New Treatment whereby a Permanent Cure is effected in from one to three applications. Particulars and treatise free on receipt of stamp. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-St. West, Toronto Canada.

The age at which many marry—The parsonage.

A. P. 152.



10 PER CENT. OFF OUR DOLLAR tweeds makes the price 90 cents; these goods are worth $1 50, and make beautiful ladies' ulsters. A. B. FLINT, 35 Colborne Street, Toronto.

10 PER CENT. OFF OUR CELEBRATED black silks, that is our dollar silk will cost you only 90 cents; our $1.50, silk only $1.35; all goods marked in plain figures. A. B. FLINT, 35 Colborne Street, Toronto.

10 PER CENT. OFF OUR ALL-WOOL Jersey blankets; our $4.50, blanket for $4; see our Dungannon overcloths, weight 7 lbs., only $1 95, or $1.75, net cash; this discount is allowed on all parcels of one dollar and over. A. B. FLINT, 35 Colborne Street, Toronto.

10 PER CENT. DISCOUNT OFF ALL dry goods, including new fall stock, all goods marked in plain figures, all goods sold for cash only, A. B. FLINT, 35 Colborne Street, Toronto.

10 PER CENT. OFF GREY COTTONS—or a 10 cent cotton, for nine cents; sheetings, shirtings, grey flannels, table napkins. A. B. FLINT, 35 Colborne Street, Toronto.

10 PER CENT. OFF ALL DRESS GOODS, silks, satins, velvets, brocades, black and Cloored, cashmeres, tweeds, cloakings. A. B. FLINT, 35 Colborne Street, Toronto.

WANTED—STEADY EMPLOYMENT and good pay given to every lady owning a sewing machine. Material sent and returned by mail. Send one dollar with your application as a guarantee that the material we furnish will be returned when finished. FINDLAY & MANUFACTURERS, Detroit, Mich.

THE LILY

is a perfect gem, equal to an imported French Corset; fits like a glove to the figure; very stylish, elegant in appearance, and approved of by the most fastidious. Manufactured only by

THE CROMPTON CORSET CO.,

78 YONK STREET, TORONTO.

ELM CITY HARNESS OIL.

BASED ON NEATS FOOT OIL.

Is the finest harness dressing made. It softens and preserves the leather, and gives it a fine finish. Ask your saddler for it.

F. F. DALLEY & CO.,

HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

Sole Agents for the Dominion.

50c. | A GENUINE GERMAN DYSPEPSIA CURE. | 50c.

No injurious mineral, no poison, no irritating acid.

Acts on a different principle from other Bitters.

Possesses tonic, aperient and Digestive properties, and a principle that soothes the inflamed membranes, opens up the absorbing vessels of the Stomach and Liver, cures Dyspepsia, Catarrh of the Stomach, Liver Complaint, Constipation, &c.

Wm. Goldsmith, of Collingwood, Ont., suffered for years with the worst form of Dyspepsia; tried physicians and every remedy advertised without benefit. One bottle of Hoffman's German Bitters cured him.

Wholesale by Lyman Brothers, and Northrop & Lyman, Toronto.

THE

NEW VARIETIES

OF

SEEDS

Offered in the Rural's next Free Seed Distribution are alone worth more, at retail prices, than the combination price of both papers.

The WEEKLY MAIL

AND THE

Rural New-Yorker

and the eight kinds of entirely new varieties of Farm, Vegetable and Garden Seeds—all one year for

ONLY $2.75

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER now in its 34th year, is accepted in all parts of our country as the leading journal of Agriculture and Horticulture and altogether unequalled in the originality and enterprise with which it is conducted.

THE RURAL'S NEXT FREE SEED DISTRIBUTION, IS AS FOLLOWS AND WILL BE SENT WITHOUT CHARGE TO THOSE WHO SUBSCRIBE FOR BOTH PAPERS:

FIRST

THE RURAL UNION CORN. Twenty years' selection, from three kinds at first. Prolific, very early, six feet high. Large kernels, small cob. Never offered for sale.

SECOND

CLEVELAND'S RURAL NEW-YORKER PEA. "I would not sell my stock for $1000," says the originator. The earliest and best in cultivation. It will not be offered for sale in two years.

THIRD

THE CROSS-BRED DIEHL-MEDITERRANEAN WHEAT. The hardiest and most prolific of wheats.

FOURTH

THOUSAND-FOLD RYE. A new rye of great promise.

FIFTH

HORSEFORD'S MARKET GARDEN PEA. An intermediate of great productiveness. Not offered for sale.

SIXTH

BLACK CHAMPION OATS. A selection from many foreign varieties. Not offered for sale.

SEVENTH

THE RURAL GARDEN TREASURES. One-hundred kinds (mixed) of the choicest annual, biennial and perennial flowers collected at the Rural Grounds and imported from Europe.

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TOMATOES of all the newest kinds, together with several originating at the Rural Experiment Grounds and never offered for sale—not less than 10 kinds in the packet.

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you get one packet each of the entire collection; THE WEEKLY MAIL to the end of 1884 and THE RURAL NEW-YORKER to the end of 1884.

ADDRESS

THE MAIL,

Toronto, Canada.

CURRENT EVENTS.

CANADIAN.

A new Roman Catholic Church was dedicated at Desoronto, Ont., on Sunday 10th inst. It cost $4,000.

Rev. Archdeacon Lauder, of Ottawa, is to be appointed Chaplain of the Senate in place of the Rev. Mr. Johnson, deceased.

Hon. A. M. Ross, the new Provincial Treasurer for Ontario, was re-elected by acclamation for West Huron on the 10th inst.

The total weekly earnings of the Grand Trunk railway are reported at $367,781, and the corresponding week last year $355,583, showing an increase of $12,198.

It is proposed to establish a new glass works company in Montreal with a capital of $100,000, and application will be made to the Quebec Legislature for an Act of Incorporation.

A very fine new Methodist Curch was dedicated at Sarnia on Sunday 10th inst. It is a beautiful brick building capable of accomodating about 1,200 persons and costing over $30,000.

Notice has been given in the *Canada Gazette* that application will be made to Parliament for an Act to incorporate the Canada Temperance and General Assurance Company, with headquarters at Toronto.

A gambler named Mathieson was fined $250 by the Toronto Police Magistrate a few days ago for playing a prohibited game—Faro. The penalty was inflicted under the provisions of an old English law, passed over 200 years ago.

Frog catching for the United States market has become quite an industry in some parts of Canada. Along the River Trent, Ont., thousands are now being caught. The hind legs are skinned, packed in barrels on ice, and exported.

Recently a young man named S. H. Collins, a student of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, died suddenly of hemorrhage of the lungs. His father is a minister in England, and the deceased had been but a few weeks in this country.

A recent report shows that the gross weeks earnings of the Canadian Pacific railway to be $132,000, and the number of miles of road in operation 1,931. The corresponding week of last year the earnings were $67,000 and the number of miles 809.

Four members of a family named Tetrault were drowned in attempting to cross Mitchell's Bay, near Chatham, in a small boat during a heavy storm recently. The victims were the man, wife and two children. They leave a family of five other children.

The Canadian Pacific railway is now completed and in working order to the summit of the Rocky Mountains, 120 miles beyond Calgary. This is about one thousand miles west of Winnipeg. It is now stated that the entire road to the Pacific ocean will be completed in about two years.

The fine new buildings recently completed in Montreal for a Methodist Theological College, were formally opened on the 16th. Senator Ferrier, a leading liberal member of the Church presided. The buildings are of stone, of neat design, 120x80 feet and four stories. They cost about $40,000.

There are several pauper immigrant families in Toronto now, and the Mayor has been investigating into their cases. His impression is that the mendicants make out a worse case than need be, in order to enlist sympathy. There will soon be a strong outcry against immigrants if so many paupers come.

Another barn burning by smoking tramps took place at York township, near Toronto, recently. The barn belonged to Thomas Mulholland, and the loss was $500, without insurance. The tramp was sleeping there and while smoking the mischief was done. Almost every week there are similar accidents from similar causes.

The Toronto Coffee House Association has now been in active business for a little over one year and the financial report is encouraging. A dividend of 6 per cent has been declared on the year's operations, beside a sum laid by for rest. Over 1,200 persons are every day served with refreshments at the two houses now in the city. More houses are proposed.

At the presentation of an address of an address of welcome to the new Governor General by the Carleton County Council, Lord Lansdowne stated that he had been a farmer at one time himself, but not a very successful one, as he had given too much of his time to politics and travel to the neglect of his farm. A good many other farmers do the same thing.

Montreal intends to have another grand winter carnival, to commence in Febreary. The sum of $10,000 is being raised to meet the expenses. Among the attractions announced are an encampment of Indians, Norwegian skating, an Esquimaux village, tobbogan parties and the like, besides an ice palace. The carnival last winter was a grand success, and it brought thousands of sight and pleasure seekers to the city.

A deputation of the Women's Suffrage Association of Toronto, and some representatives of the City Council, waited on the Hon. O. Mowat and the other members of the Provincial Government a few days ago, asking for legislation entitling women to vote. The Premier expressed himself personally not unfavorable, but he gave scant encouragement that any such measure would be introduced soon.

A young boy named William Powell, has been for years driving the mail bags from Osgood station, near Ottawa to Russell, and has recently been suspected of robbing the mails. He confessed his crime and told where a large number of letters had been concealed or destroyed, and how some hundreds of dollars of money had been taken. The carelessness of the country postmaster in sorting the mails on the floor and in locking the mail-bag, had much to do with the matter. The boy has been sentenced to imprisonment.

The official report of the Bureau of Industries for the Province of Ontario shows a great falling off in the principal grain crops last harvest. The total number of bushels of fall wheat harvested is estimated at 21,329,329 against 40,921,201 last year, the average yield per acre being not quite half as much. The average yield of spring wheat was a little better than last year. The yield of barley is estimated at 18,690,380 bushels against 24,284,407 bushels in 1882. The yield of oats is put down at 55,482,797 bushels, being an increase of about 25 per cent over last year. The quantity of rye is estimated at about 3,000 bushels, being half a millon less than '82; and the yield of peas at 10,728,137 bushels, being somewhat of a falling off. The hay crop is much better than usual.

GREAT BRITAIN.

It is proposed to construct a ship canal through Ireland, separating the North and the South. A syndicate is being formed in London for that purpose.

A large sum of money has been collected on this side of the Atlantic in aid of the families of those punished for the murder of Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke in Dublin. It has just been distributed by Miss Ford, of the *Irish World*.

UNITED STATES.

In Chicago over 600 persons are employed in the manufacture of sausages, and the quantity made is reported to be about 130 tons per day.

The United States Supreme Court has recently given a decision that the suicide by an insane person does not invalidate his life insurance policy.

The United States railway companies have spent over thirty millions dollars on railroads in Mexico. Over 1,600 miles of track have been completed.

In East Buffalo, recently, a large cooper-shop in course of erection was blown down and six persons instantly killed. Seven others were badly injured.

There has been a decrease of the United States surplus revenue during the past year of $12,644,000. This is largely owing to a decrease of the taxes levied in several departments.

A man named Robert Hennan, now a convict in the Albany Penetentiary, for forgery, is reported to have become heir to the estate of Baron Bernstein, in Germany, valued at two million dollars.

A large fire took place in Norfolk, Virginia, recently, destroying 7,000 bales of cotton, 50 car loads of lumber, and a number of cars, besides other things. The loss is estimated at over half a million.

The N. E. *Farmer* says that the crop of buckwheat in the United States this year is very small. But little was sown in most of the States, and there were frosts that destroyed the most of it before it was ripe.

The missionary committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, at its recent session in New York, voted $48,000 to aid in supporting the colored conferences of the Southern States.

The full quota of the United States Army is 25,000 men, but there are now something like 2,000 less than that, as the number of enlistments do not keep pace with the losses, by deaths, desertions, and other causes.

A large paper factory is at work as Savannah, Georgia, for the manufacture of wrapping paper out of rice straw and palm leaves. Over four tons a day of excellent wrapping paper is the daily output from such materials.

At Savannah, New York State, a train of three box cars on the West Shore road, was thrown from the track, and went down an enbankment thirty feet. The cars were badly broken up, and about thirty men badly injured. But one was instantly killed.

The St. Louis Grand Jury has indicted a number of prominent persons for participation in gambling enterprises, and sharply censures the Governor for pardoning convicted gamblers, and recommends the withdrawl of the pardoning power from His Excellency.

The following is a statement of the United States currency outstanding at November 1st: Old demand notes, $58,-800; legal tender notes, all issues, $346,-681,016; one-year notes of 1863, $40,815; two-year notes of 1863, $10,750; two-year coupon notes of 1863, $20,350; compound interest notes, $214,770; practional currency, all issues, $15,366,241; total $362,392,742.

A family of destitute Irish immigrants, consisting of a man, wife, four children, and an infirm old woman, mother of the wife, were returned from New York to Ireland a few days ago by the State Board of Charities. The family state that they were helped out by the poor law guardians of Mayo, Ireland. There has been a good deal of complaint made about pauper immigration this year.

Some time ago Lafayette Cook, an eccentric citizen of Auburn, Maine, predicted that he would die on the 11th of November. That day he appeared in his usual health, went out for a walk, and returning he told his friends he would prepare for his coffin, which he did. He then laid down on a lounge and soon fell asleep and died the next morning. He could not be roused. An examination was made but no evidences of poison could be found in the body.

A Javanese Superstition.

One of the grossest of Javanese superstitions is that the "kaiman"—the Javenese name for the crocidile—is actually the evil spirit personified. The dervishes for their own motives of profit, of course, do all that is in their power to foster this belief. "Sedan" (Satan) is the name bestowed upon the crocodile by the natives of Java, and every incident or misfortune, whether death by misadventure, pestilence, failure of crops, &c., is attributed to his agency, it being presumed that on such occasions the spirit is for some reason or other, displeased with the people. In order, therefore, to appease the supposed demon's wrath, the Javanese, instigated, of course, by their dervishes, come to the conclusion that some animals must be slain and offered up to him as a sacrifice, and arrangements are accordingly made for that purpose as follows: The person who is suffering from any calamity which he supposes to have proceeded from the anger of "Sedan," goes at once to the chief magistrate or Mayor of his village (*kapelia kampony*) and a consultation takes place. After this the Mayor causes all the inhabitants to be summoned together by means of the beating of a peculiarly shaped wooden bell, which has a singularly doleful sound; when this tocsin is heard the Javanese assemble in great numbers and fix a day and hour for the sacrifice, which usually takes place at sunrise, and the sufferer from calamity is enjoined to bring two sheep and a goat to the dervish to be consecrated previous to the sacrifice. When the hour of sacrifice arrives the people collect in great numbers in front of the Mayor's residence, dressed in their holiday garments; the dervish makes his appearance, arrayed in a long gown and a turban of many colors. As he advances, the whole assembly prostrates itself, uttering prayers aloud. At a signal from the dervish the people rise, and, by the direction of the Mayor, are formed into pairs (in silence) for the sacrificial procession, the dervish proceeding at their head to the place of sacrifice. In front of the dervish walk four men, in vestments of various colors, having their faces painted with yellow. These men strew flowers and palms in the path of the advancing dervish. Next follow several persons leading the consecrated animals destined for sacrifice, after whom comes the official who is to slay the animals, attended by the Mayor and the men of the highest standing in the village. Then follow the rabble, the women taking the last place of all in the procession. They then pass through the main streets of the town or village until the place of ceremony is reached. In the case in question this was a large, sandy plain, near the seashore. A huge stone was set up to serve as an altar for the offering to "Sedan," the evil spirit. Here the leaders of the consecrated animals destined for sacrifice knelt down, while the dervish ascended the steps of the altar. As soon as he reached the altar itself the whole assemblage fell on their knees and joined him in a prayer, which was loudly uttered, and with many gesticulations; the dervish then, with most vehement adjurations, addressed the spirit himself, imploring him not to visit the Javanese with any further calamity. Strangely enough, from some water at hand two or three crocodiles at this moment put up their heads, a coincidence which, of course, produced a great impression on the superstitious assemblage. Probably, however, the truth was that the crocodiles were attracted by the rank smell of the goat. The dervish's addressed to the evil spirit concluded, room was made for the person who had been appointed to sacrifice the animals, which had previously been bound and laid upon the sand. This official advanced armed with a most formidable knife, and with considerable dexterity laid open the bowels of the victims, which he then placed in a row and decorated with gay-colored flowers. Next followed another prolix prayer from the dervish, after which he bestowed his blessings upon the entire assemblage, who, in the full conviction of having appeased the evil spirit, retired to their homes and smoked pipes of opium which they alleged to be for the glorification of their deities, but which it seems more reasonable to conclude was for their own self-gratification. Soon after the crowd had dispersed, that very sensible "evil spirit" crawled out of the water with a grunt of satisfaction and proceeded to devour the sheep and the goat with which the ignorance and superstition of the Javanese had provided him. —*Tinsley's Magazine.*

An English correspondent draws attention to the incressing employment of girls in various business occupations in London, and adds the suggestion that instruction in the details of commercial clerks' work might be advantageously imparted in classes formed for that purpose, and instructed under proper supervision. There is, perhaps, no more interesting member of our youth than the well-mannered, well-taught girl, whose energies are addressed to the important work of earning her living. Perhaps no city in the world can present a more agreeable spectacle than London during the early morning hours, in which quiet, neatly dressed, and scrupulously well-behaved girls go in great numbers on foot, by omnibus, or rail to their various places of business. The girl of this class and period is a distinct and valuable product of rational education, and, as an embodiment of capable and modest self-reliance, is a clear addition to the civilizing influences of the time.

A niece of Kosciusko is said to be in one of the departments in Washington; a great-granddaughter of Jefferson is in the Interior Department, and a needy descendant of a relative of George Washington has lately received a government appointment.

Brain-Work and Health.

BY JULIET CORSON.

There is no point upon which even well-informed persons are so apt to differ as the extent to which mental and nervous activity exhausts vitality. Presupposing normal conditions, mental work of a congenial character does not detract from high health if pursued with discretion; its ill effects are felt when severe, or sustained at a pressure, especially if it is accompanied with anxiety; this exhausts more than work, since it is a waste rather than a use of nervous power. So far as statistics have been compiled regarding longevity, they show that brain-workers live longer than manual laborers, except farmers; and the ratio among them proves that those whose occupation predicates mental activity free from mental anxiety live the longest. For instance, as a rule clergymen attain a greater age than journalists or lawyers, because the former class lead an intellectual life founded upon fixed convictions, and the personal result of their work in no way affects the stability of their ideas, while the latter are necessarily more or less uncertain as to the immediate strength of their position and its ultimate permanence.

As a physical fact, the interchange of waste and nutrition in the body is effected with the greatest rapidity in the brain and nervous centres. The blood, equally charged with the destructive agent oxygen, and the nutritive elements of food, flows to the brain in excess during the use of that organ in thinking or writing; and unless the blood holds a sufficient quantity of nutritive matter to counteract the waste of tissue caused by use—that is, by the molecular motion in the substance of the brain which generates thought—the mental powers decline in force. If the blood is supplied with abundance of nutriment for the physical regeneration of the wasted tissues, and mental action is counterbalanced by the due exercise of the other powers of the body, an astonishing amount of mental labor can be accomplished. If, on the other hand, such physical needs are disregarded as food, air, sunlight, and varied exercise, the evil consequences of such neglect are soon marked.

The substance of the brain can not be injured without impairing the quality of the mind. It is unquestionably demonstrated that imbecility, hypochondria, melancholia, and all forms of insanity may result from physical injury to the brain; therefore even a slight indication of nervous or mental disturbance should receive attention, as it may be an indication of such injury. Throughout the entire system, the nerves are incorporated with blood-vessels; this intimate connection is demonstrated by the fact that if the circulation is impeded, even momentarily, the nerves fail in their province of conveying impressions to the brain, the brain fails to guide the motor power, and consciousness falls into abeyance; this temporary cessation of sensation and thought is called fainting, and if it is prolonged is detrimental to life. It usually arises from some shock to the nervous system violent enough to cause a local physical disturbance, and it endures relatively to the severity of such disturbance and the recuperative power of the nervous system; this recuperative power, of course, depends upon the sanity of the nervous centres; it follows, then, that nerves and brain alike should be furnished with the abundant means for physical regeneration, in the form of healthy blood.

Animal Intelligence.

At the north side of Dublin there is, at Clontarf, a sea inlet where the water at certain times of the tide is very shallow. A little stream flows under the road into the sea at this place The bridge beneath which it passes has pretty high parapets. A huge dog, a frequent companion during my student days, used to mount one of these parapets, employing it as a lookout when he happened for the moment to lose sight of me. Mrs. Comerford, widow of a distinguished barrister, was my landlady. This dog, aided by an accomplice named Bran, slew Mrs. Comerford's red cat, a great favorite, and buried him, all but the point of his tail, in the garden. The accomplices demeaned themselves in the most innocent manner, but betrayed considerable confusion when their delinquency was detected. It did not seem to occur to their canine minds that the mere tip of the poor cat's tail, when the body itself was out of sight, could possibly incriminate them. But to return to Clontarf. It was the practice among the lads about, when the depth of water suited, to wade out and catch little flat-fish. These abound in great numbers, and lie commonly on the sea-bed. The waders went in bare-legged, and when they happened to thread upon a fish, kept the foot in position until they could stoop down and secure their prey. One of the fisherboys was one day attended by his dog, and when the intelligent creature saw the work in which his master was engaged proceeded to help him by plunging about, and whenever he felt a fish kept his paw upon it until his master should come up and place it in his creel. This curious method of catching flat-fish is not confined to Clontarf. I was walking one day along Con's Water, called after the old chieftain of the name, Con or Constantine O'Neil, when I observed a barefooted lad wading in the shallow water—for the tide was out—and from time to time casting something on the bank. He was catching flat-fish with his feet. I did not detect his occupation, in which he seemed pretty successful, until I went close up in order to see what he was about.—*Nature.*

It is said that three hundred poets have been born within the borders of New Hampshire, Constance Woolson being one of them.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

What More or Less Prominent People are Saying and Doing.

It is said that Mr. Blaine is always looking out for the Maine chance.

Jules Verne is growing fat, and his hair is turning white. He is fifty years old.

Thirty smacks have been built by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts for the Yarmouth fishermen.

Albert Bierstady, who has been sketching in the Alps, has lately returned to America.

Dr. Henry Power, F.R.C.S., says that shortsightedness is a defect of culture and civilization.

During his stay in Boston Matthew Arnold will be the guest of Professor Norton, of Cambridge.

Over the door of her summer cottage by the sea, at Gloucester, Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has this inscription: "Let your peace rest upon it."

It is thought that the strength of the late Mr. Yale, of New Haven, like Samson's, lay in his locks, as he left eight million dollars, accumulated through their means.

An American physician recommends beefsteak and baked potatoes as perhaps the least harmful of the things that can be eaten at night, especially, he says, if the beef be underdone.

Miss Nichols, a graduate of the Holliston High School, seventeen years old, received the entrance prize of two hundred dollars to Smith College, having passed the best examination.

The late Captain Mayne Reid wrote one of his works in Newport, Rhode Island, and it is only last year that the U. S. government gave him a pension for his services in their Mexican War.

Professor Morse says that the genuine old Satsuma ware is very rare, and only about ninety years old at the most, and that the National Museum of Japan, at Tokio, has but three specimens.

President Eliot, of Harvard, has had a letter from Professor Jowett, Master of Balliol, Oxford, and tranalater of Plato's *Dialogues*, urging that some arrangements be made in regard to American students going to Oxford.

Sarah Wilson, a negress of seventy-seven, who has had a good education, has been teaching a private school for young children in New Haven, Connecticut, for sixty years. Her father was a slave in that city, and bought his freedom.

One of the members of the Corean embassy, a fluent French talker, Yen-Kil-Chin, is to remain in the United States for a course of instruction under Professor Morse, of Salem, Massachusetts, being anxious to master English.

Jules Verne is fond of yachting, but does not know how to fish. At fifty years of age he is fleshier than he was, and his hair and beard are almost white. In a blue pea-jacket and leather sou'wester he has all the appearance of a genuine sailor

The Princess Victoria, betrothed at seventeen to the hereditary Crown Prince of Anhalt, is the great-great-granddaughter of King Frederick William II. of Prussia, while the Crown Prince of Anhalt, eleven years her senior, is the great-grandson of the same sovereign.

Mr. Bronson Alcott's eldest grandson has taken a photograph of him sitting on the porch of his study. Mr. Alcott reads his own letters and dictates replies, although not yet recovering the use of his paralyzed side. He suffers from not being able to express his ideas in words, although his mind is clear.

Felix Moscheles, the godson of Mendelssohn, and son of his bosom-friend Ignez Moscheles, has lately arrived in the U. S. as a delegate from the English Peace Society to the International Arbitration Society to convene next month in Washington. Moscheles is busy translating Mendelssohn's letters, and intends remaining in this country some time to study art and the republic.

A critic of Ouida's novels suggests that her art, vigorous and clever as it is, is not a desirable art to cultivate. "There is a vantage-ground for the author of fiction midway between the equatorial fervor of Ouida's romance and the arctic temperature of garden-party flirtation. The Genoese lover who shoots himself in the moonlight, while his false mistress jeers at him in the presence of his rival, may be a no more heroic personage than the crazy youth who, seeing his lady walk off with a soldier, scrawls on a paper, 'This is thy work, Penelope Ann,' and walks into a pond in the neighborhood."

The rubber rings used to assist in keeping the air from fruit-cans sometimes become so dry and brittle as to be almost useless. They can be restored to a normal condition, usually, by letting them lie in water in which you have put a little ammonia. Mix in this proportion: one part ammonia and two parts water. Sometimes they do not need to lie in this more than five minutes, but frequently a half hour is needed to restore their elasticity.

According to the *Chemiker Zeitung*, M. Muller has evaporated skimmed milk in vacuum, so as to obtain a permanent product, which can be preserved for months in a dry atmosphere, and which has valuable alimentary properties. He thinks that it may be of great use in pastry and in various kinds of baking, and the best sugar of milk can be made from it. The skimmed milk which is collected in dairies and cheese factories is usually given to animals or wasted in sewage; it contains, however, large quantities of salts and particles of butter and casein, which can be utilized by Muller's method.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, NOVEMBER 29, 1883.

To Subscribers of the Review.

We heartily thank those of our subscribers who have so cheerfully paid up their subscriptions during the past few weeks—in all about fifteen. There are, however, over FIVE HUNDRED others who are from one to SEVEN *years behind. This has become a rather serious matter to us. We have paid for* EVERY ONE *of these papers up to date, and are now out nearly $2,000 for other people's reading. Not one of our subscribers would stand this injustice as long as we have, and when they see by this how we are placed we are sure those who wish the* REVIEW *well will not need to be again reminded.*

☛ *All subscriptions behind two years or over will* POSITIVELY *be charged $2.00 per annum,* IF NOT PAID BY THE 15TH OF DECEMBER NEXT.

THE NORTHERN EXTENSION.

In accordance with the wishes of the executive committee, Mr. Bailey, Engineer, accompanied by Mr. J. B. Campbell, arrived in this village to-day on their way north to examine into the possibility of obtaining a route on the west side of the Hastings Road for the projected extension. They held a lengthy conference this afternoon with Mr. A. B. Ross, who had been over the route with Mr. Daly, and will leave to-morrow for Millbridge from which place they will make a careful examination. Mr. Jenkins will accompany them, this gentleman being certain that the western route is quite practicable. On Mr. Bailey's report will no doubt determine the route to be taken.

HON. A. CROOKS has resigned his position as Minister of Education in the Ontario Government, Mr. G. W. Ross, being appointed in his stead. It is thought Mr. Ross will make a good Educational Minister.

ELECTED BY FIVE.

THE LIBERAL CANDIDATE SQUEEZES IN FOR LENNOX.

Napanee, Nov, 27.—The election for Lennox in the commons has resulted in a majority of five for Mr. Allison, the liberal candidate, Mr. Pruyn's friends already talk of recounts and petitions. It is certain that the Lennox election is not yet over and the probabilities are it will form a bone of contention for some time to come. In the meantime reformers are very jubilant and fondly declare that a reaction has really set in at last.

BUT ONE KNOWN SURVIVOR.

THE STEAMER ECLIPSE LOST WITH NEARLY ALL THE CREW.

Wairton, Ont., Nov. 26.—The steamer Eclipse left Algoma for Port Sarnia, was caught in a gale on Wednesday night off Pine Tree harbor and is supposed to be lost with nearly all hands, as part of the wreck and three bodies came ashore with life preservers marked Eclipse. Papers found on one of their bodies indentify it as that of Capt. Wm. Bush of Sarnia John Drew was cut loose from the steamer alone on a scow, which drifted ashore at Pike bay, and he is the only known survivor. Another of the bodies is believed to be that of James Moore, the engineer of Thesselon.

Mr. Roderick Keller of Seymour, Ont., closed up his business of frog capturing and exportation on Tuesday last, when he shipped 250 pounds to New York. His greatest catch during one night was 620. Since last spring the Keller Bros. have captured and exported two tons of frog meat representing probably more than 8000 frogs.

Wm. Sellers of West Luther sold his farm, as he thought, $3500, receiving $100 down. A few days after the supposed sale had been completed, he was offered $4000 for the property, and the bidder advising him to pay the first man $300 to release him from his bargain, Sellers paid $300, but the $4600 purchaser had made himself scarce, having joined the first buyer to demand a division of the spoils derived from a very ingenious and sharply contrived trick.

NAPANEE NIPPED.

THE BEST BLOCK IN TOWN ALMOST DESTROYED BY FIRE.

Napanee, Nov. 25.— At 11:30 last night the grocery store of Peter S. Hicks, next door to the postoffice in the Campbell house block, was discovered to be on fire. The fire brigade turned out promptly and succeeded in confining the fire to the west wing of the hotel block, which is a three story brick building, although the main body of the hotel was badly damaged. The building was occupied as follows: west end the postoffice, which with contents with the exception of one or two bags of mail, was destroyed. Mr. Bogart, the postmaster, occupied a room directly over the office and lost everything. The next was Hicks' grocery store, where the fire started. Loss about $1000. Next came the Campbell house billiard room, she tables of which were saved. Lester Scott's barber shop comes next; loss small. The building above the postoffice and shops was used as the best bedrooms of the hotel. Almost everything was destroyed. R. Mills, jr. commercial traveller, lost about $2000 worth of fur samples. The contents of the main body of the hotel were mostly all removed in a badly damaged condition, as well as the boot and shoe stock of George Maybee, who occupied the corner store. Maybee's loss is about $500. The hotel has just been extensively repaired. The loss on the building is probably $14,000, and the loss on the hotel contents $5000 or $6000. Most of the boarders, as well as the men and women employed in the hotel, lost all their wearing apparel. The insurance on the building is divided in the following companies: Northern $3000, Citizens' $3000, Scottish Imperial $4500 National $3000; total $22,500. The hotel contents were insured as follows: Fire association $4000, North British and Mercantile $1500; total $5,500. Geore Maybee's boot and shoe stock insured in the Phœnix $2000, Imperial $1000. Peter Hick's stock was insured in the City of London for $750.

KILLED BY A DOOR.

THE SINGULAR MANNER IN WHICH JOHN ALLEN MET HIS DEATH.

Drumbo, Ont., Nov. 26—John Allen, a baker, was standing in the doorway of a barn when the wind blew the door closed, striking him on the forehead and knocking him senseless. He recovered sufficiently to move around, but subsequently alarming symptoms set in, resulting in death about 5 o'clock. He leaves a wife and children.

The New Weekly Journal.

Responding to the demands of the time, it has been decided to bring out in Toronto on the first Thursday of December, a weekly newspaper, to be called *The Week*, and to be published every succeeding Thursday. It is understood the proprietors are Messrs. Goldwin Smith and C. Blackett Robinson, and the last named gentleman will be the publisher. Nothing on the one hand need be said of Mr. Goldwin Smith whose connection with the paper will help to make easy its introduction to a considerable portion of the public, or, upon the other of the energy and business capacity of publisher, Mr. Blackett Robinson. The editor, as is announced in the prospectus, is Mr. Charles G.D. Roberts, of New Brunswick, a gentleman well known in the best literary circles of Canada and New York, and who combines the rare quality of excellent literary equipment with a practical head, and that firm hand without which all other qualifications in an editor of a paper who will have to receive so much, and discriminate so nicely, and expel so heartlessly, go for naught. The prospectus of this new paper promises much, but looking at those connected with it, it does not seem that its claims pass the bounds of modesty or the practicable. The paper "will appeal by a comprehensive table of contents to the different tastes which exist within the circle of a cultured home, and will endeavour faithfully to summarize the intellectual, social, and political movements of the day." In all matters *The Week* will be independent, and its tone, though high and wide in range as that of the leading English and American first-class periodicals, will smack distinctly of the soil of Canada. The paper will reflect the higher thought of the country, political and literary. Above all, in the political sphere, "its desire will be to futher to the utmost of its power, the free and healthy development of the nation;" Mr. Goldwin Smith, Dr. Grant, Mr. Edgar Fawcett, and Mr. Roberts will contribute special articles. From all this, and taking account of the energetic canvass, and business tact of Mr. T. R. Clougher, the business manager, and liberal outlay made by the proprietors, it is not too much to predict a brilliant success for this new and promising venture in the higher journalism.

A despatch from Sharbot Lake says: —While a man named Chapman, a farmer here, formerly a resident of Wolfe Island, was walking along the new track of the O. & Q. Railway, in this village, this morning, he was struck by the train and instantly killed. Chapman was about 65 years of age, and leaves a very large family. He was well known and repected in Kingston and vicinity. This is the first accident that has occured on the new road.

KINGSTON, Nov. 19.—Friday the funeral services of the late Tim. Donovan, an extensive farmer, living near Jackson's Mills, occurred. He was a hale and hearty gentleman over 60 years of age. On Wednesday morning he arose, apparently in good health, and went out to see his stock. Returning to the house he told his family that he was dying. The announcement seemed preposterous, but in 25 minutes he was a corpse.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter Chapped hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by all Druggists.

—A full stock of Goat Robes at reduced prices at J. DALE & SON'S.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

Annual Meeting.

THE annual meeting of the stockholders of the Spring Hill Cheese Factory will be held in the factory on Saturday, Dec. 8th, at 12 o'clock, sharp, for receiving tenders for making cheese for next year, selling milk routes, and transaction of general business.

D. McKENZIE, President.

Madoc, Nov. 26, '83. 344-2w

Annual Meeting.

THE annual meeting of the stockholders of the Alexandria Cheese Factory will be held in the factory on Thursday, Dec. 6th, at 1 o'clock P. M., for receiving tenders for making cheese for next season, selling milk routes, and transaction of general business.

JOHN CASKEY, President.

Madoc, Nov. 24, '83. 344-2w

Tenders Wanted.

TENDERS will be received up to the 15th day of December for Forty (40) Cords of Good Hard Body Wood, delivered in the basement of the Model School in Madoc village, wood to be delivered by the 1st of March. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Address tenders to

JOHN ROBERTSON, Sec'y School Board,

Madoc, Nov. 28, 1883. 344-3w

THE WEEK, A new Journal of Literature, Politics, and Criticism. Edited by CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS. Published every Thursday at $3.00 per annum.

The first issue of THE WEEK will appear December 6th. THE WEEK will appeal by a comprehensive table contents to the different tastes which exist within the circle of a cultured home, and will endeavor faithfully to reflect and summarize the intellectual, social and political movements of the day. Mr. Goldwin Smith will be a regular contributor. Mr. Edgar Fawcett, author of "An Ambitious Woman," "A Gentleman of Leisure," etc., contributes to THE WEEK a novel of New York society, entitled "The Adventures of a Widow." Principal Grant, of Queen's University, will write, among other valuable papers, a series descriptive of a tour taken by him during the past summer "Down the Kicking Horse and Across the Selkirks." Dr Grant will also contribute articles on various important subjects, such as Indian Affairs, Progress in British Columbia, etc, Mr J E Collins will contribute among other papers one on the pressing subject of of International Copyright. Mr Wm F Clarke, late of Winnipeg, will write of "The Real Outlook in Manitoba." Contributions in prose and verse may be looked for from

Joaquin Miller	Dr Daniel Wilson
Louis Honore Prechette	John Charles Dent
Dr C P Mulvany	Wm Houston
George Stewart, jr	F Blake Crofton
John Reade	G Mercer Adam
Mrs Kate Seymour LeLean	J Hunter-Duvar
Miss Machar (Fidelis)	R W Phipps

And many other writers of note.

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher, 5 Jordan St., TORONTO.

The CENTURY Programme for 1883 and 1884.

The programme for the fourteenth year of this magazine, and the third under the new name, is if anything more interesting and popular than ever. With every season, THE CENTURY shows a decided gain in circulation. The new volume begins with November, and, when possible, subscriptions should begin with that issue. The following are some of the features of the coming year:—

A New Novel by George W. Cable, author of "Old Creole Days," etc., entitled "Dr Sevier," a story of New Orleans life, the time being the eve of the late Civil War.

"Life in the Thirteen Colonies," by Edward Eggleston, separate illustrated papers on subjects connected with the early history of this country.

Three Stories by Henry James, of varying lengths, to appear through the year.

The New Astronomy, untechnical articles, by Prof. S. P. Langley, describing the most interesting of recent discoveries in the sun and stars.

A Novelette by H.H. Boyesen, author of "Gunnar," etc. A vivid and sparkling story.

The New Era in American Architecture, a series of papers descriptive of the best work of American architects in Public Buildings City and Country Houses, etc, To be profusely illustrated.

A Novelette by Robert Grant, author of "Confession of a Frivolous Girl," etc., entitled "An Average Man,"—a story of New York.

The Bread-winners, one of the most remarkable novels of the day, to be completed in January.

"Christianity and Wealth," with other essays, by the author of "The Christian League of Connecticut," etc., on the applications of christian morals to the present phase of modern life.

Cossting About the Gulf of St. Lawrence, a series of entertaining articles, profusely illustrated.

Scenes from the Novelists, Hawthorne, George, Eliot, and Cable, with authentic drawings.

On the Track of Ulysses, the record of a yacht-cruise in the Mediterranean, identifying the the route of Ulysses on his return from the Trojan War.

"Garfield in England," extracts from his private journal kept during a trip to Europe in 1867.

"The Silverado Squatters," by Robert Louis Stephenson, author of "New Arabian Nights."

There will be papers on outdoor England by John Burroughs and others, a beautifully illustrated series Dante, a number of papers by the eminent French novelist Alphonse Daudet, articles on art and archæology by Charles Dudley Warner and others, illustrated papers on sport and adventure, short stories by the leading writers, essays on timely subjects, etc.

Subscription price, $4.00 a year; single numbers sold everywhere, at 35 cents each. All dealers receive subscriptions, or remittance may be made direct to the publishers by postal or express order, registered letter, bank check, or draft.

Special Offers.

To enable new subscribers to begin with the first volume under THE CENTURY name, we make the following special offers:—

New subscribers beginning with November, 1883, may obtain the magazine for one year from date, and the twenty-four previous numbers, unbound, for $6.00. Regular price for the three years, $12.00.

Or, if preferred, a subscription and the twenty-four numbers, bound in four elegant volumes, will be furnished for $10. Regular price, $16.

THE CENTURY CO'Y, New York, N. Y.

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GROCERY, PROVISION, WINE AND LIQUOR STORE.

A full assortment of

Grockery, China, Majolica & Glassware

always on hand.

CHINA SETS IN 3 PIECES---PLATE, CUP AND SAUCER.

Coffee Cups to match. Call and see them. My stock of Groceries is complete.

JANE WRIGHT.

Madoc, Nov. 7th, 1883.

"THE RIGHT HOUSE."

We have just opened out a large and well assorted stock of

L|A|D|I|E|S'=|=M|A|N|T|L|E|S,

which will be

OFFERED AT A BARGAIN.

D. C. CLARKE.

Madoc, Nov. 1st, 1883.

1883. FALL and WINTER. 1884.

Our stock of Fall and Winter Goods is now complete. An inspection solicited from intending purchasers. A large stock of Ready-made Clothing at lowest prices, and all other goods suitable for the season.

SPECIAL.

See our stock of China, Stone and Glassware.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

HARDWARE. - HARDWARE.

We have the following Brands of Axes and Saws in stock at lowest prices:

AXES.

CHOPPERS' TRUST,
SOLID STEEL,
SILVER STEEL,
BLACK PRINCE,
BURRELL'S DIFFERENT BRANDS,
BROAD AXES.

SAWS.

LANCE SAWS,
SHIRLEY & DIETRICH,
MAPLE LEAF,
SMITH'S CHAMPION.

Also a full stock of all other Lumbermen's supplies.

JOHN DALE & SON.

Madoc, Oct. 25, 1883.

THE BIG T POT SIGN.

J. A. CHAMBERS,

(SUCCESSOR TO CHAMBERS & McKINNEY.)

Has removed to the

O'FLYNN BLOCK,

NEXT DOOR TO R. R. CASEMENT & CO'S

HARDWARE STORE,

Where will be found a NEW and choice stock of

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,
CROCKERY. GLASSWARE,
ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.,

also a fine assortment of

=FANCY | CHINA | WARE,=

including the latest designs in matched Cups and Saucers. Call and see my stock before purchasing.

J. A. CHAMBERS.

Madoc, Oct. 11th, 1883. 337

Dissolution of Partnership!

GRAND CLEARING OUT SALE!

at M. McLEAN'S Dry Goods Store.

In order to reduce the stock before taking stock, I will offer for the next FOUR WEEKS, the entire stock, consisting of

Dry Goods, Ready-made Clothing, Fancy Goods, Mantles, Furs, Hats and Caps, Groceries,

etc., at cost price. A call solicited. The stock must be sold. Terms strictly cash.

M. McLEAN.

Madoc, November 28th 1183. 329

Latest Local News.

—Township Council meets on Saturday, December 8th.

—The firemen will hold their first meeting in the new hall on Wednesday evening next.

—Track-laying east and west from Norwood, on the O. & Q. railway, commenced last week.

—County Council met on Tuesday. We will give a synopsis of the proceedings in our next issue.

—A re-action has set in against the Salvation Army. There is too much "circus" about their means of salvation.

—The last regular meeting of the Village Council for this year will be held on Monday evening next, December 3rd.

—All the teachers in the public school at Stirling have sent in their resignations, to take effect at the Christmas holidays. Stirling has hard luck with teachers.

—Mr. George Maybee, well known in Madoc, suffered the loss of his boot and shoe store, by fire, in Napanee a few days ago. He was partially insured, but we understand losses heavily.

—The latest freak in Belleville was the holding of a "New England Social" last week. Pumpkin pies and fried cake formed the attraction. We suppose this must be taken as an evidence of their good taste.

Mr. M. W. Sine, V. S., of this village, has now provided himself with a horse and rig the better to be able to attend to his calls. The services of a professional veterinary surgeon ought to be in good demand in this neighborhood, and so far Mr. Sine has been very successful.

—The Oddfellows' Concert will be held the second week in January. Preparations are already being made to present such an attractive programme as will draw the masses. The Oddfellows heretofore have given the best of entertainments, and we believe this one coming will be no exception.

—The newest thing we have seen for some time in the shape of a lamp is to be seen in Geo. A. Rollins' store. It is called the "Temple" lamp. The bowl sits in a socket which is supported by four glass pillars, between which is a neat little receptacle for flowers. The whole is very handsomely designed.

—New stock of Lamps, new designs, just received at G. A. Rollins'.

Street Lamps.

Father Davis has just had erected two handsome street lamps on Durham street, one in front of his residence and the other in front of the R. C. Church. The lamps are handsome in design and finish and a decided ornament as well as a very useful one to that part of the street. They were manufactured at Mr. G. A. Rollins' tinshop in this village, and in both daylight and darkness will reflect credit on that establishment. Seeing that the Council is not disposed to do it would it not be advisable for a few more of our enterprising townsmen to follow Father Davis' liberal example.

—Chandeliers and Brackets for lamps, at G. Rollins'.

Madoc Model School.

The report of last fortnight is as follows:

HONOR ROLL, FOURTH DIVISION.

Only the names of pupils who have made 60 per cent. of the number of marks which may be obtained are placed on the honor roll.

In the sixth class Beatrice Cross obtained 483 out of a possible 622 marks. The other members of this class have been absent on account of sickness.

The names of those who obtained a place on the honor roll in the fifth class in order of merit are Jennie Carscallen 493 marks out of a possible 622; Bridget Connell 476, Alb't Love 465, Alice Robertson 399, Alice Ross 393.

In fourth class the number of possible marks was 728. The following are the successful ones: May Jenkins 607, Minnie Geary 601, Martha Whytock 547, Lizzie Brown 521. W. D. Davis 514, James Burns 447, Annie McLean 434, Jennie Dafoe 375, Wm. Moore 384, Emma O'Flynn 382, Alice Wood 382.

—The latest—the Temple Lamps, also Library Lamps at G. A. Rollins'.

Feasting their Friends.

COMPLIMENTARY SUPPER TO THE TRAVELLERS.

No happier quartette walked the streets of Madoc last Friday evening than Messrs. James Whytock, Robt. J. McNeill, John Bateman and Archie Harvey, who had made an extended trip to the British Isles a few weeks previously. The cause of their beaming faces was the fact of their being entertained at a complimentary oyster supper at the Madoc House, by a number of their friends. Upwards of fifty were present, including the local member, the warden, the reeve and deputy of the township, and other prominent residents of the village and neighborhood. The seating capacity of friend Curry's dining room was taxed to the utmost but all were well and abundantly served, this part of the programme being a very satisfactory introduction to the intellectual treat that followed.

After the oysters had been disposed of, Mr. A. P. Wood, M. P. P., who occupied the seat at the head of the table, proposed the usual loyal and patriotic toasts of "The Queen," "The Governor-General," &c., which were duly honored. He then gave "Our Guests," Mr. Whytock being first called on to respond, which he did by giving a very interesting account of his trip from the time he left home, through a portion of Quebec, across the ocean, part of Ireland, and until he reached his destination in his native land, Scotland. Mr. Whytock's account of his trip was exceedingly interesting, but our limited space forbids our transfering his remarks to print. The other travellers were then called on, Mr. Bateman relating his experiences in England, Mr. McNeill spoke of Ireland as had left it some years ago, and the advancement the people of that much disturbed country was making, while Mr. Harvey humorously "gave away" some of the little secrets of the party during the trip.

Mr. John Caskey, who occupied the vice-chair, then gave the toast of the Dominion and Local Parliaments, responded to by Mr. Wood, M.P.P. Mr. O'Flynn, Warden, and Messrs. Caskey and Thompson acknowledged the toast of the County Council. The health of Mr. John Francis, County Surveyor, was also proposed and responded to. "The Ladies," acknowledged by Mr. Hugh Ketcheson, brought the affair to a close.

The honored ones felt very much gratified, as they had every reason to be, at the very successful reception accorded them.

Panorama.

Rev. Mr. Dowling's panorama of oriental and biblical illustrations, exhibited in the Masonic Hall on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, deserved a far more liberal reception than was accorded it, the house for all three entertainments barely paying expenses. The paintings were of a high order, and the entertainments much appreciated by those who attended.

Squeezed.

A few days ago while pulling down an old log building in rear of the mill, Mr. John Stoneburgh, of this village, met with a severe accident. It suddenly toppled over, burying him beneath the logs, one of which pinned his head to the ground and kept him there until released by some parties who heard his calls. When rescued blood was flowing from his mouth and ears, but we believe he is not seriously hurt.

Married.

BLOUNT—GRIER.—At the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. E. N. Baker, M. A., on the 19th inst., Mr. Arthur Blount to Miss Libbie Grier, all of Madoc.

HUNTER — HOWE.— On Wednesday, 28th inst., by the Rev. W. E. Smith, of Belleville, at the residence of the bride's uncle, James Hunter, Esq. to Miss Mary Jane Howe, neice of Mr. John Moore, of Elzevir.

—We have a very fine uncolored Japan Tea, put up in Japan in 1 lb. papers, at 50c. per pound. Extra value. JOHN DALE & SON.

The American Agriculturist.

The December issue closes the forty-second volume of this leading farm journal with a most excellent number. It contained over ninety fine original engravings, by Forbes, Trumble, Folsom, Halm, and other artists. There are in all over one hundred original engravings, of which four are full-page, namely: "Home from the wood-lot," "Typical horses at the N. Y. Show," "Christmas comes but once a Year," and a truly beautiful first-page cover. A Remodelled House; Hints on Hog Killing; Chinese Farming in California; Prize Poultry, and A Prize Sheep-Barn are a few of the very valuable articles presented. Mr. David W. Judd continues his Editorial Notes on many topics, with engravings. Miss Carr's touching Christmas story will be read the second time by many, both old and young. All of the several departments are unusually full, and we only wonder that so much costly reading matter, and so many fine engravings, can be furnished for the price $1.50 per year of this stirling journal of the Farm, Garden and Household. It should be found in every home.

—Over 200 Lamps to choose from, cheap for cash, at G. A. Rollins'.

How much a man is like old shoes!
For instance: Both a soul may lose;
Both have been tanned; both are made tight
By cobblers; both get left and right;
Both need a mate to be complete,
And both are made to go on feet.
They both need heeling, oft are soled,
And both in time turn all to mould.
With shoes the last is first; with men
The first shall be the last; and when
The shoes wear out they're mended new;
When men wear out they're men-dead too.
They both are trod upon, and both
Both have their ties and doth incline
When polished in the world to shine;
And both peg out—and would you choose
To be a man or be his shoes?

A LAWYER'S OPINION OF INTEREST TO ALL.

J. A. Tawney, Esq., a leading attorney of Winona, Minn., writes; "After using it for more than three years, I take great pleasure in stating that I regard Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, as the best remedy in the world for Coughs and Colds. It has never failed to cure the most severe colds I have had, and invariably relieves the pain in the chest." Trial Bottles of this sure cure for all Throats and Lungs Diseases may be had Free at all Drug Stores. Large size, $1.00.

—As J. DALE & SON get their Coal Oil by the car load they are prepared to give low rates by the barrel. 359

GREAM & McDONALD.

SOLICITORS Supreme Court, Notaries Public, and Conveyancers. Money to loan on Real Estate Security. Office in the Victoria Block, Madoc.

CHARLES GREAM. | ALEX. A. McDONALD.

Private School.

MRS. BAYLIS (lately from England) gives lessons in music and singing at her residence, in Elgin street. She also takes a limited number of pupils, to instruct with her own children, in all the usual branches of an English education. Rudimental French and Drawing. Terms on application. 343

ESTRAY.

CAME on the premises of the undersigned, s w ¼ of lot 6, 4th con. Madoc, a stray Ram. The owner is requested to prove property, pay expenses and take him away.

JOSEPH BAILEY.

Madoc, Nov. 17th. 343-3w

New Cooper Shop.

THE undersigned begs to inform the people of Madoc and surrounding country that he has opened a cooper shop in James O'Brien's old stand, and is prepared to do all kinds of work in that line. A supply of pork barrels kept on hand.

SAMUEL EDWARDS.

Madoc, Nov. 17th. 343-2w

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale lot 22, on the Cross Estate in the Village of Madoc, south side of St. Lawrence street, containing half an acre of land, on which is a good frame house, 24x30, well finished, good frame barn, 12x16, and a good well of water. Terms to suit the purchaser. Possession given at any time. Apply to

JOSEPH MOXLEY,
Holloway P. O.

July 25th, 1883. 327-6m

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

:oxo:

NEW TINSHOP!

Stoves and Tinware,
House Furnishings & Hardware,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS and PUTTY.
Please give me a call.
(3 DOORS NORTH OF MRS. WRIGHT'S.)

Wood Yard.

The undersigned beg to inform the public that they have opened a

WOOD YARD IN MADOC VILLAGE

and will keep on hand a full supply of

HARD AND SOFT WOOD.

Hardwood, dry, $3.50 per Cord.
Softwood, " 2.50 "

All kinds of wood bought and sold. Wood delivered free to all parts of the town. Yard on St. Lawrence street.

Lester McTaggart and J. Whytock,
Proprietors.

Madoc, Oct. 15th, 1883.

BEST VALUE IN

AXES,
AXE HANDLES,
BUCKSAWS,
CROSS-CUT SAWS,

and all other seasonable Hardware.

SPECIAL VALUE IN

STOVES, STOVEPIPES,
DRUM STOVES and TINWARE,

FULL LINES OF

PAINTS AND OILS,
STOVE & BLACKSMITH COAL.

R. R. CASEMENT & CO.

BUFFALO ROBES!

BUFFALO ROBES!

A large stock just to hand at

BOTTOM PRICES. EXAMINE THEM.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA,

POST OFFICE BLOCK,
Madoc, Oct. 16, 1883.

A GIRL'S FOLLY.

A small, superior cottage of bright-red brick, sweet-scented woodbine trailing over its rustic porch, a green lawn before it surrounded by flowers, and a charming country laudscape spreading out in the distance. Inside, in its small but pretty parlor, on the red-table cover waited the tea-tray with its cups and saucers. The window stood open to the still, warm autumn air, and the French porcelain clock on the mantle-piece was striking 5.

A slender girl of some 20 years came in. She was very lovely. But her light-blue eyes bore a sort of weary or discontented look, and her bright brown hair was somewhat ruffled. She wore a print washing dress of black and white, neither very smooth nor very fresh, and a lace neck-collar fastened with a bow of black ribbon. Glancing round the room and seeing nobody in it, she went to the open window, stood there in a deep reverie, and then leaned out to pick a rose. Its thorns pricked her delicate fingers, and she let it fall with a pettish exclamation.

Mrs. Reece came in next. A middle-aged, faded woman of care, in a small widow's cap and neat black gown. She looked flushed and fatigued.

"Have you made the tea, Alison?"

"No, mamma."

"Oh, but you might have made it! I wish you would, child! I am very tired!"

Alison turned from the window, brought the tea-caddy from a side-table, and put two caddy-spoonsful of tea into the metal teapot. Then she carried it out to the boiling water in the kitchen, and brought it in filled. On days dedicated to some special household work the young servant had to be spared as much as possible. This was ironing day, and Mrs. Reece had stood at the board herself, ironing what they called the fine things, which meant laces and muslins, and helping generally. She was not strong, and a little work tired her. But she sat down to pour out the tea as usual. Alison taking a seat which faced the window.

"Why have you not changed your frock this afternoon?" exclaimed Mrs. Reece, suddenly noticing that her daughter wore the cotton she had put on in the morning. And it may as well be stated that at that time, many years ago now, the dresses worn by young ladies, whether of cotton or silk, were universally called "frocks."

"Oh, I don't know," carelessly replied Alison. "It does not matter."

"Did you forget that Thomas Watkyn was coming?"

"Not at all," said Alison, in a slightly contemptuous tone, her fair face flushing rosy red, and her blue eyes roving outward to the distant green meadows, to the sheaves of the golden corn, and to the already changing tints of the foliage. "I'm sure the frock is good enough for Thomas Watkyn! And I don't see why he need be dancing to our house so often, mamma."

"Alison, be silent. You are behaving ill, and you know it."

"I am very sorry you should think so, mother. I do not wish to behave ill to you."

"That is behaving ill—saying those last words; because you know well that I did not mean you were behaving ill to me, but to Thomas Watkyn."

Alison Reece pouted her cherry lips, and ate a whole slice of thin bread and butter before replying.

"Mamma, how particular you are!"

"I never thought you could behave so. Six months ago you would not have believed it yourself."

"Would you please let me have a little more milk in my tea?"

"You treat Thomas Watkyn outrageously," continued Mrs. Reece, as she passed the milk jug. "One fine day you smile on him, draw him on—yes, you do, Alison; don't interrupt me—and the next day you will hardly speak to him a pleasant word. But he is worth more than that other; that foolish Vavasour, with whom you have been flirting lately."

"Worth more!" retorted Alison, resenting these charges, which she knew were all true, and having no other answer at hand.

"Yes; infinitely more. Compare a dandy fop like Vavasour with Thomas Watkyn! Alison, you must alter your behaviour. You are engaged to young Watkyn, and——"

"There was no engagement," interrupted Alison.

"It is equivalent to one. He comes here openly to court you; you have until lately responded to it. Why! don't you see that he worships the very ground you tread on?"

A pretty blush and a conscious smile illuminated the girl's face.

"I say things must not go on as they are going," replied Mrs. Reece. "Either tell Thomas that you can not marry him, and beg him not to come here, or else make up you mind to do so and cease your silly flirtation with the other."

"It's not a silly flirtation,' angrily replied Alison.

"Indeed, I see not what else it can be."

"I don't flirt; he does not flirt. He calls here sometimes, and we talk a little; and—and—I'm sure's there nothing in that to make a fuss about."

"And how often do you meet him when you are out? and how often do I see him strolling with you about yonder fields? Alison, take care that in trying to grasp the shadow you do not lose the substance."

"What substance?" asked the young lady, innocently.

"Thomas Watkyn. A union with him would be a very substantial one indeed; a thoroughly good settlement in life for you. Mr. Vavasour at best (looking at him in this light) is but a shadow. These aristocratic, flirting fops rarely have marriage in their heads. The amusement of the moment, the talking sentimental nonsense with a silly girl; that is all they look after. Will you take another cup of tea?"

"Oh, no, thank you. This lecture is as good as ten cups of tea."

"Then ring the bell."

Patty, the young servant, came in and carried away the tea-tray. Mrs. Reece went up stairs to put away the clothes ironed that day, and Miss Reece went back to the open window, leaned against its side frame and fell into a reverie.

She had a pretty good notion herself that matters would not go on much longer; Thomas Watkyn would not let them. More than once he had said to her a few words, and she had laughed them off. He was a fine man and a good man, and a well-educated man for those days; but he was a farmer. Alison had thought herself fortunate that he should choose her, for she was not of much account in the world, and could say with the milkmaid in the old song: My face is my fortune; and if she was not desperately in love with him she liked him very much, esteemed and respected him.

But a stranger made his appearance in the place, one Reginald Vavasour, who had come to read with the clergyman, previous to passing some examination. A high-bred man of good family—there could be no doubt of that—and a man of fascinating manners, given to take the female by storm. He had accidentally made the acquaintance of pretty Alison Reece, had talked a great deal of lazy nonsense to her for his own amusement, just to pass the time away during the intervals of his attendance in the Rev. Mr. Taber's study, and Alison was supremely fascinated. Beside that slender young aristocrat, whose clothes were of perfect cut, and whose easy manners (not to say insolent) were as perfect as his clothes, whose very drawl betrayed his conscious superiority to men of rustic locality, no matter what their standing might be, what could plain unpretending Thomas Watkyn be in Alison's sight? Nobody.

Yet he was good-looking in his way, this Thomas Watkyn. A well-known, well-made, fine man, beside whom the other looked a boy, with a calm, sensible face, and quiet, unobtrusive ways. But again, who could admire a homely face, its steady, thoughtful, kindly eyes, and its brown, old-fashioned whiskers, when there was another face over the next field, whose dark orbs were of a flashing brilliance, and whose curled-out black moustache was killing? Not silly, inexperienced, vain Alison Reece.

Leaning against the window-frame Alison watched a tall, straight figure coming across the meadows, and her brow went into a scowl. It was Thomas Watkyn—and she wondered what brought him so early this evening; she wished he would stay away for good. Or, if not good—for something pricked her heart and conscience there—at least for a few weeks. She did not care for Tom, and she knew it, and she supposed she would marry him sometime. Unless indeed — sometimes Alison dreamed dreams of Mr. Vavasour appearing some fine morning to carry her off in a carriage and four, the horses and postboys displaying white favors. She had no true love for Mr. Vavasour; but she was very pretty, with all a pretty girl's vanity, and his admiration of her was just so much subtle incense.

A thought of vexation crossed her mind, as Mr. Watkyn came in at the gate, that she had not changed her frock as usual. Some kind of perverse obstinacy had caused her not to do it, because she knew that he would be there that evening, and that Mr. Vavasour would not. She walked out to the rustic porch awaiting his approach, and she grew more vexed still as she saw his keen, honest gray eyes scanning the untidy dress in mute surprise.

"Good evening, Alison."

"Good evening," she replied, meeting his offered hand. "You are come early."

"I must leave early. I have but a few minutes to give you."

"It was scarcely necessary to come at all, was it?"

"I knew you would be expecting me. But I will come to-morrow, Alison, about this hour. I want to have some conversation with you, and——"

"To lecture me, pray?"

"No; that is over. However, I will not enter upon it now. My uncle came in this afternoon from Barcester, and as he leaves us again early to-morrow, I must not be away long this evening."

"Your father is at home, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes."

"You were not here yesterday evening?"

"I staid away purposely. Would you have cared to see me had I come?"

"I can't say whether I should or not. You have not been very pleasant with me of late, Tom."

"Not as I once was, perhaps. How can I be? But I do not think I have made myself unpleasant."

"We hardly get a laugh from you. You have grown graver than a judge."

"Have I not had cause?"

"Cause?" she lightly repeated. "What cause?"

"Alison, this pretence of indifference does not become you. I say that I do not care to enter upon matters now. If I did I might recall the doings of only the last two days to your memory, and ask you whether they have or have not held cause."

"Well?"

"Take Sunday. In the morning you scarcely looked at me as we came out of church; in the afternoon, when I would have joined you and walked home with you, you threw me over with supreme scorn and went away side by side with Vavasour. And in the evening you were pacing the meadows with him."

"It was no harm. He was not eating me."

"Take yesterday," continued Mr. Watkyn, his face, his gentle voice full of the deepest pain. "He had holidays it must be supposed, from his studies, and he and you were roaming about together nearly the whole of the livelong day."

"And he came in and took a cup of tea with me and my mother afterward," answered Alison, with saucy, laughing insolence. "Mamma thinks him charming."

"He is an idle, heartless——"

"Well, why do you stop?"

"I was going to say—vagabond. And in one sense he is."

"He comes of a race who can afford to be idle. He does not have to till the ground by the sweat of his brow. He was born with his bread and cheese provided for him."

"With a silver spoon in his mouth," added Mr. Watkyn, affecting a lightness he did not feel, for her contemptuous tone tried him. "Well, good evening, Alison."

"Oh, good evening, if you are going."

He stood looking at her, and their eyes met. Alison caught the shadow of pain in his, and in her own there arose a remorseful pity; she had the grace to feel ashamed of herself. Her lips broke into a tender smile, a pink flush shown in her dimpled cheeks.

"You are very silly, Thomas."

"Am I?" he returned, holding her hand lovingly in his. "Fare you well nntil to-morrow evening, my dearest."

"There! Your dearest! And just now you were ready to call me hard names."

"Until to-morrow," he repeated with a smile, as he quited her.

Alison got a perfumed note the next morning from Mr. Vavasour; gilt-edged paper, crest on the seal. It told her that he was to be so "gloriously busy" that day he feared he should not have time to call at the cottage; but would she meet him in the willow walk at dusk. And it ended: "Your faithful Reginald Vavasour."

The vain expectations of Miss Alison Reece bubbled up aloft; her face and heart were alike in a glow. "Your faithful Reginald Vavasour!" she repeated to herself. "It must mean that he intends to be faithful to me for life. And what a grand, beautiful name Reginald Vavasour is! Compare it with the mean old common-place one—Tom Watkyn!"

Tea was over, and Alison, all in readiness for the interview with Mr. Watkyn, was steeling her heart against it and against him who was coming to hold it with her. She had changed her frock today, and wore a fresh, bright-colored muslin, blue ribbons at the neck and wrists, and a blue knot in her hair.

She waited impatiently; she wanted the interview over and done with, that she might be off to keep that other with Mr. Vavasour. But Thomas was late.

Pacing the garden path in the rays of the fading sun, she stood looking over the little iron entrance gate, her blue eyes roaming hither and thither in search of one whom she could not yet see. Unconsciously she broke out into the verse of a homely song:

Oh dear, what can the matter be,
Dear, dear, what can the matter be,
Oh, dear, what can the matter be,
Johnny's so long at the fair!
He promised to buy me a bunch of sweet posies,
A bunch of green mosses, a bunch of sweet roses,
He promised to bring me a knot of blue ribbons
To tie up my bonnie brown hair.

The hum of the last words was dying away on the air when the well-know form of Thomas Watkyn came into view. He wore his usual dark-blue evening frock-coat and quiet waistcoat; he dressed well always when his day's work was over, but not in the fashionable attire of fashionable Mr. Vavasour.

"Good evening, Alison," he said, as he reached the gate. "What a lovely evening it is!"

Removing his hat, he gazed up at the sapphire sky, action and countenance alike full of reverence; and Alison, who had not been taking any particular notice before, looked around her, her face softening at the splendor of nature's glory.

"What a glorious sunset!" he continued, his voice taking a hushed tone. "Glorious, glorious!"

"How solemnly you speak, Thomas!"

"I am feeling solemn, I have been feeling so ever since I came out, but I don't know why, unless it is that heavenly scene that makes me so."

"It is very grand," she said, fixing her eyes on the bank of golden clouds in the western sky, where the sun wos just slipping down behind the purple hill tops in the distance, like a ball of ruby flame. Tiny bits of foam-like clouds flecked the limpid blue of the heavens, a warm golded glow glided the earth, freshened and vivified with a past shower. The musical twitter of birds going to their rest filled the woodlands, and, as Alison looked, a strage feeling of awe stole into her heart, for the glory that lay around seemed more than earthly.

"There are moments," he said, in a dreamy manner, "when I fancy these sunsets must be given to us as a faint reflex—though I suppose that's the wrong word—of what we shall find in heaven; given to us by God to turn our thoughts and hopes toward it. Oh, Alison! it is more than beautiful!"

The ruby flame was changing to a soft and brilliant rose color, inexpressibly lovely. It was indeed a rather remarkable sunset, one not often vouchsafed to the human eye.

"You make quiet sure of going to heaven, Tom!" she exclaimed in a flippant tone, for she wanted to ward off all serious conversation, lest he should begin to lecture.

Thomas Watkyn turned his eyes upon her, surprise, if not reproof in their depths, "I hope I am," he answered, "under God."

"Young people do not often think of these things."

"The young die as well as the old, child; remember that."

"Won't you come in, Thomas?" she asked, in a softened voice, as they presently strolled up the path, and he halted in the porch.

"Not this evening, Alison. What I have to say I will say here."

Alison flushed to the roots of her wavy hair, and moved a step or two away from him.

"Look!" she cried, pointing to the blazing western sky, "that bank of golden clouds is changing to crimson now."

He went forward, for he had already sat down, and looked again at the gorgeous panorama.

"Yes, it is, as I say, a glorious sunset. We may never see another like it on this side of eternity," he added, dreamily, seeming to lose himself in solemn thoughts.

Alison laughed — her little musical laugh that had often set his pulses beating wildly. "You are always looking at the dark side of things, Tom. I hope we shall yet watch many a sunset together.

"Do you really, Alison?"

"Why, of course we must see the sunset if we live," she returned, in a hard, matter-of-fact tone. "As we are neighbors we may likely see some of them in company."

"That was all, was it? Sit down Alison."

"I prefer to stand."

Nevertheless, Mr. Watkyn drew her somewhat peremptorily to his side and made her sit down on the bench. "What I want to say to you, Alison, is about young Vavasour."

"Oh, indeed!" she retorted.

"I do not like to see you make yourself a simpleton with that man; I will not see it; for, if you continue to do it, I shall say farewell to you and not trouble this side of our grounds again."

Alison's face turned white; a habit it had when she was startled or very angry; and the remaining softness faded out of her heart, just as the golden glow was beginning to fade out of the western sky.

"Simpleton do you call me? Thank you."

"It is nothing else," he returned. "A short while, and this man will be leaving the place forever—leaving you. You will feel vexed then, Alison, at having made your intimacy with him so conspicuous."

"He will not be leaving," she retorted, "When he does leave it will only be to come back again."

Her companion shook his head. "No, that is not likely. Yesterday Mr. Tarbey called at the farm; in talking with my father he mentioned incidentally that young Vavasour was only to be with him this one term. The fellow may not have anything especially bad in him; I should not wish to imply that; but he is idle and heartless, and, in pretending to make love to you, Alison, he is but amusing himself and fooling you."

"How dare you say he is making love to me!"

"I say he is pretending to do it. Alison, you must know it to be so—if you would but speak the candid truth."

"Very well, then? Pray what if he is?"

"Only this. That you can not continue to listen to him and keep me in your train. It must be one or the other of us, Alison, from this night. You must choose between us."

"Then I choose him," she said, wrathfully rising.

"Do you mean it?" asked Mr. Watkyn, rising in his turn.

The girl did not answer. Her chest was heaving with agitation; Thomas Watkyn's gray eyes took a tender light as they gazed at the pretty, changing, uncertain face.

"Alison," he said, and his voice was wonderfully considerate. "I have known you from childhood; I have loved you all your life. Twelve months ago there arose an understanding between us that you would be my wife; until recently I never supposed that you could have any other thought. But you have filled my breast with cruel fears; tortured it, my dear, and I can not bear them longer. You must be to me what you used to be, or give me up."

Alison's eyes grew sullen. Why could not this Tom Watkyn let her alone? She did not altogether want to break with him. What harm was she doing in talking to Reginald Vavasour? Reginald was ten times the gentleman that he was?—and his voice had a sweet, soft lisp!—and he wore a diamond ring on his white hand!

"Oh, my dear—my best and dearest—give up this folly! Let things be with us as they used to be! Don't you care for me?"

"No," the replied to him in her cross and contrary spirit, conscious all the while of a latent wish that Mr. Vavasour had been buried in the sea before coming to disturb the peace. "No!"

"Then you decline to marry me, Alison? You have not loved me as I love you!"

The sad, passionate fervor nearly scared her breath away; the heartfelt sorrow, all too plain, touched her with a qualm. But she was in an obstinate mood.

"Mr. Vavasour does not hurt you. I wonder you should concern yourself with him!"

"No trifling," sternly spoke Thomas Watkyn. "I tell you it must be him or me."

She would not answer.

"Will you give him up, Alison, from this night?" he pleaded.

"No." What inward spirit of evil prompted her to speak that short, sullen word, Alison never knew. But it was spoken.

"Very well."

For long afterward the pain and pathos in those two short words haunted her like a wail from the grave. Thomas stood before her, calm and self-possessed.

"I will never trouble you again, Alison," he said quietly. "Will you kiss me once—ere we say farewell forever?"

She felt awed at the sternness, the reality that was stealing upon their interview, and trembled at the thought of losing him. But she did not believe it would come to that in the end, and she was too proud and wilful to take back her answer unsolicited.

With a playful air, half saucy, half defiant, she shyly held up her red lips, while he kissed her with a long, lingering kiss, such as we give the dead.

"Good-bye," he said huskily. He strode away leaving her standing in the glow of the sunset, a wild, scared look on her young face

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Island of Lepers.

At the end of a week's voyaging we stood under a beautiful dawn, gazing upon an island, the first land seen since we left San Francisco. It rose from a sea which the rosy east and the blue sky had painted to the tint and lustre of the interior of a shell. The high hills of the island are graceful in shape, and delicately shaded. But we give it a wide berth. No ship stops there, for it is Molokai island of lepers. There nearly a thousand poor creatures, separated from the congregation of their kind, carry about their living loathsomeness amid the tropic glories. This is the one island of the world "where every prospect pleases and only man is vile. It is a pretty general belief in this region of the world that Molokai, with its human horrors, is a product of what is conventionally called civilization. The fate of Capt. Cook is so significant that at an earlier period it might have been thought a myth. When he discovered these islands he was received as a long-expected god; soon after he was killed. Had it been realized by the islanders what deadly taint was to be left in their blood by that crew, not one of them would have escaped the fate of their leader, whom the anger and injustice of his subordinates changed from a god to an enemy. The leprosy is the serpent in all this Hawaiian paradise, and it was unknown before the advent of civilization.

Although the reason why Capt. Cook was killed is not stated, I believe, in English books, nor alluded to on his monument in Hawii, there is good reason for believing the statement made by a native converted, Obookiah, in 1811: "Capt. Cook, he came to Owhyhee in a ship, and had a great many sailor. One day the sailor tie a boat to the share with a rope, and in the night the wind and the wave come and broke the rope. Then the sailor come and say Owhyhee steal the boat, and they didn't—the wind and the wave carried him away. The sailor got mad, and Owhyhee men got mad; wouldn't give sailor no log, no cocoanut, no banana, no wood. Then sailor go ashore and fined no wood, and so he get an old wood god, take him on board ship and burn him in caboose. Owhyhee men get mad because the sailor burn up the old wood god. Then sailor began to fire bullets on Owhyhee men, who hold up blankets to keep off the bullets, and then boards, but they did no good. Then Capt. Cook heard the noise and came running down to see what was the matter. Then one man say you kill Capt. Cook, but he 'fraid; then a man say I will, and he came behind him and kill with a spear. They cut him in pieces and carried him up into the mountains and burnt him. They 'fraid his soul live and go back to King George and tell him Owhyhee men kill Capt. Cook, and so they burnt up soul and body together." This was taken down from the old native's lips, he saying, "my grandfather told my father, and my father tell me".—*Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

Hot Water for Inflamed Mucous Surfaces.

Dr. George R. Shepherd, Hartford, Conn., says in the *Medical Record*:—I have used hot water as a gargle for the past six or eight years, having been led to do so from seeing its beneficial effects in gynecology. In acute pharyngitis and tonsillitis, if properly used at the commencement of the attack, it constitutes one of our most effective remedies, being frequently promptly curative. If used late in the disease or in chronic cases, it is always beneficial, though perhaps not so immediately curative. To be of service it should be used in considerable quantity (a half pint or pint) at a time, and just as hot as the throat will tolerate. I have seen many cases of acute disease thus aborted and can commend the method with great confidence. I believe it may be taken as an established fact, that in the treatment of inflammations generally, and those of the mucous membranes in particular, moist heat is of service, and in most cases hot water is preferable to steam. All are familiar with its use in ophthalmia and conjunctivitis, as also in inflammation of the external and middle ear, and I feel confident that those who employ it for that most annoying of all slight troubles to prescribe for, viz., cold in the head, or acute coryza, will seldom think of using the irritating drug mentioned in the books nor of inducing complete anæsthesia with chloroform in preference to the hot water douche.

The Childhood of a Poet.

The wind that goes blowing where it listeth, once, in the early beginning of this century, came sweeping through the garden of this old Lincolnshire rectory, and, as the wind blew, a sturdy child of five years old with shining locks stood opening his arms upon the blast and letting himself be blowing along, and as he travelled on he made his first line of poetry and said, "I hear a voice that's speaking in the wind," and he tossed his arms, and the blast whirled on, sweeping into the great abyss of winds. One might perhaps still trace in the noble familiar face of our Poet Laureate the features of this child, one of many deep-eyed sons and daughters born in the quiet rectory among the elm-trees.

Alfred Tennyson was born on the 6th of August, 1809. He has heard many and many a voice calling to him since the time when he listened to the wind as he played alone in his father's garden, or joined the other children at their games and jousts. They were a noble little clan of poets and of knights, coming of a knightly race, with castles to defend, with mimic tournaments to fight. Somersby was so far away from the world, so behindhand in its echoes (which must come there softened through all manner of green and tranquil things, and as it were hushed into pastoral silence), that though the early part of the century was stirring with the clang of legions, few of its rumors seem to have reached the children. They never heard at the time of the battle of Waterloo. They grew up together playing their own games, living their own life; and where is such life to be found as that of a happy, eager family of boys and girls before Doubt, the steps of Time, the shocks of Chance, the blows of Death, have come to shake their creed?

These handsome children had beyond most children that wondrous toy at their command which some people call imagination. The boys played great games like Arthur's knights; they were champions and warriors defending a stone heap, or again they would set up opposing camps with a king in the midst of each. The king was a willow wand stuck into the ground, with an outer circle of immortals to defend him of firmer, stiffer sticks. Then each party would come with stones, hurling at each other's king, and trying to overthrow him. Perhaps as the day wore on they became romancers, leaving the jousts deserted. When dinner-time came, and they all sat round the table, each in turn put a chapter of his history underneath the potato bowl—long endless histories, chapter after chapter, diffuse, absorbing, unending, as are the stories of real life which each sunrise opens on a new part; some of these romances were in letters, like *Clarissa Harlowe*. Alfred used to tell a story which lasted for months, and which was called, "The Old Horse."

Alfred's first verses, so I once heard him say, were written upon a slate which his brother Charles put into his hand one Sunday at Louth, when all the elders of the party were going into church, and the child was left alone. Charles gave him a subject—the flowers in the garden—and when he came back from church little Alfred brought the slate to his brother all covered with written lines of blank verse. They were made on the models of Thompson's *Seasons*, the only poetry he had ever read. One can picture it all to one's self, the flowers in the garden, the verses, the little poet with waiting eyes, and the young brother scanning the lines. "Yes, you can write," said Charles, and he gave Alfred back the slate.

I have also heard another story of his grandfather, later on, asking him to write an elegy on his grandmother, who had recently died, and when it was written, putting ten shillings into his hands and saying, "There, that is the first money you have ever earned by your poetry, and take my word for it, it will be the last."—Mrs. Thackeray-Ritchie, in *Harper's Magazine for December*.

CABIN LACONICS.

BY BRUDDER ROMULUS.

De man am mighty smaht wid figgers dat kin git de right answer when he sets down to add up his own sins.

De same win' dat blows out de taller dip, kin'les de burnin' cabin.

Heaps ob people b'lieve de sun rises in de wes' jes' 'kase dey am too lazy to git up in de mawnin' in time to fin' out for demselves.

De thief am a heap bigger rascal when he happens to git inter yo' own chickenroos'.

Ef yo' dun go 'long fru' life widout makin' new frien's, you am apt to hab a mighty lonsesome time ob it when de ole ones am turned inter de new pastur' lot.

Ef yo' happen to be a gen'lum, nebber git inter an argyment wid de common loafer 'bout de muddy side ob life; de odds am all ergin' yo' 'kase he am right at home w'ile yo' am only vis'tin'.

De chap dat knows jes' how monny bones der am in his buddy, an' how well de am fitted togedder, trabbels up hill all de way when he sets out to be an atheis.'

De minnits dat we lose am berry ap' to bodder us 'bout gittin' a good grip on de new minnits dat keep a cummin'; it am de dead leabs dat kiber up de path fru' de big woods.—*Life*.

The Barber's.—Never say dye.

The Pawnbroker's.—Never too late to lend.

The man who is fond of his suite
And dotes upon flushes and straights,
Most needfully makes his quests
If not perfect eyed by the Fates.—*Life*.

FARMER'S CORNER.

Winter Feeding of Fowl.

The health of fowl, especially in cold weather, depends greatly on the regularity and frequency of feeding. As corn is the staple grain, it should ke kept within reach of the fowl so that they may help themselves at pleasure and thus they will regulate the quantity taken at one time as suits their convenience and comfort. Filling the crop is injurious at all times, and particularly so in severe weather. A large fowl, when stinted, and seeing corn but twice, and often but once in a day, will fill the crop to repletion, taking in a half pint or more at a feed. This chills the fowl, and if inclined to be tender, brings on indigestion, which is difficult to manage at that season. If fed in this manner, where there are many fowl and the quantity insufficient, the master fowl take the whole at the expense of the others.

I have found that the better way to feed fowl in cold weather, more especially laying hens, is to keep corn by them the whole time. I put in troughs at the side of the building. In this manner they will have an equal chance, and will fill up the crops at night. If it is not all digested by morning the fowl is not strong or in perfect health. My rule for feeding laying hens in cold weather is sometimes varied, but I generally endeavor to give a soft, warm feed in the morning. I sometimes mix chopped onions with it, but as a rule I give them separately. This vegetable is an excellent antidote for disease, and the fowl become extravagantly fond of it. They will eat onions at any time of the year and at large or in confinement. In making the mush I use unbolted corn meal scalded with boiling water, with sufficient grease or drippings to make the whole palatable. The greasy matter softens the meal and couses it to become digestible. The food should not be so soft as to be mushy or sloppy, neither should it be so stiff as to choke the fowl when swallowing it, but just thick enough to stand up and keep in shape.

I am particular as to the manner and matter of the feed of my fowl at all times, and especially so in cold weather when they yield the larger profit in eggs. My aim in keeping fowls is eggs alone, therefore it becomes necessary to be careful concerning the feeding. The health depends upon it, also the profit. Regularity is important with stock as well as all farm stock. Habits once formed are permanent, and fowl may be trained to suit the needs and ends of the keeper if persevered with. But the keeper must be always regular, for the fowl become impatient of delay and know their regular periods. It is as easy to raise eggs in cold weather as in warm, and far more profitable, if the keeper is not afraid of trouble and constant care.

The fowl must be attended to, and it is no small matter where the flocks are large to keep a steady supply of water when the weather is so severe that it freezes in a few hours. They must also have warm shelter, comfortable roosts, and ground floor for scratching. Laying hens are active, and their activity must be promoted. As soon as the old fowl are through the annual moult, which should occur before going into winter quarters, they should be supplied with egg-producing food. The vegetables should be fed separately. I often give some at the time of giving other food, and the fowl mix as suit their appetites. Whole corn is the main reliance, and is always at hand. The other feeds are interspersed and varied from time to time, always observing; the regular period with some kind of food that is palatable.

Agricultural Notes.

This is a proper time of the year in which to gather and sow many kinds of forest-tree seeds. Beech nuts, acorns, walnuts, hickory nuts, etc., are now prime for planting.

The climate of Oregon and Washington Territory is said to be especially adapted to hop growing. The success of the hop yards on the Pacific coast has induced greatly increased planting, which will have its effect on prices another year.

There is probably less diversity in the food of hogs than in the food of any other stock. The great bulk of the pork fattened in this country is made on corn, though enough other grain should be given to secure variety and make the animal eat more heartily.

Brewers say that an unusual amount of malt was kept over from last year. This accounts for the dulness of the barley market up till now. The new barley is generally inferior to last year's crop, being largely stained by the wet weather which prevailed at harvest.

John J. Thomas says that seeds should not be covered a depth of more than five times their diameter. Fine seeds should be covered with soil made proportionately fine. The general practice is to cover too deeply. Seeding with the drill increases this tendency but has the advantage of securing greater uniformity of depth.

There is likely to be a revival of the interest in cooking food for stock, which prevailed some years ago. At that time the advantage was found to be decided, but so also was the cost, and after a brief trial the experiment was abandoned. Its revival now is a sign that the important staple stock food, corn, is a short crop.

It is a good plan for every grower of fruit to put his name on packages as made ready for market. It will operate as a check on dishonesty, and if the fruit is put up as it should bee the grower will, in a few years, make a reputation that will bring ready sales and good prices. Honesty pays in fruit growing as in everything else.

Some growers of potatoes throw out all the little ones as more trouble to take care of than their value. They are now rarely used for seed, as it has been learned by dear experience that many small potatoes are unreliable. Still if not too hurried these small potatoes are worth saving to feed to cows in winter, in connection, of course, with other food.

In some places where apples this year are scarce, and fruit evaporators are plentiful, farmers are using the dryers to save their corn A very moderate heat is all that is needed, and with this immature corn is very quickly dried, sufficiently to allow of its being put in cribs. Fire drying of late corn, especially of the sweet varieties, is nearly always advisable for that intended to be saved for seed.

Irregular feeding of stock produces inferior meat. If the animal is fed to satiety one day and starved the next, it will not produce a streak of fat and a streak of lean, as the Irishman hoped to do with his pig. Under such feeding fat is accumulated on the inside, where it can be quickly absorbed when the starvation time comes. Food given irregularly injures digestion, and does not effect nearly so much good as it should.

The largely increased use of potatoes suggests the idea that they are one of the most important staples. They are, in fact, sixth in the list, corn, wheat, hay, cotton, and oats, each in their order exceeding the tuberous crop. By the census of 1880 potatoes were valued at $73,000,000, while wheat was valued at $500,000,000, and corn $600,000,000, in round numbers. The comparative smallness of the potato crop is accounted for by the fact that through the south our northern potatoes are but little used, and in 1880 they were used more sparingly in many places through the north than they are now.

The milk of cows at this season is always richer than during the first flush from eating green grass in the spring. One reason is that there is less of it. As cows advance towards the time to bring for h their young there is more cream proportionately in their milk from the fact that the albuminoids are retained to build up the fœtus. It is, however, not good policy to milk ordinary cows nearer than within three or four weeks of calving. The little that is gained within the last six weeks of milking does not pay. The calf is poorer for it, and the cow, unless fed unnaturally high, is not so good for the coming months, when she should be at her best.

Luther and Numismatics.

Mr. Weil, member of the Numismatic society of Berlin, says with reference to the numismatic knowledge at the time of the reformation:—"Luther had greatly at heart to render the names of precious stones, animals, etc., in good German, as may be gathered from his questions, directed to the learned Spalatin, court chaplain and privy council or of the Elector Frederic the Wise; Luther also appeals often to the former for explanations of Roman coins. We learn that few antique coins existed at that period at Wittenberg among the learned. They had only a few Greek and some imperial Roman ones. Luther, however, refrained from giving the value of these coins in his translation of the Bible, and calls them simply groats, mites, etc., in order to remain clear and intelligible."

An Electric Railway.

The longest electric railway in the world is that between Portrush and the Giant's Causeway in Ireland, a distance of six miles. Its cost was $225,000. The force to work it is generated by a waterfall in the Rush river, which has a head of 24 ft., and is equal to about 90 horse power. There is no doubt as to the success of this venture, as the power costs nothing. This road is a tramway, but the other electric railways, in Berlin and elsewhere, are elevated roads. A New York inventor is about to introduce an electrical engine of two horse power for propelling cabs and carts through streets, and yachts and other small boats through water. Electrical machines take very little room, make no noise, require no coal, and no doubt will at some time in the future supersede horseflesh in propelling vehicles of all kinds through the streets of the cities and over country roads.

Cheap Paper.

Although paper has now hundreds of uses unknown a few years back, it is steadily getting cheaper. The recent reduction in the price of the New York City daily papers from four to two cents is largely due to the cheapness of the materials which go to make them. Wood and other material is now largely used in its manufacture, the supply of rags and cotton waste being not only inadequate but too costly. The Japanese have taught us various uses to which paper may be put. We can construct houses of it; also every article of furniture and the domestic utensils, including the pots and kettles used for boiling water. The best car wheels are now made of paper.

To disinfect a room, place an ordinary house shovel over the fire until it become thoroughly hot (but not *red hot*); then take it to the *centre* of the room and pour on the shovel an ounce of No. 4 or No. 5 carbolic; lean the shovel *so that no fluid can fall to the floor*, and the carbolic will be readily given off in vapor sufficient to fill an ordinary room. This will disinfect the air of the room, and as genuine carbolic (more properly called phenol or phenylic alcohol) is not a mineral corrosive acid, the vapor will in no way injure pictures, metals, or fabrics.

FOR THE

Kidneys, Liver, and Urinary Organs.

THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

There is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause—wherever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by deranged kidneys or liver. To restore these, therefore, is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where WARNER'S SAFE CURE has achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the kidneys and liver, and by placing them in a healthy condition drives disease and pain from the system. For all Kidney, Liver, and Urinary troubles; for the distressing disorders of women; for Malaria, and physical troubles generally, this great remedy has no equal. Beware of imposters, imitations and concoctions said to be just as good.

For Diabetes ask for WARNER'S SAFE DIABETES CURE.

For sale by all dealers.

H. H. WARNER & CO.,
Toronto, Ont., Rochester, N.Y., London, Eng.

The use of Pills, Salts, Castor Oil, &c., and other nauseous, griping Cathartics is unnecessary, as a pleasant substitute is found in Dr. Carson's Bitters, which acts as a Cathartic without griping or nausea. All Druggists sell it. 50 cents a Bottle.

"The slugger, Sullivan, never goes armed," says a sporting journal. He doesn't need to.

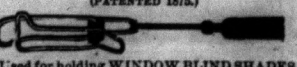
1883.-ST. JOHN EXHIBITION.-1883

Leather Belting, Fire Engine Hose, &c. Four First Prizes and Two Diplomas. The highest of all Awards for Leather Belting, and Fire Engine Hose were accorded by the Judges at the St. John Centennial and Dominion Exhibition, to ROBIN & SADLER, Montreal, over all competitors.

FOR SALE.

Farm of about 115 acres, 10 miles from Toronto; brick house, outbuilding nearly new; good young orchard, just commencing to bear; about 16 acres timber. ROBERT JAMES, Jr., Newton Brook P. O., Ont.

WELLS' WINDOW SHADE CLASP.
(PATENTED 1875.)



Used for holding WINDOW BLIND SHADES without rollers, pins, or cords. Saves blinds, money and patience. Looks orderly and neat. Send for sample, 20 cents. Agents' circulars 3c. Orders from the trade solicited. Agents wanted. TORONTO INDUSTRIAL WORKS CO., 96 Church street, Toronto.

SEVERAL FIRST-CLASS IMPROVED FARMS FOR sale in the county of Essex; soil unsurpassed. Box 89, Leamington.

THE INDUSTRIAL UNION

Furnishes indemnity against loss of time by accident at comparatively low rates. For particulars enclose stamp to the secretary, Toronto, Ont.

AGENTS WANTED

$1.50. $1.50.

281

Solid Silver Brooch

MADE IN ANY NAME.

We advertise extensively and wish to ascertain the relative merits of different papers, as not 5 per cent. of our patrons refer to the paper in which they have seen our advertisement.

As the season is advancing when we make new contracts, we adopt the following plan, which we shall use as a guide in selecting papers in which to advertise for the coming year.

The public will readily understand the value of the information we get and why we can afford to pay liberally for it. We wish to impress upon our many thousands of patrons throughout the Dominion that this is a bona fide offer, and not a trade trick to sell goods.

The illustration at the head of this advertisement is a *SOLID SILVER BROOCH*, which we will furnish with ANY NAME DESIRED for $1.50 when accompanied by the annexed 50c. coupon. In no case will we sell the brooch at the price without this coupon. The brooch is elegant and beautifully finished, and is good value for twice the price.

We send by mail, prepaid, and guarantee satisfaction. The proprietors of this paper endorse the above statement and guarantee.

AUXILIARY COUPON
VALUE 50 CENTS.

CHAS. STARK,
32 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.

Send for our 96-page Catalogue, containing over 600 illustrations of Firearms, Silverware, Watches, Jewellery, etc.

RHEUMATINE!

An Internal Remedy and a SURE CURE for all kinds of

RHEUMATIC COMPLAINTS!

If you are suffering from

Kidney Complaints

BOOKS!

	Cents.
Ladies' Crochet Manual	20
Ladies' Work Box	20
Books of Pantomimes, etc., etc	30
Piano without a Master	60
Melodeon without a Master	60
Violin without a Master	60
Stammering and its Cure	30
Bashfulness Cured	30
House Painting Plainly Taught	30
Public School Dialogues	15
Dramatic Dialogues	15
Comic Dialogue	15
Primary School Dialogues	15
Young Men's Key to fortune	25
Taxidermist's Guide	25
Jolly Tit-Bits for Mirthful Mortals	25
Grammar Made Easy	20
How to Speak and Write	15
How to Pronounce Difficult Words	15
Slang and Vulgar Phrases	15
The Art of Ventriloquism	15
How to Live 100 Years	15
How to be an Orator	15
True Politeness	20
The Lover's Own Letter Writer	25
Manual of Punctuation	20
Art of Beautifying the Hair	30
Pocket Dictionary	35
Hand Book of Polite Conversation	20
Young's Book of 400 Secrets	50
Kendall's Treatise on the Horse	25
The American Horse Owner's Guide	25
Hunting, Trapping and Fishing Made Easy	25
Elocution Made Easy	20
Book of 500 Curious Puzzles	30
Art and Etiquette of Making Love	30
Personal Beauty	25
Dick's Quadrille Call Book	50
The Young Wife's Cook Book	25
Boxing without a Master	20
How to Write Shorthand	50
MacCabe's Art of Ventriloquism	15
Guide to Health and Long Life	15
Waltz Instructor	15
Bits of Humor	15
Wigwam and Cabin	15
Yankee Stories	15
Idle Hours with the Humorists	15
Sports and Pastimes of Various Nations	15
Stories of the Whale	15
History of the Horse	15
Book of Shipwrecks	15
Yankee Drolleries	15
Hunting the Elephant	15
Hunting in South Africa	15
The Pilgrim's Progress	25
Æsop's Fables	25
Farm Fireside Cook Book	25
Leisure Hour work for Ladies	20
Salt, Pepper and Mustard	30
Learning Gaelic	30
Life in the Back Woods	30
Brudder Bones' Stump Speeches	30
Clog Dancing without a Master	20
Black Jokes for Blue Devils	25
Book-Keeping without a Master	50
The American Business Man	25
Day's Ready Reckoner	50
How to Amuse an Evening Party	30
Ready-Made Speeches	50
The Young Debater and Chairman's Assistant	20
The Amateur Painter	25
Common Complaints and how to Cure them	25
How to Write a Letter	25
How to Woo and Win	15
Singing Made Easy	25
The Little Flirt	10
The Comic Songster	25
Captain Jinks' Musical Album	25
Harp of Erin Songster	25
Pearls from the English Opera	25
Sparkling Gems of Song and Music	25

J. LEE & CO., Montreal, P. Q.

QUASSIA CUP.

Water poured into the cup is instantly impregnated with the Medical properties of the Wood, making the most convenient and the best remedy known for Headache, Heartburn, Sour and Distressed Stomach, General Debility, and every form of Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Constipation, Piles, Sick Headache, and every form of Liver and Kidney Complaint.

On rising in the morning drink pure water from the Quassia Cup, and it will be the means of REMOVING ANY FOUL TASTE FROM THE MOUTH, with which so many are troubled on awakening, and will also give you a keen appetite for breakfast. The Quassia Cup is invaluable for preventing any distressed feeling in the Stomach after eating, which causes languor and weakness suffered by so many on account of poorly digested food. By the use of the Cup, regularly, three or four times a day, Sick Headache is cured. For Biliousness no other remedy is so well adapted for self-treatment, as many of the preparations for a disordered liver contain mercury, while Quassia does not, and is always fresh, taken from the Cup in the prescribed way. It is foolish to take nauseous mixtures when a pure, fresh Tonic can be obtained so easily and cheaply. By toning the stomach and exciting the liver to perfect digestion, it enriches the blood and the blood thus strengthened gives vigor to the heart, life to the nerves, power to the muscles, and tone to the whole system, after trying it only a few days the glow of health will be seen in your face, elasticity in your step and buoyant spirit in your whole expression.

	No. 1 Size.	No. 2 Size.	No. 3 Size.
Sample by mail	$ 25	$ 50	$ 75
1 doz. by express	2.00	3.00	4.00
1 gross	15.00	24.00	30.00

J. LEE & CO., Montreal, P. Q.

Breech-Loading Shot-Gun!

For $3 90.

Our Breech-Loading Gun, having been extensively introduced in England and France, where they have given universal satisfaction; and wishing to introduce them into Canada, we have concluded to sell these weapons at a price which brings them within the reach of all. Our Breech Loader has a nine barrel, thoroughly tested, guaranteed perfectly safe and accurate, case hardened, handsome stock, and every part of it made of the very best material. Length of barrel 30 to 36 in., weight 6½ to 7 lbs. The improved patent breech makes it far superior to, and less liable to get out of order than any other Breech Loading Shot-Gun costing several times as much. We will send a gun securely boxed to any address in the United States or Canada on receipt of $3 90. The above offer is made to introduce this incomparable Gun in this country. If you do not wish a gun for your own use, you will have no trouble in disposing of it at a handsome profit. In selling them at $3.90 each, we feel sure that the gun going into a neighborhood will sell ten more. Beware of imitations. We guarantee goods to be exactly as represented, or money refunded; 5 per cent discount if three are ordered at one time.

JAMES LEE & CO., Montreal, P. Q.

J. H. FORD,

PHOTOGRAPHER, BELLEVILLE.

Advertising has become so common among business men that the general public give very little attention to any thing he may say about his business. There is certainly a feeling among all classes of persons in favor of their own production. Now it is a common thing for us to say our photos are superior to any in the city, and it has been advertised thus time and again and the public say now give us something new. This we will now do by way of letters which you will find below. The letters are not old ones but letters received recently as you will see by the dates they bear. You will see by the way they are written that they were not intended as puffs, as they are short and most of them on postals. Again, they are from persons whose truthfulness is unquestionable, and well known in most instances. You will also see they are from gentlemen who live in the cities and large towns of our Dominion. With the hope that the publication of these letters will give you more confidence in our work than you now have, we submit the following:—

METHODIST MISSION ROOM,
TORONTO, OCT. 28, 1883.

J. H. Ford—Dear Sir: I received your Photo. It is regarded as excellen. Please send me a dozen, with the bill, and I will remit, as you did not state your price. Are you carrying out the album place for the group? What will be the price of that and the ordinary groups respectively?

Yours faithfully,
REV. A. SUTHERLAND, D. D.

WINGHAM, Oct. 30, 1883.

MR. J. H. Ford—Dear Sir: The Cabinet Photo's you sent me last week came to hand all right. They are regarded as excellent by all who have seen them. If you carry out your design concerning the Conference Album you may put me down for one.

Yours faithfully.
REV. G. H. CORNISH.

MONTREAL, Oct. 18th, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—I am in recept of the dozen of photos. They are perfectly to my satisfaction and the price I paid you I thought very reasonable. I only regret that I did not ask you to take me full size and will do so, should I again visit Belleville. You will please send me one of the group, as I have no dobt it will be a work of art which all will appreciate.

Yours respectfully,
HON. JAMES FERRIER.

J. H. Ford, Esq., Belleville.

LAKESIDE, Nov. 2nd, 1883.

J. H. Ford, Esv.—Dear Sir: I received the photo's all right. They were sent to Embro and were transferred to Lakeside. They were well executed and give entire satisfaction. My wife says they are first-class, and so say they all. &c, &c.

Yours &c.,
CHARLES KITMER.

HAMILTON, Oct. 22, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—Photos to hand. I like them very well. Will you please print 38 more. making 50 in all, and on their receipt I will send you the balance of the money as per agreement. I would like them soon.

Yours truly,
REV. J. S. WILLIAMSON.

To J. H. Ford, Esq., Belleville.

Bond St., TORONTO, Oct. 24, '83.

DEAR SIR,—The photo to hand and am much pleased with its excellent finish. Enclosed you will please find pay for half a dozen, which you will obligo me by sending as early as possible.

Yours truly,
REV. J. COOPER ANLLEFF.

To J. H. Ford. Belleville.

248 Simcoe St., TORONTO, Oct.

DEAR SIR,—Please find enclosed pay for the dozen photos you sent me last week. I must give you credit for the the best picture I ever had taken. They give great satisfactron to myself and family. You may expect an order for some more soon.

Yours as ever,
REV. ROBERTS,
Prvs. of B. C. Con.

To J. H. Ford, Belleville.

THE CEDARS, P.E.C., Oct. 23,'83.

Mr. J. H. Ford—DEAR SIR,— The photographs came to hand all right, and give great satisfaction. I have a photo of my dwelling with a person in front which I would like a dozen cabinets taken from. What would you charge me for them?

Yours truly,
WM. HEARD.

JUST | ARRIVED!

A fine stock of

Lamps, Crockery and Glassware,

which will be sold at reasonable prices to make room for fall stock.

Call and get a FREE sample bottle of

QUEEN'S LIQUID BLUING,

and try what it will do. A full stock of

GROCERIES AND LIQUORS,

always on hand.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

D. W. WRIGHT.

Madoc, Aug, 23, 1883.

Watch Making and Jewelry.

ESTABLISHED 1858.

I TAKE the opportunity of informing my friends and the public in general that I am showing the best, largest, and choicest stock of

WATCHES
CLOCKS
JEWELRY,
FANCY GOODS

that were ever shown in Madoc.

The stock is well assorted and will be found to be of the latest styles and designs, and will be sold at prices to defy competition

Please call and see

AWE.

Madoc.

JA[illegible]CK,

Grocer & Provision DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

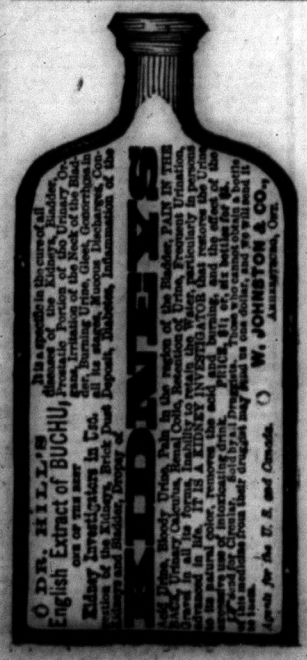
Provisions of all kinds,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET. MADOC.



Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

☞ CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

Farmers! Read This!

ROYAL

INSU ANCE COMP'Y,

FIRE AND LIFE.

CAPITAL, - - TEN MILLION Dollars.

Shareholders Liability Unlimited.

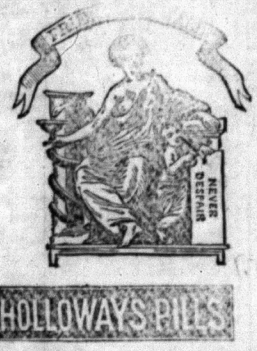
Funds Invested, Twenty-Three Million Dollars
Annual Income, Five Million Dollars.

Invested in Canada for Protection of Canadian Policy Holders,
CHIEFLY WITH GOVERNMENT,
$600,000.

Farm Property insured against damage by lightning.

HARRY H. O'FLYNN,
Agent.

OFFICE— Banking House of E. D. O'Flynn, Madoc.



This Great Household Medicine Ranks among the leading necessaries of life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on

The Liver Stomach Kidneys

and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,

Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers,

it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even Asthma. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

GOUT, RHEUMATISM,

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at

533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON

And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa; hence, any one throughout the British possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

☞ *Purchasers should look at the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

NEW FURNITURE WAREROOM!

N. M. MAYBEE

BEGS to inform the public that he has opened a first-class Furniture showroom in Weiss' new block, where will be found a large and elegant stock of

Parlor, Diningroom, & Bedroom Sets,

ALSO A FINE STOCK OF

Chromos, Mottoes, and Mirrors of all Sizes and Styles

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF MOULDINGS & PICTURE FRAMES.

Call and see us in our new showrooms.

N. M. MAYBEE.

Madoc, December 12th, 1882.

WATCHES, CLOKGS AND JEWELRY

I always keep on hand a fine and full stock of

AMERICAN | AND | SWISS | WATCHES

of all grades and prices.

My stock of fine

COLOURED AND PLATED JEWELRY!

for quality and variety of design, cannot be surpassed,

A full line of

SOLID GOLD RINGS,

from $2.00 up to $22.00, the largest assortment in town.

Black and Pearl goods in great variety. A full line of the best Silver Plated Spoons, Knives etc. Clocks of all grades and designs constantly on hand.

E. L. WEISS.

Madoc, July 5th, 1883.

WHITE'S

Agricultural Works!

MADOC.

Established - in 1862.

STOVES! - STOVES!

We are turning out a superior class of

Parlour, Box and Cooking Stoves.

We have

12 DIFFERENT STYLES COOKING STOVES,

8 DIFFERENT STYLES OF BOX STOVES,

6 DIFFERENT STYLES PARLOR STOVES,

which will be sold at manufactory prices, thereby saving the Retailer's profit. We keep in stock

PURE | MACHINE | OILS,

for engines, threshing machines, and all other machinery.

JAMES WHITE. JOHN WHITE.

Madoc, October, 15th, 1883. 103m